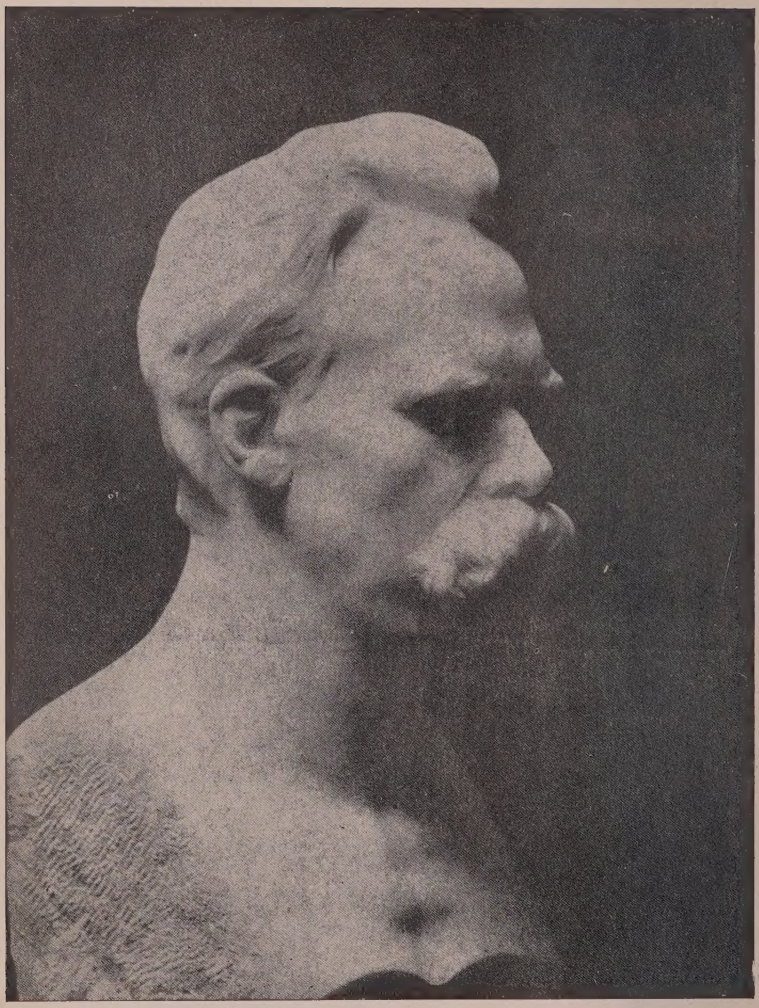

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
Bust by Professor Karl Donndorf

SELECTED LETTERS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY
DR. OSCAR LEVY

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION
BY
ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

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PREFACE

THIS volume of Friedrich Nietzsche's private correspondence consists of a selection from the five-volume edition published in Germany between the years 1900-1909. Private letters are now recognized all the world over as a most important supplementary trait to a literary man's portrait, revealing as they do the more homely and intimate side of an author's mind and character. The special and additional value of Nietzsche's private correspondence consists in this, that here we have a writer of the most forbidding aspect, a prophet of almost superhuman inspiration, a hermit inhabiting a desert of icy glaciers, coming down, so to say, to the inhabited valley, to the familiar plain, where he assumes a human form and a human speech, where he exhibits a human heart and a human sympathy. He who still doubted that behind Nietzsche's violent denunciation of his age there was an ardent love of humanity and an eagerness to promote it to a nobler Destiny; he who still looked askance at a thinker whose ideas were thrown out hotly and abruptly like stones and lava out of an active volcano —all the skeptics, in short, about Nietzsche, as well as all his enemies, will be interested to see from these letters that there was another Nietzsche, a Nietzsche who was a good friend, a devoted son, an affectionate brother, and a generous enemy, such as the literary history of the world with its quarrels and jealousies has not had

the good luck to encounter for a long time. The friends of Nietzsche—and Nietzsche has many friends in all climes and amongst all races—will be delighted to see their hero in the light of their own wishes and imaginations, while the enemies of Nietzsche—and he still has many and by no means unworthy enemies—will be bound to confess what the Lutheran Pastor Colerus confessed in his *Life of the Philosopher Spinoza:* "He may have been a man of no strict orthodoxy and an atheist into the bargain, but in the conduct of his life he was wise and good."

There are two other legends which the publication of these letters will successfully destroy. One concerns the great and often ventilated question of Nietzsche's mental condition and responsibility. It has been frequently stated that his final breakdown, which occurred in 1888, and which lasted till his death in 1900, was foreshadowed in his writings long ago, and that his "insanity" was the actual and only excuse for the philosopher's haughty contempt for and bilious criticism of his contemporaries. But where, in the light of these letters, is the insanity? That Nietzsche's nervous system was not as perfectly balanced as that of a boxer or cricketer may be truly conceded; what great writer was exempt from failings of the flesh? What great author has not paid with his nerves for those moments of happy inspiration and intoxication which gave his best work to posterity? "*La Névrose est la rançon du génie.*" ("Nervousness is the penalty of genius.") But throughout these letters, which start in early youth and go to the last moment of his spiritual life, there is not the slightest trace of any lack of judg-

ment, and only once, towards the end, a sign of the threatening doom: everything, apart from this, is perfectly healthy and lucid, and even the curious last letter to Georg Brandes still gives a perfect sense. Why the cry of insanity should ever have been raised against Nietzsche is hard to understand, all the more so as a similar reproach has never been thought sufficient to discredit the work of other famous authors or philosophers who happened to be visited by the same affliction. No one has ever doubted Swift's genius because his brain became clouded towards the end of his life, and August Comte, who actually published his principal books after a confinement in a lunatic asylum and an attempted suicide in the Seine, is still a highly esteemed philosopher.

But there is another and still more serious legend which should be destroyed by this publication. It is Nietzsche's reputed responsibility for the World War. We all remember that he—together with some minor authors—was accused of being the poisoner of the modern German mind whose former "idealism" and "romanticism" Nietzsche was said to have entirely perverted and led into unwholesome materialistic channels. Now it will be seen from these letters that there was no more outspoken critic of the German Empire and its crude and superficial "Kultur" than Friedrich Nietzsche. Throughout his whole life this lonely man fought against his Fatherland and for true enlightenment: for harmony between body and soul, between peoples and races, between authorities and subjects. It will be a revelation to many who are still under the influence of the singular misunderstanding

that nowhere was pre-war Germany more fiercely denounced than in the writings of this German (who was, by the way, half a Pole), and who was, in fact, the first good European.

The anti-Prussian, anti-German, anti-nationalistic current runs throughout the whole of Nietzsche's correspondence. At the height of Germany's victory in 1870 Nietzsche wrote from Bâle (Nov. 7, 1870):

"As regards the conditions of culture in the immediate future I feel the deepest misgivings. If only we are not forced to pay too dearly for this huge national success in a quarter where I at least refuse to suffer any loss. Between ourselves: *I regard the Prussia of to-day as a power full of the greatest danger for culture.*"

Nietzsche never wavered in his deep distrust and his fierce denial of Imperial Germany; when near the end of his spiritual life we still find him writing from Nice under date of February 24, 1887:

"German politics are only another form of permanent winter and bad weather. It seems to me that Germany for the last 15 years has become a regular school of besotment. Water, rubbish and filth, far and wide—that is what it looks like from a distance. I beg a thousand pardons, if I have hurt your nobler feelings by stating this, but for me present-day Germany, *however much it may bristle, hedgehog-like with arms,* I have no longer any respect. It represents the stupidest, most depraved and most mendacious form of the German spirit that has ever existed. *I forgive no one for compromising with it in any way, even if his name be Richard Wagner,*" etc.

And this is the man who is said to have incited his countrymen to another war of conquest!

But truth will out, even in literature. It does come out in this correspondence, which, it may be safely predicted, will mark the end of the "moral" crusade against one of the world's purest spirits. It will further-

more act as a stimulant to the Nietzsche controversy in England and America, just as in France Prof. Andler's[1] book has revived the interest in the German philosopher. This last publication, which is meant to be a monumental achievement in six volumes, is praised in the *Literary Times* of August 11, 1921, as "the recognition by an eminent French professorial writer of the genius of Germany." There is, however, a slight inaccuracy in this remark. The genius of Germany has made for barbarism, the genius of Nietzsche should make for culture. It is in this hope that this publication goes forth into an unsettled world

OSCAR LEVY.

ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB,
St. James's Street,
London, S. W., 1.

August, 1921.

[1] *Nietzsche, sa Vie et sa Pensée*, Vol. I. *Les Précurseurs de Nietzsche. Par Charles Andler.* (Paris, Bossard, 1920.)

NOTES ON

Nietzsche's Correspondents.

Baumgarten, Frau Marie. Wife of a well-known manufacturer in Lörrach in Baden. She translated "Thoughts Out of Season," parts 3 and 4, into French, but only "Richard Wagner à Bayreuth" actually appeared. She died in 1897.

Brandes, Georg, Danish author and critic of European and American reputation. He was born in 1842 and is still living.

Bülow, Hans von, 1830-94, famous conductor and composer belonging to the Wagner-Liszt circle. First husband of Cosima Liszt, who afterwards married Richard Wagner.

Burckhardt, Jacob, 1819-1897, the well-known art critic and historian, Professor at Bâle University, author of "The Civilization of the Renaissance," the "Cicerone," etc.

Deussen, Paul, one of Nietzsche's school-fellows at Pforta. He was born in 1845. He was an admirer of Schopenhauer and a student of Indian philosophy. He taught at Kiel University and died during the great war.

Fuchs, Dr. Karl, a musician whose acquaintance with Nietzsche dates back to 1872. He lectured on "The Birth of Tragedy."

Gast, Peter, whose real name was Heinrich Köselitz. A composer whose acquaintance with Neitzsche dates back to the publication of the "Birth of Tragedy." He was the most, nay the only, faithful of Nietzsche's friends. He died a few years ago in Weimar. For exact details of this friendship see the preface which Peter Gast wrote to his edition of Nietzsche's letters (volume 4 of German edition, Insel Verlag, 1908).

Gersdorff, Freiherr Karl von. One of Nietzsche's school-fellows at Pforta and a member of the landed aristocracy. He became later on a Royal Chamberlain.

Knortz, Karl, Professor in Evansville (Indiana, U. S. A.), who tried to transmit to Americans the latest publications of German literature including the Nietzschean philosophy.

Krug, Gustav, one of the earliest intimates of Nietzsche, a member of a distinguished Naumburg family. He became a high government official and died in Freiburg in Breisgau in 1902.

Meysenbug, Malvida von, born 1816, sister of the Badenian statesman, Freiherr von Meysenbug. She lived since 1848 in London and was governess in the house of Alexander Herzen. She was acquainted with Garibaldi, Richard and Cosima Wagner, Nietzsche, Liszt, Princess Wittgenstein, etc. Her principal book is *"Memoiren einer Idealistin."* She died in Rome, 1903.

Luise O., Madame. A young and very beautiful Alsatian woman, who was married and lived in Paris.

"My brother's letters to her are couched in a warmer language than those of mere friendship," says Frau Förster Nietzsche, "but they are nevertheless full of delicacy and chivalrous tenderness."

Ritschl, Friedrich Wilhelm, 1806-1876, famous philologist, Professor at Bonn and Leipzig, whose pupil Nietzsche was at the latter university. It was Ritschl who recommended the young Nietzsche to the University of Bâle, where he became a professor at the early age of 24.

Seydlitz, R. Freiherr von. His friendship with Nietzsche dates from July, 1876, when they met at Bayreuth. For further details of this friendship see Seidlitz's article in the *"Neue Deutsche Rundschau,"* June, 1899.

Strindberg, August, born 1849, the famous Swedish author, scholar and playwright. He died in 1912.

Taine, Hippolyte, 1821-1893. French critic and historian, best known to English readers by his history of English literature and *"Les Origines de la France contemporaine."*

SELECTED LETTERS OF
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

SELECTED LETTERS

Nietzsche To His Sister.

Naumburg, March 30, 1856.

Dear Elizabeth:

As mother is writing to you to-day I am sending you a short note to put with hers. First of all, let me describe our journey. On the way to Weissenfels there was nothing I objected to more than the piercing wind, and in this respect my two coats served me in good stead. We reached the station almost an hour before the train came in. In the station buffet I read the *Vossische Zeitung,* which had a good deal to say about the Imperial baby.[1] It is said to have three nurses and three governesses, one of the former having allowed him to fall. The nurse in question fainted immediately, but the child is supposed to have given vent to a shriek loud enough for a child a year old. He has already received two orders: the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and one other military order. Mother asked for a glass of sugared water just as the train entered the station. We quickly ate the sugar and wanted to get away to our train, but were stopped by the waiter who wanted change. We could not settle with him until at length he gave me one more sugar cake. We could scarcely find any room in the train, but at last found two seats. On reaching Naumburg we drove in with Bocher. When we reached the door of the house, little Rosa, Mine,

[1]The son of Napoleon III was born on March 16, 1856.

and Ottos were standing there and were very glad to see us back; but grandmamma said she would have been ever so pleased if you had been with us. You will certainly be delighted with Pobles, for it is a very pretty place. I suppose you often play at ball and will be able to hit it better than I can when you come back. I have just heard that William is very ill; he has rheumatic fever. I wanted to take him an orange, but was not allowed to see him. So I went to Gustav, who was very much delighted with the paper for the walls of the forts. He thanks you very much indeed and greatly admires the cheapness of things in Magdeburg. My school time-table has been changed a good deal, for my lessons start at 7. I have not yet played with the soldiers, but will do so soon. I often wish I were at Pobles, too, and thank our grandparents very heartily for the nice stay I had there. Remember me most affectionately to them and also to Uncles Edmund, Theobald, Oscar, and to our aunts. Keep well and write frequent letters to your brother,

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Pforta,[1] November 11, 1859.

DEAR MAMMA:

At last I have time to answer your nice letter. I also have something to tell you to-day that will interest you, and that is how our Schiller festival went

[1]Nietzsche had been a pupil at the famous school of Pforta since 1858.—Translator.

off. Wednesday, November 9, was "Lie-a'bed day"[1] as usual, but in the afternoon at 4 o'clock there was a fine celebration, for which preparations had been going on for some time. First of all, at 3.30 p. m. all the Pforta teachers and their wives, at 3.45 the whole *coetus,* and at 4 p. m. all the people of Naumburg, who flocked in greater numbers than ever before, arrived in the gymnasium, which was decorated quite festively. The boys of the Sixth Form opened the performance with a reading of the Piccolomini. Professor Koberstein chose the part of Wallenstein himself and read it magnificently. Then "The Bell," composed by Romberg, was sung with piano and violin accompaniment. It was wonderfully successful, and everybody was very much moved, particularly by the fine chorus, in "Freedom and Equality it is heard to toll," etc. (I have been in the ladies' choir some time now, and had the joy of rehearsing this peace with them.) The following day was also "Lie-a'bed day," with lessons until 9.30 a. m.; then followed another celebration in the gymnasium, beginning with the choir, *Frisch auf Kameraden.* Then came the recitation of original poems written by Upper School boys about various incidents in Schiller's life. Herzog and von Göhring then sang, "Before His Lion-garden" and "Oh, From Out This Valley's Grounds," with piano accompaniment, and then Professor Koberstein stepped on to the platform. He gave an excellent

[1] "Lie a'bed day" (*Ausschlafetag*) was the day in the week on which the boys were allowed to get up half an hour later than usual (5 a. m. in summer and 6 a. m. in winter) in order to devote themselves to private studies the whole day.—(E.F.N.'s note.)

address, in which he laid particular stress upon the fact that it was a hopeful sign for Germany that the birthdays of her great men were becoming ever more and more the occasions for national festivities which, in spite of the political disunion of the country, were welding her into a single whole. Then followed a good feed with roast goose and cakes, after which we were allowed to go out for a walk until 3 o'clock. I called on Aunt Rosalie, who gave me a cup of chocolate. In the evening the Sixth Form had a dance, but the rest of us had music in the ballroom. Now, wasn't that a fine festival? I am delighted with your idea of returning to Naumburg at Christmas and am much looking forward to that lovely time.

Your Fr. W. Nietzsche.

Nietzsche To His Mother.

Pforta, February, 1862.

Dear Mamma:

So you have sent dear Lizzie right away for some considerable time, and she will certainly wish to be back and will not feel very much at home in the great city of Dresden. You yourself must have spent some beautiful days there, particularly owing to your recollections of bygone times; for, as the years roll by, everything that once caused us pleasure or surprise becomes a precious memory. And it must have cost you something to say good-bye to Lizzie and to Dresden—of that I am well aware. As to how she is settled there, I know nothing; write me a long and exhaustive letter. Indeed, we might both of us write more exhaustively to each other, as there is no need

now for you to spend so much of your time over your house duties.

I only hope she has been sent to a thoroughly good school. I cannot say I like Dresden very much; it is not grand enough, and in detail, even in its language, it is too Thuringian in character. If she had gone to Hanover, for instance, she would have become acquainted with customs, peculiarities, and a language of an absolutely different order. It is always a good thing, if one does not wish to become too one-sided, to be educated in different places. Otherwise, as a city of art, as the seat of a small court, and generally for the purpose of completing E.'s education, Dresden will be quite suitable, and to some extent I envy her. Still, I believe that in my life I shall have opportunities enough of enjoying experiences of the kind she is having. Altogether I am very anxious to hear how Elizabeth gets on in her new surroundings. There is always a certain element of risk in such schools. But I have thorough confidence in Elizabeth. If only she could learn to write a little better! When she is describing anything, too, she must try and avoid all those "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" "You cannot imagine how magnificent, how marvellous, how bewitching, etc., it was," etc.—she must drop this sort of thing, and very much more that she will, I hope, forget in refined company and by keeping a sharp lookout on herself. Now, dear Mamma, on Monday you will come out here, won't you? The performance is from 4 to 7 p. m. I have asked Dr. Heinze for a ticket. I should be awfully glad if you would send me half a mandala each of sugar and eggs, because for our rehearsals,

which are held twice a day and three times on the day of the performance, some such treatment for the voice is absolutely necessary.

Farewell, dear Mamma!

Your FRITZ.

(Marginal note.) As you will have plenty of time for reading now, I would recommend Auerbach's "Barfüssele." I was highly delighted with it.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Pforta, November 10, 1862.

DEAR MAMMA:

I am very sorry that I was not able to meet you at Almrich yesterday, but I was prevented from coming by being kept in. And thereby hangs a tale which I will tell you.

Every week one of the newest Sixth Form boys has to undertake the duties of schoolhouse prefect—that is to say, he has to make a note of everything in the rooms, cupboards, and lecture rooms that requires repair, and to send up a list of his observations to the inspection office. Last week I had to perform this duty, and it occurred to me that its somewhat tedious nature might be slightly relieved by the exercise of a little humour, and I wrote out a list in which all my observations were couched in the form of jokes.[1] The stern masters, who were very much surprised that anyone should introduce humour into so solemn

[1] The remarks were very harmless, for instance: "In such and such a lecture room the lamps burn so dimly that the boys are tempted to let their own brilliance shine." "The forms of the Fifth Form Room have recently been painted and manifest an undesirable attachment for those who sit upon them."

an undertaking, summoned me to attend the Synod on Saturday and pronounced the following extraordinary sentence: Three hours' detention and the loss of one or two walks. If I could accuse myself of any other fault than that of thoughtlessness, I should be angry about it; but as it is I have not troubled myself for one moment about the matter, and have only drawn this moral from it: To be more careful in future what I joke about.

To-day is Martinmas Day,[1] and we have had the usual Martinmas goose for dinner (in twelve parts, of course). St. Nicholas Day, too, will soon be here. This period of transition from autumn to winter is a pleasant time; it is the preparation for Christmas which I enjoy so much. Let us thoroughly enjoy it together. Write to me soon. My love to dear uncle and Lizzie.

FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday Morning, Pforta, April, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER:

If I write to you to-day it is certainly about the saddest and most unpleasant business that it has ever been my lot to relate. For I have been very wicked and do not know whether you will or can forgive me. It is with a heavy heart and most unwillingly that I take up my pen to write to you, more particularly when I think of our pleasant and absolutely unruffled time together during the Easter holidays. Well, last Sunday I got drunk and have no excuse but this, that

[1] The birthday of Martin Luther.—Translator.

I did not know how much I could stand and that I happened to be somewhat excited that afternoon. When I returned, Herr Kern, one of the masters, came across me in that condition. He had me called before the Synod on Tuesday, when I was degraded to third of my division and one hour of my Sunday walk was cancelled. You can imagine how depressed and miserable I feel about it, and especially at having to cause you so much sorrow over such a disgraceful affair, the like of which has never occurred in my life before. It also makes me feel very sorry on the Rev. Kletschke's account, who had only just shown me such unexpected confidence.[1] Through this one lapse I have completely spoilt the fairly good position I succeeded in winning for myself last term. I am so much annoyed with myself that I can't even get on with my work or settle down at all. Write to me soon and write severely, for I deserve it; and no one knows better than I do how much I deserve it.

There is no need for me to give you any further assurances as to how seriously I shall pull myself together, for now a great deal depends upon it. I had once again grown too cocksure of myself, and this self-confidence has now, at all events, been completely shaken, and in a very unpleasant manner.

I shall go and see the Rev. Kletschke to-day and have a talk with him. By-the-bye, do not tell anyone anything about it if it is not already known. Also, please send me my muffler as soon as possible, for I am constantly suffering from hoarseness and pains in

[1] He had just made Nietzsche his assistant.—Translator.

my chest. Send me the comb too that I have spoken about. Now, good-bye and write to me very soon, and do not be too cross with me, mother dear.

Your very sorrowful

FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Pforta, May, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER:

As regards my future, it is precisely my practical doubts about it that trouble me. The decision as to what subject I shall specialize in will not come of its own accord. I must, therefore, consider the question and make my choice, and it is precisely this choice which causes me so many difficulties. Of course, it will be my endeavour to study thoroughly anything that I decide to take up, but it is precisely on this account that the choice is so difficult; for one feels constrained to choose that branch of study in which one can hope to do something complete. And how illusory such hopes often are; how often does one not allow oneself to be transported by a momentary prepossession, or by an old family tradition, or by one's own personal wishes, so that the choice of a calling seems like a lottery in which there are a large number of blanks and very few winning numbers. Now, I happen to be in the particularly unfortunate position of possessing a whole host of interests connected with the most different branches of learning, and, though the general gratification of these interests may make a learned man of me, they will scarcely convert me into a creature with a vocation. The fact,

therefore, that I must destroy some of these interests is perfectly clear to me, as well as the fact that I must allow some new ones to find a home in my brain. But which of them will be so unfortunate as to be cast overboard? Perhaps just the children of my heart!

I cannot express myself more plainly; it is evident that the position is critical and I must have come to a decision by this time next year. It certainly won't come of its own accord, and I know too little about the various subjects.

Best wishes to you all.

FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Elberfeld, Sept. 27, 1864.

DEAR MAMMA AND LIZZIE:

From the look of my handwriting you are to gather that I am writing to you from a business house. I am thinking how glad you will be to have news of me so soon, particularly as I have only good and pleasant things to tell you. Of course, what I should have liked most of all would have been to tell you everything by word of mouth, but the time seems long past when this wish might have been gratified.

There was nothing very beautiful or interesting about the journey; first of all, a number of sleepy and snoring travelling companions, then some very talkative, noisy and common ones, followed by factory hands and business men or very exacting old ladies; I could tell a funny story about each one of these varieties.

We arrived at about 11 o'clock at night feeling

sleepy and somewhat peevish. Believe me, one feels amazingly tired after such a long day's journey. We put up at Brünning's, at the house of two ladies who were not so very old and their brother, who was in bed with gastric fever. We refreshed ourselves with bread and wine, went to bed, slept splendidly, got up late, had our breakfast—consisting here, as everywhere, of fine rolls and slices of Pumpernickel bread—and then we called on the Röhrs and found Johanna and Marie at home—both nice girls but not quite my style; they were a little tasteless in their dress. Of course, one must not forget that they are under the care of a very pious old lady, with whom on the following day I became involved in a long discussion about the theatre, "the work of the Devil," and held my ground very well, but only succeeded in earning her compassion for one who held such views as mine. We have been invited to coffee there to-day. Well, on Sunday I made the acquaintance of Ernest Schnabel, an exceedingly attractive young business man; as you know, he is Deussen's well-known and more favoured rival; and I also met Friedrich Deussen, who has a post in a business firm here. In the afternoon we went up together into the hills that encircle Elberfeld. Imagine a beautiful long valley, the valley of the Wupper, through which a number of ill-defined straggling towns, one of which is Elberfeld, extend like a mighty chain of factories, and you have a picture of these parts. The town is commercial in the extreme, and most of the houses are slate roofed. I notice that the women here have a particular predilection for drooping their heads in a pious way. The

girls dress very smartly in little coats very tight at the waist, like that Polish girl from Kösen. The men all display a fondness for light brown, their hats, trousers, etc., all being of that colour. After we had been to several restaurants on Sunday, we spent the evening most congenially at Ernest Schnabel's, where we stayed till 11 p. m. He gave us an extremely fine Moselle to drink—"Pastor's Moselle Drink," as Ernest called it. My improvising at the piano had a great success, and my health was most solemnly drunk. As Lizzie would say, Ernest is "perfectly enchanted." Wherever I am, I have to play and everybody cries "Bravo!" It is ludicrous. Yesterday we drove to Schwelm, a neighbouring watering place; we visited the red hills, a famous site of the ancient Westphalian Vehme court, and we had a drink everywhere.

In the evening, at the inn, I played without knowing it in the presence of a famous orchestra conductor, who stood there afterwards gasping with wonder and said all sorts of nice things to me. He also begged me to join his choral society that evening—a thing I did not do. Instead I drove back and was invited to dine with the Schnabel family. They are nice, good people. Mrs. Schnabel is delightful, and her husband is a decent, pious, conservative business man. They have the most excellent food, and the drinks are even better, but their dishes are different from ours. They eat Gruyère cheese and Pumpernickel bread three times a day.

. . . Now, good-bye, good-bye! Hearty remembrances to Aunt Rosalie.

Your Fritz.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Bonn, November 10, 1864.

DEAR MAMMA AND LIZZIE:

. . . On Sunday we were *en masse* in Sieburg, where we marched through the streets cheering, danced, and returned rather late. An hour ago I was at an exceedingly distinguished concert; it was an extraordinary display of wealth. All the ladies were dressed in bright red,[1] and English was spoken all over the hall; *I don't speak English.*[2] Admittance cost three marks, but as I am one of the performers it cost me nothing. But to make up for things I went there dressed as smartly as possible, with a white waistcoat and kid gloves.

I seem to write an inordinate number of letters, and yet I get none except from you. Have Gersdorff and Kuttig been to see you? Remember me to them and also to the dear Naumburg aunts.

Ever with devotion and love.

Your FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Bonn, End of February, 1865.

Saturday.

MY DEAR MAMMA AND LIZZIE:

The lovely time of the holidays draws ever nearer, and I must confess that my longing to see you again grows keener every day. You might shortly start making the preparations for my arrival, for I shall

[1] The fashionable colour at the time.—E.F.N.

[2] The words in italics are in English in the original.—Translator.

be with you soon after the middle of next month. The more disagreeable the weather is now, the more do I like to dwell upon the beautiful days at Easter, and naturally I have never felt so happy at the thought of the holidays as I feel now. How delightful life will seem for me in your dear company, compared with the life I lead here, so destitute of all family associations! In addition to that, I shall be near so many dear friends, and to dear old Pforta, to which we old Pforta boys are so absurdly attached.

I imagine the whole of this passage will make you feel a little wistful; but unfortunately I must dissipate this mood for you by referring to the inevitable and irksome question of money. Among other things now I am going to the most desperate efforts to make two ends meet, and, like the Treasury, on drawing up my budget for the year I arrive only at the most hopeless results. Among the financial *coups* I have in view is the plan of moving out of my present lodgings next term, giving up the hire of a piano in order—to put it quite plainly—to cut down expenses. One learns a tremendous lot in one term, even in the realm of material things; but it is a pity that one has to pay so dearly for these lessons. But now I will close these pathetic and bathetic details by begging you, dear Mamma, to send me the money for the next two months in a lump sum of not less than 240 marks, to include my railway fare. Altogether I am not in favour of monthly instalments; they inevitably lead one into debt. Up to the present I have only been in a position to settle the most pressing debts of the previous month by means of these monthly instalments and

have scarcely ever had any cash in hand. Generally speaking, it is quite out of the question for me to hope to get on at Bonn on less than 1,200 marks, and that was the amount my guardian promised me at the beginning of my university life. If you only knew how we live here you would understand this. It is the minimum amount possible in the circumstances.

So now I have said all I had to say on this matter, although I know perfectly well that it will not please you any more than it pleases me. Why can't I settle all this direct with my guardian? These things spoil my beautiful letters! And now let me beg of you once more not to fail me and thus plunge me into difficulties from which I could and should have to extricate myself only by borrowing the money in some way.

And now let us banish all care from our brow and chat pleasantly for a while. The things I have to tell you naturally accumulate more and more every day. . . .

I pass here among the students, etc., as something of an authority on music, and as a queer customer into the bargain, like all old Pforta boys in the Franconia.[1] I am not disliked at all, although I am apt to scoff a little and am considered as somewhat ironical. This estimate of my character, according to the opinions of other people, will not be without interest to you. For my part I must add that I do not agree to the first particular, that I am frequently unhappy and that I have too many moods and am rather in-

[1]The Franconia was the Students' Corps that Nietzsche joined.—Translator.

clined to be a nagging spirit (*Quälgeist*) not only to myself, but also to others.

And now good-bye! For Heaven's sake send me the money in good time, and remember me to our dear relatives. With hearty thanks for your nice letters and begging you still to think kindly of me in spite of this one,

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Bonn, May 25, 1865.

DEAR FRIEND:

To begin with, I must own that I have been simply longing for your first letter from Göttingen, not only out of friendship, but also because of its psychological interest. I was hoping that it might reflect the impression just made upon you by the life led in the Students' Corps, and I felt certain that you would speak out quite frankly on the subject.

Now, this is precisely what you have done, and I thank you most heartily. At present, therefore, I share your excellent brother's views on this matter; I can only admire the moral strength with which you have plunged into dirty muddy water and even exercised your limbs in it, in order to learn to swim in the stream of life. Pardon the cruelty of the metaphor, but I think it meets the case.

Besides, there is this important point to remember: if a man wishes to understand his age and his contemporaries, he must be something of a colour student. Societies and associations, together with the tendencies they represent, generally reveal with almost

perfect exactitude the type of the next generation of men. Moreover, the question of the reorganization of the circumstances of student life is urgent enough to deter the individual from investigating and judging the conditions from his own particular experience.

Of course, we must take care that we ourselves do not become too deeply influenced during the process of our research; for habit exercises a prodigious power. A man has already lost a good deal when he can no longer feel any moral indignation at the reprehensible actions daily perpetrated in his circle. This is true, for instance, of drink and drunkenness, and also of the disrespect and scorn with which other men and other opinions are treated.

I readily admit that, up to a point, I had very much the same experiences as yourself, that the spirit of conviviality on drinking evenings often discomfited me exceedingly, that there were fellows whose "beer materialism" made them utterly repulsive to me; whilst the appalling arrogance with which in a twinkling men and opinions were disposed of *en masse* used to irritate me beyond endurance. Nevertheless I was content to bear with the Association, not only because it taught me a good deal, but also because I was, on the whole, compelled to acknowledge the intellectual life which formed a part of it. On the whole, though, a more intimate relationship with one or two friends is a necessity, and, provided one can enjoy this, the rest can be reckoned as a sort of seasoning included in the fare—some as salt and pepper, others as sugar, and yet others as nothing at all.

Once again let me assure you that all you have told

me about your struggles and anxieties only enhances my esteem and love for you.

. . . . . .

This term I have to prepare our archaeological work for the college. Then I also have a bigger piece of work to do for the Science evening of our *Burschenschaft* [Corps] about the political poets of Germany. I hope to learn a good deal from this, but I shall also have to do a tremendous amount of reading and collect plenty of material. Above all, however, I must set about preparing a more important philological work, the subject of which I have not yet decided, in order to qualify for admittance to the college at Leipzig.

Incidentally I am now studying Beethoven's Life in the biography by Marx. I shall also perhaps do a little composing again, a thing which this year I have so far strenuously avoided. I have also stopped versifying. The Rhineland Musical Festival takes place this Whitsun at Cologne. Do come over from Göttingen for it! The principal items on the programme are: *Israel in Egypt,* by Handel; *Faust Music,* by Schumann; *The Seasons,* by Haydn, etc., etc. I am taking part in it. Immediately after it the Cologne International Exhibit will be opened. You will find all further details in the papers.

. . . . . .

Well, old man, fare thee well!

I rejoice at the thought of our next meeting. I wish you plenty of good cheer and bright spirits, and, above all, a man who can be something to you. Excuse my execrable writing and my ill humour about it. You

know how wild I get over it and how my thoughts then come to a standstill.

Your devoted friend,

FR. NIETZSCHE.

Bonn, Ascension Day, 1865.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Bonn, June 30, 1865.
Friday Morning.

DEAR MAMMA:

. . . I am very much disgusted by the bigoted Roman Catholic population here. Often I can scarcely believe that we are in the nineteenth century. Not long ago it was Corpus Christi Day. Processions after the style of that of the Church Festival; everybody very finely got up and therefore full of vanity, and yet going into all kinds of pious contortions, croaking and groaning old women, tremendous squandering of incense, wax candles, and festoons of flowers. On the afternoon of the same day a genuine Tyrolean company gave a concert with the usual affected naturalness and the stereotyped emotions in the rendering of the Andreas Hofer[1] song.

You will have read in the papers about the Rhineland festival. As everybody knows, the Rhineland was annexed to Prussia fifty years ago. The King, the General Staff, and several Ministers attended the ceremony. The papers speak of the enthusiasm and

[1] This refers to Andreas Hofer, who led the rising of the Tyrolese against Napoleon in 1809. He was ultimately delivered into the hands of the French by a traitor, and Napoleon ordered him to be shot.—Translator.

rejoicing of the people. As I was in Cologne at the time, I can form my own estimate of these rejoicings. I was amazed by such coldness on the part of the masses. But I really cannot see where the enthusiasm for the King and his Ministers should come from at this particular juncture. All the same, externally the ceremony was extremely imposing. The Rhine, the bridge over it, the innumerable hotels on the banks, the towers, and the mighty cathedral all ablaze with illuminations, a continuous deafening boom of guns and muskets, myriads of fireworks all let off at the same time at various points—all these seen from the opposite bank produced an almost magical impression. It would be impossible to imagine a finer effect for an opera. The King in a steamer sailed up and down stream in the midst of it all; the youth of Cologne created enthusiasm by singing the Düppel march[1]; the masses cheered at the sight of such fine things, and the monarch was well pleased.

I saw some fine uniforms there, my dear Lizzie. But the old generals who wore these beautiful clothes strolled through the streets smiling good-naturedly; for they had happily survived the Düppel engagement of a copious dinner and were all very drunk with victory.

Not long ago we—that is to say, the Franconians—had a *Commers*[2] with two other student associations, the Helvetia and the Marchia. Oh! what bliss! Oh!

[1]It was at Düppel that the decisive battle was fought between the Germans and the Danes (April, 1864).

[2]This is the name given to a bibulous meeting of a German students' Association.—Translator.

the marvellous exploits of the Students' Association! Do we represent the future of Germany? Are we not the nursery of German parliaments? "It is sometimes difficult," says Juvenal, "to refrain from writing a satire."

I think I have already told you that we have changed the colours in our caps. We now wear fine red south-westers, with gold braid and broad black chin straps.

. . . Remember me to dear Lizzie and all our relatives and friends.

Your affectionate

FRITZ.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Naumburg, April 7, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND:

Now and again one enjoys hours of peaceful reflection when, with mingled gladness and sorrow, one seems to hover over one's life just as those lovely summer days, so exquisitely described by Emerson, seem to lie stretched out at ease above the hilltops. It is then, as he says, that Nature is perfect, and we feel the same; then we are free from the spell of the ever-vigilant will; then we are nothing but a pure, contemplative and dispassionate eye.[1] It is in a mood such as this—a mood desirable above all others—that I take up my pen to reply to your kind and thoughtful letter. The interests we share have become welded

[1] This remark reveals Schopenhauerian influence.—Translator.

together to the smallest particle; once again we have realized that mere strokes of the pen—in fact, even the most unexpected whims in the past of a few individuals—determine the history of countless numbers of others; and we readily leave it to the pious to thank their God for these accidents. We may perhaps laugh at this thought when we meet again in Leipzig.

I had already made myself familiar with the thought of being a soldier. I often wished that I might be snatched from my monotonous labours; I yearned for the opposite extreme to my excitement, to the tempestuous stress of my life and to the raptures of my enthusiasm. For, despite all my efforts, it has been brought home to me more clearly every day that it is impossible to shuffle such work out of one's coat sleeve. During the holidays I have learnt, relatively speaking, a good deal, and now they are at an end. My Theognis finds itself at least one term further forward. I have, moreover, made many illuminating discoveries which will considerably enrich my *quaestiones Theognideae*.[1]

. . . . . .

For recreation I turn to three things, and a wonderful recreation they provide!—my Schopenhauer, Schumann's music, and, finally, solitary walks. Yesterday a heavy storm hung in the sky, and I hastened up a neighbouring hill, called Leusch (perhaps you can explain the word to me?). On the summit I found a hut and a man killing two kids, with his son

[1]Theognis, the aristocratic poet of Megara, awoke Nietzsche's interest even when he was still at Pforta.—Translator.

looking on. The storm broke with a mighty crash, discharging thunder and hail, and I felt inexpressibly well and full of zest, and realized with singular clearness that to understand Nature one must go to her as I had just done, as a refuge from all worries and oppressions. What did man with his restless will matter to me then? What did I care for the eternal "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not"? How different are lightning, storm and hail—free powers without ethics! How happy, how strong they are—pure will untrammeled by the muddling influence of the intellect!

For have I not seen examples enough of how muddling a man's intellect frequently is? Not long ago I had occasion to speak to a man who was on the point of going out to India as a missionary. I put a few questions to him and learned that he had not read a single Indian work, knew nothing about the Upanishads—not even their name—and had resolved to have nothing to do with the Brahmans because they had philosophical training. Holy Ganges!

To-day I listened to a profoundly clever sermon of ——'s on Christianity—the Faith that has conquered the world. It was intolerably haughty in its attitude towards all nations that were not Christian, and yet it was exceedingly ingenious. For instance, every now and then he would describe as Christian something else, which always gave an appropriate sense even according to our lights. If the sentence, "Christianity has conquered the world," be changed to "the feeling of sin," or briefly "a metaphysical need has conquered the world," we can raise no reasonable ob-

jection; but then one ought to be consistent and say, "All true Hindus are Christians," and also "All true Christians are Hindus." As a matter of fact, however, the interchange of such words and concepts as these, which have a fixed meaning, is not altogether honest; it lands the poor in spirit in total confusion. If by Christianity is meant "Faith in an historical event, or in an historical personage," I have nothing to do with it. If, however, it is said to signify briefly a craving for salvation or redemption, then I can set a high value upon it, and do not even object to its endeavouring to discipline the philosophers. For how very few these are compared to the vast masses of men who are in need of salvation! How many of them are not actually made of the same stuff as these masses! If only all those who dabble in philosophy were followers of Schopenhauer! But only too often behind the mask of philosopher stands the exalted majesty of the "Will," which is trying to achieve its own self-glorification. If the philosophers ruled Sophyx ox[1] would be lost; were the masses to prevail, as they do at present, the philosophers *rari in gurgite vasto*[2] would still be able, like Aeschylus, δίχα ἄλλων φρονέειν.[3]

Apart from this, it is certainly extremely irksome to restrain our Schopenhauerian ideas, still so young, vigorous and half expressed; and to have weighing

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[1]The Masses.

[2]"Few survivors in the unmeasured seas." From the famous verse in Virgil's Aeneid, I. 118.—Translator.

[3]"To differ from the opinions of others." See Aeschylus, Agamemnon 757.—Translator.

forever upon our hearts this unfortunate disparity between theory and practice. And for this I can think of no consolation; on the contrary, I am in need of it myself.

And now farewell, old man! Remember me to all your family. Mine wish to be remembered to you; let us leave it at that. When we meet again we shall probably smile, and rightly too!

Yours,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Leipzig, End of January, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

At the beginning of January at Naumburg I too stood at the deathbed of a near relative. Next to my mother and sister, this dear lady had the greatest claim on my love and veneration. She had always displayed the most devoted interest in my career, and with her I seem to have lost a whole piece of my past and especially of my childhood. And yet, when I received your letter, my poor dear afflicted friend, I was overcome by a much deeper grief. The difference between the two deaths seemed so enormous. There, in Naumburg, a life replete with good deeds had at last been consummated, and despite a weakly constitution had at least lasted well into old age. We all had the feeling that the strength both of her mind and her body was exhausted, and that only for our love had death come too soon. But what have we not lost by the death of your brother, before whom I too stood in such constant admiration and respect!

We have lost one of those rare noble Roman natures about whom Rome at her zenith would have boasted and of whom you, as his brother, have an even greater right to be proud. For how seldom does our wretched age produce such heroic figures! But you know what the ancients thought on the subject: "Those whom the gods love die young."

What wonders such a power might have achieved! As a pattern of self-reliant and glorious endeavour, as an example of a decided character true to himself and indifferent to the world and its opinion, what strength and comfort he might have afforded to thousands caught in life's wild vortex! I am well aware that this *vir bonus* in the best sense meant even more to you; that, as you often used to tell me in the past, he constituted the ideal to which you aspired, your fixed guiding star amid all the tortuous and difficult highways and byways of life. His death has probably been the severest blow that could possibly have overtaken you.

Now, dear old man, you have realized—so I gather from the tone of your letter—through your own bitter experience, why our Schopenhauer extols suffering and affliction as indispensable to a splendid destiny, as the δεύτερος πλοῦς[1] to the denial of the Will. You have also felt and experienced the chastening, inwardly becalming, and bracing power of pain. This has been a time during which you have yourself tested the truth of Schopenhauer's doctrine. If the fourth book of his principal work now makes a disagreeable,

[1]The next best way.—Translator.

gloomy, and tedious impression upon you; if it has not the power to bear you triumphantly beyond all the terrible outward pain into that sweetly melancholy but happy mood which possesses us at the sound of lofty music, into that mood in which one sees one's earthly shell fall from one, then it is possible that even I, too, may have nothing more to do with his philosophy. Only he who is brimful of anguish can pronounce the decisive judgment on such matters. We others, standing in the middle of the stream of life and things, and longing for the Denial of the Will merely as for the island of the blest, cannot judge whether the consolations of such a philosophy are adequate for times of deep sorrow.

. . . . . .

I conclude with a hearty farewell and a quotation from Aristotle:

> τὶ γὰρ ἐστιν ἄνθρωπος; ἀσθενείας ὑπόδειγμα καιροῦ λάφυρον, τύχης παίγνιον, μεταπτώσεως εἰκών, φθόνου καὶ συμφορᾶς πλάστιγξ.[1]

Your devoted and likewise stricken friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

[1] "For what is man? A token of weakness, the spoil of time, the sport of fortune, the image of change, the plaything of envy and chance." (The translator has been unable to trace this passage in Aristotle.)

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Leipzig, February, 1867.

Dear Friend:

If you are not in a mood to listen to a host of weird things, just put this letter aside and reserve it for another occasion.

. . . . . .

Pious people believe that all the suffering and mishaps that come their way have been sent to them with the most careful premeditation, in order that this or that thought, such and such a resolution or understanding might be kindled in them. We lack the very first principles on which such a faith is based. It does lie in our power, however, to suck every event, every trivial or serious mishap, dry and to turn it to account for our improvement and discipline. The predestined character of every individual's fate is no myth if we understand it in this sense. What we have to do is intentionally to turn our fate to account, for events are, in themselves, but insignificant accessories to this end. It all turns upon our personal attitude. An event has no more value than we choose to invest it with. Thoughtless and unmoral people know nothing of this purposefulness of fate. Events make no lasting impression upon them. We, however, wish to learn something from them, and the more our knowledge of moral affairs increases and the more complete it becomes, the more surely will the events of our life link themselves up into a fast-bound ring, or will at least seem to do so. You know, old man, what I mean by these remarks.

And now, with the expression of my mother's, my cousin's and my own sincere sympathy, I will take my leave of you for to-day.

Yours affectionately,

F. N.

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Naumburg, April 6, 1867.

My Dear Friend:

Heaven alone knows the cause of my long silence, for I am never more thankful or more happy than when your letters arrive to give me news of your doings and your spirits.

. . . . . .

During the holidays I intend to make a written record of my work on the sources of Diogenes Laertius, though I am anything but far advanced. For your amusement let me confess what it is that gives me the most pain and trouble—my German style (not to mention my Latin). But I have come to an understanding with my mother tongue, so foreign languages cannot fail to follow suit. The scales have fallen from my eyes; too long had I lived in stylistic innocence. The categorical imperative, "Thou shalt and must write," has called me to my senses. Truth to tell, I made an attempt I had never made since my *Gymnasium* days —namely, to write well—and suddenly my pen seemed to become paralyzed in my hand. I could do nothing and felt very angry. Meanwhile my ears rang with Lessing's, Lichtenberg's, and Schopenhauer's precepts on style. It was a constant comfort to me to know that these authorities were unanimous in declaring

that to write well was a difficult matter, that no man was born with a good style, and that in order to acquire the capacity one had to work hard and keep one's nose to the grindstone. God forbid that I should write again in such a wooden, dry style and with so much logical tightlacing as I did in my Theognis essay, for instance, on the cradle of which none of the Graces ever lighted (on the contrary, it was more like the distant booming of the cannon at Königgrätz).[1] It would be hard indeed not to be able to write better than this when one longs so ardently to do so. The first thing to do is to let a number of bright and lively spirits loose upon one's style; I must play upon it as if it were a keyboard. But I must not play the things I have learnt, but improvise freely, as freely as possible, and yet with logic and beauty.

Secondly, I am disturbed by another wish. One of my oldest Naumburg friends, Wilhelm Pinder, is just going in for his first Law examination—you and I know the qualms inseparable from such a time. But what attracts me and even tempts me to follow suit is not the examination itself, but the preparation for it. How valuable and uplifting it must be to let all the disciplined elements of one's science march past one in the space of about six months, and thus obtain for once a general view of the whole! Is it not exactly as if an officer, accustomed always to the mere drilling of his company, were suddenly to behold in battle the magnificent fruit his small efforts could bear? For

[1] A reference to the great battle fought between the Austrians and the Prussians at this place about nine months before this letter was written.—Translator.

it cannot be denied that the uplifting general view of antiquity is altogether lacking in most philosophers because they stand too close to the picture and examine a spot of oil instead of admiring and, what is more, enjoying the broad and bold outlines of the composition as a whole. When, I ask you, shall we at last realize that pure enjoyment in our studies of antiquity about which, alas! we have so often talked?

Thirdly, the whole of our method of working is horrible. The hundred and one books lying on the table before me are only so many pincers consuming all the vitality out of the nerve of independent thought. I verily believe, old man, that with a bold hand you have selected the best possible lot—that is to say, an active contrast, a reversed standpoint, an absolutely different attitude towards life, mankind, work, and duty. By this I do not mean to praise your present calling, as such, but only in so far as it constitutes the negation of your former life, together with its object and its point of view. Amid such contrasts body and soul keep healthy, and none of those inevitable morbid symptoms appear which in the scholar are caused by a preponderance of intellectual, and, in the clodhopper, by a preponderance of bodily exercise. Of course, the morbidity manifests itself differently in each. The Greeks were no scholars, but neither were they brainless athletes. Are we, therefore, necessarily bound to exercise a choice between the one or the other way of living? Is it not possible that with Christianity a division was made in this realm of man's nature also, which the nation of harmony knew nothing about? Ought not every scholar

to blush at the thought of Sophocles, who, distinguished as he was in the domain of the spirit, was yet able to dance with grace and understood the art of playing at ball? But we stand towards these things as we stand towards life in general; we readily recognize an evil condition, but we do not raise a finger to get rid of it. And here I might easily begin a fourth lamentation, but in the presence of my martial friend I will refrain. For a warrior must be much more nauseated by these jeremiads than a home-bird like myself.

Incidentally I have just called to mind a recent experience that offers a very good illustration of the scholar's morbid symptoms. As such it might perhaps be hushed up, but it will amuse you because it is nothing more than the translation of Schopenhauer's essay "On Professors of Philosophy" into real life.

In a certain town a young man endowed with quite extraordinary intellectual gifts, particularly in the direction of philosophical speculation, made up his mind to obtain a Doctor's degree. With this object in view, he gathered together the threads of his system "Concerning the Fundamental Delusion of Representation," which he had laboriously thought out for years, and was very happy and proud at the result. With these feelings surging in his breast, he submitted the work to the Philosophical Faculty of the place, which happened to be a university town. Two professors of philosophy had to give their opinion on his production, and this is how they acquitted themselves of the task: The first said that, though the work

showed undoubted intellectual power, it did not advocate the doctrines taught at his institution; and the second declared that not only did the views not correspond with the common understanding of mankind, but they were also paradoxical. The work was consequently rejected, and its author did not receive his Doctor's degree. Fortunately the rejected candidate was not humble enough to recognize the voice of wisdom in this verdict—nay, he was sufficiently presumptuous to maintain that this particular Philosophical Faculty was lacking in the philosophical *facultas*.

In short, old man, one cannot pursue one's path too independently. Truth seldom resides in the temple men have built in her honour, or where priests have been ordained to her service. The good work or the rubbish we produce we alone have to pay for, not those who have given us their good or their foolish advice. Let us at least have the pleasure of scoring our blunders off our own bat. There is no such thing as a general recipe for the assistance of all men. One must be one's own doctor and gather one's medical experience on one's own body. As a matter of fact, we give too little thought to our own welfare; our egoism is not shrewd enough, our reason not selfish enough.

With this, old man, let me now take my leave of you. Unfortunately I have nothing "solid" or "real," or whatever the current phrase among young business men is, to report; but you will certainly not regret that.

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Naumburg, December 1, 1867.

Dear Friend:

. . . . . .

I am a bombardier in the second mounted division of the Fourth Horse Artillery.

You may well imagine how astonished I was by this revolution in my affairs, and what a violent upheaval it has made in my everyday humdrum existence. Nevertheless I have borne the change with determination and courage, and even derive a certain pleasure from this turn of fortune. Now that I have an opportunity of doing a little ἄσκησις[1] I am more than ever thankful to our Schopenhauer. For the first five weeks I had to be in the stables. At 5.30 in the morning I had to be among the horses, removing the manure and grooming the animals down with the currycomb and horse brush. For the present my work lasts on an average from 7 a. m. to 10 a. m. and from 11.30 a. m. to 6 p. m., the greater part of which I spend in parade drill. Four times a week we two soldiers who are to serve for a year have to attend a lecture given by a lieutenant, to prepare us for the reserve officers' examination. You must know that in the horse artillery there is a tremendous amount to learn. We get most fun out of the riding lessons. My horse is a very fine animal, and I am supposed to have some talent for riding. When I and my steed gallop round the large parade ground, I feel very contented with my lot. On the whole, too,

[1] Athletic training.—Translator.

I am very well treated. Above all, we have a very nice captain.

I have now told you all about my life as a soldier. This is the reason why I have kept you waiting so long for news and for an answer to your last letter. Meanwhile, if I am not mistaken, you will probably have been freed from your military fetters; that is why I thought it would be best to address this letter to Spandau.

But my time is already up; a business letter to Volkmann and another to Ritschl have robbed me of much of it. So I must stop in order to get ready for the parade in full kit.

Well, old man, forgive my long neglect, and hold the god of War responsible for most of it.

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE,

Bombardier.

TO ROHDE.

Naumburg, February 1-3, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

It is Saturday, and the day too is drawing to a close. For a soldier the word "Saturday" is full of magic charm and of a feeling of quiet and peace of which as a student I had no idea. To be able to sleep and dream peacefully, without one's soul being taunted by the terrifying picture of the morrow; to have overcome and done with another seven days of that excitement in uniform which is called a year's soldiering—what simple and at the same time deep joys such things awaken—joys worthy of a cynic and

attained by us almost too cheaply and easily. I now understand that first and greatest Saturday afternoon mood, in which that easy and satisfied phrase πάντα λίαν καλά[1] was pronounced; in which coffee and a pipe were invented, and the first optimist stepped into life. In any case, the Hebrews who concocted and believed this beautiful story were warriors or factory hands; they were certainly not students; for the latter would have proposed six days' holiday and one workday in the week, and in practice would have converted even this into a holiday like the rest. At all events, that was my practice; and at the present moment I feel the contrast between my present life and my former scientific loafing very strongly indeed. If it were only possible to muster all the philologists of ten years together and drill them army fashion into the service of science, at the end of ten years the science of philology would no longer be necessary, because all the principal work would have been done. And, moreover, it would no longer be possible, because no man would join these colours voluntarily, colours with which the idea of the "one-year volunteer" cannot be associated at all.

As you see, a Saturday makes one talkative, because we have to be silent all the rest of the week and are accustomed to regulate the capacities of our souls according to our superior officer's word of command. That is why on Saturdays, when the eye of the master is removed, words gush forth from our lips and sentences pour out of the ink-pot—especially when the

[1]See Genesis I., 31, "And God saw everything that he had made and, behold, it was very good."—Translator.

fire is crackling in the grate and outside you hear the roar of a February storm, heavy with the promise of Spring. Saturday, a storm, and a warm room—these are the best ingredients with which to brew the punch of a "letter-writing mood." . . .

My present life, my dear friend, is really very lonely and friendless. It offers me no stimulation that I do not myself provide; none of that harmonious concord of souls which many a happy hour in Leipzig used to afford; but rather, enstrangement of the soul from itself, preponderance of obsessional influences, which draw the soul up tightly with a sense of fear, and teach it to regard things with an earnestness that they do not deserve. This is the seamy side of my present existence, and you will certainly be able to enter into my feelings about it. Let us, however, turn it round the other way. This life is certainly uncomfortable, but enjoyed as an entremets, absolutely useful. It makes a constant call on a man's energy and is relished particularly as an ἀντίδοτον[1] against paralyzing scepticism, concerning the effects of which we have observed a good deal together. Moreover, it helps one to become acquainted with one's own nature, as it reveals itself among strange and generally rough people, without any assistance from science and without that traditional goddess Fame which determines our worth for our friends and for society. Up to the present I have remarked that people are well disposed toward me, whether they happen to be captains or plain gunners; for the rest I do my duty

[1] Antidote.—Translator.

with zeal and interest. Is it not something to be proud of, to be regarded as the best rider among thirty recruits? Verily, dear friend, that is more than a philological prize, although I am not insensible even to the kind of encomiums that the Faculty of Leipzig thought fit to bestow upon me. . . .

Ah, my dear friend, what a child of misfortune is a field artilleryman when he has literary tastes into the bargain. Our old god of War loved young women, not shrivelled old Muses. A gunner who often enough in his barrack room sits upon a dirty stool meditating upon Democritean problems, while his boots are being polished for him, is really a paradox on whom the gods must look with scorn. . . .

When I tell you that I am on duty every day from 7 in the morning to 5 in the evening, and that in addition I have to attend lectures given by a lieutenant and a vet respectively, you can imagine what a sorry plight I am in. At night the body is limp and tired and seeks its couch in good time. And so it goes on without respite or rest, day after day. What becomes of the reflection and contemplation necessary for scientific cogitation in the midst of it all?

Even for things which are still more dear to me than my literary needs, for the delights of a friendly correspondence and for art, I so seldom have a free moment. Just let me be once more in full enjoyment of my time and my strength—

Si male nunc, non olim sic erit.[1]

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[1] If things are bad today, at some future time they may be better.—Translator.

And next year I go to Paris.

Your devoted friend,

FR. NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Naumburg, February 16, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . . . .

As I have already told you my military duties take up much of my time, but they are on the whole tolerable. I am still particularly fond of riding, and my zeal for it is kept alive by the praise I receive on all sides. From the officers I hear that I have a good seat and thus make a good display. Believe me, old man, I never thought I should have an opportunity of growing vain about this sort of thing. Suffice it to say that my desire to perfect myself in this fine but difficult art is very strong indeed. If you should happen to come to Naumburg for the Pforta School Festival, you will be able to appreciate my achievements. I am afraid you will have a good laugh when you see me shouting my orders. But I still have a good deal to learn before I can pass the officers' exam.

. . . . . .

Yours,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Naumburg, June 22, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

To-day all my comrades in arms have left me. They are on the way to Magdeburg for gun practice. So I am about the only gay-coated creature within the

walls of Naumburg—an abandoned broken-winged stork that with envy in its heart has seen all its more powerful fellows fly right away. Yes, old man, the rumour that has already reached you by many a tortuous path is for the best (i.e., the worst) part true: I did not end my military career quite happily.

I had survived the winter and also the most difficult and unpleasant half of my year's service; they had made me a bombardier and were well pleased with my behaviour. When the fine weather came and I was able to ride my horse round the huge parade ground I too was beginning to breathe more freely. Towards the end I was riding the most restive and fiery animal in the battery. One day I failed in attempting a smart spring into the saddle; I gave my chest a blow on the pommel and felt a sharp rend in my left side. But I quietly went on riding, and endured the increasing pain for a day and a half. On the evening of the second day, however, I had two fainting fits, and on the third day I lay as if nailed to my bed, suffering the most terrible agony and with a high temperature. The doctors declared that I had torn two of the muscles of my chest. In consequence of this the whole system of chest muscles and ligaments was inflamed, and severe suppuration had supervened owing to the bleeding of the torn tissues. A week later, when my chest was lanced, several cupfuls of matter were removed. From that time onward, *three whole months,* the suppuration has never ceased, and when at last I left my bed, I was naturally so exhausted that I had to learn to walk again. My condition was lamentable; I had to be helped in standing, walking

and lying down, and could not even write. Gradually my health improved, I enjoyed an invigorating diet, took plenty of exercise and recovered my strength. But the wound still remained open and the suppuration scarcely abated. At last it was discovered that the sternum itself had been grazed—and this was the obstacle to recovery. One evening I got an undeniable proof of this, in the form of a little piece of bone which came out of the wound with the matter. This has happened frequently since, and the doctor says it is like to occur frequently again. Should a large piece of bone be detached a slight operation would be imperative. The trouble is by no means dangerous, but it is exceedingly slow. The doctors can do nothing but help nature in her work of elimination and fresh growth. In addition to this I make frequent injections of camomile tea and silver nitrate every day and take a warm bath. Our staff doctor will shortly pronounce me "temporarily disabled," and it is not improbable that I may always suffer from some weakness round about the wound.

As soon as I was able to wield a pen again I plunged once more into my studies, of which I send you a sample in the enclosed little Dance Song.

. . . . . .

Yours, F. N.

To Frau Ritschl.

Wittekind, Beginning of July, 1868.

Dear Frau Ritschl:

. . . The day before yesterday at noon I reached the pretentious little village spa called Wittekind.

It was raining hard and the flags that had been hung out for the spa festival were looking limp and dirty. My host, an unmistakable rogue with opaque blue spectacles, came forward to meet me and conducted me to the apartment I had engaged six days before. Everything about this room, including an absolutely mouldy sofa, was as desolate as a prison. I very soon realized too that this same host employed only one servant maid for two houses full of visitors—which probably means from twenty to forty people. Before the first hour had elapsed I had a visit, but so disagreeable a one that I was only able to shake it off by means of the most energetic courtesy. In short the whole atmosphere of the place I had just entered was chilly, damp and disagreeable.

Yesterday I took stock a bit of the place and its inhabitants. At table I had the good fortune to sit near a deaf-and-dumb man and a number of extraordinary-shaped females. The place does not seem bad, but one can go nowhere and see nothing owing to the rain and the damp. Volkmann called and prescribed the local baths for me. He also spoke of an operation in the near future.

How grateful I am to you for having given me Ehlert's book.[1] I read it on the first evening of my stay reclining on the mouldy sofa in my wretchedly lighted room, but it gave me much pleasure and inner warmth. Unkind tongues might say the book is written in an agitated and inferior style. But the work of a musician cannot possibly be that of a man

[1]This work is Louis Ehlert's *Briefe über Musik an eine Freundin.*—Translator.

who uses his eyes in art. At bottom it is music though it happens to be written not in notes but in words. A painter must experience the most painful sensations on beholding all this confusion of images crowded together without any method. But unfortunately I have a weakness for the Paris *feuilleton,* for Heine's *Reisebilder,* etc., and prefer a *stew* to roast-beef. What pains it has cost me to pull a scientific face in order to write down a jejune train of thought with the requisite decency and *alla breve.* Your husband can even sing a song about this (not to the tune it is true of *"Ach lieber Franz, noch,"*[1] etc.), for he was very much surprised at the lack of "style." In the end I felt like the sailor who feels less secure on land than in a rocking ship. But perhaps I shall one day discover a philological theme that will permit of musical treatment, and then I shall splutter like a suckling and heap up images like a barbarian who has fallen asleep before an antique head of Venus, and still be in the right in spite of the "flourishing speed"[2] of the exposition.

And Ehlert is almost always right. But to many men truth is irrecognizable in this harlequin garb. To us who hold no page of life too serious to allow of our sketching some joke in fleeting arabesque upon it, this is not so. And which of the gods can feel any surprise if we occasionally behave like satyrs and

[1]This refers to a song beginning *"Ach lieber Franz, noch einen Tanz"* that Professor Ritschl when he was in a cheerful mood liked to sing in memory of his youth.—Translator.

[2]An expression in Ehlert's book above mentioned.—Translator.

parody a life that always looks so serious and pathetic and wears buskins?

If only I could manage to conceal my weakness for dissonance from you! Answer me frankly—have you not already a terrible sample of it? Here you have a second. Wagner's and Schopenhauer's club feet are difficult to conceal. But I shall improve. And if ever you should allow me to play you something again, I shall embody my memory of that beautiful Sunday in tones, and then you will hear what you only read to-day, to wit, what a tremendous deal that memory means to a bad musician, etc.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Naumburg, August 8, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND:

At last I can give you absolutely reliable news of my health and quite the best you could wish to hear. A few days ago I returned quite recovered from the baths at Wittekind, where I went in order to place myself in the able and experienced hands of Prof. Volkmann, the distinguished Halle surgeon. My regimental doctors were good and candid enough to advise me to consult this specialist, and after three weeks of the Wittekind cure, the somewhat painful healing process developed so favourably that Volkmann congratulated me and said I should now recover very quickly. In the end an operation was not necessary, although for a long while it had threatened to be so. Just think, old man! five months' illness, much tedious pain, profound bodily and spiritual depres-

sion, and desperate prospects for the future—all this has been overcome! All that remains to remind me of my dangerous condition is a single deep scar over the bone in the middle of my chest. Volkmann told me that if the suppuration had lasted much longer—as it was it lasted three months—my heart or my lungs would probably have been affected.

It is obvious that I cannot resume my military duties. I am pronounced "temporarily disabled," and I hope, as I have been prevented from becoming an officer of the Reserve, I shall contrive slowy and gradually to vanish from the list of those liable to serve.

. . . . . .

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

To ROHDE.

Naumburg, October 8, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Not long ago I was reading (and that at first hand) Jahn's Essays on Music, as well as his essays on Wagner. A certain amount of enthusiasm is required to do justice to such a man, but Jahn shows instinctive repugnance and listens with his ears half closed. Nevertheless I agree with him in many respects, particularly when he says he regards Wagner as the representative of a modern dilettantism which is sucking up and digesting all art interests. But it is precisely from this point of view that one cannot cease wondering at the magnitude of each artistic gift in this man and his inexhaustible energy coupled with such a versatility of artistic talent. For

as to "culture", the more variegated and extensive it happens to be, the more lifeless is usually the eye, the weaker are the legs and the more effete are the brains that bear it.

Wagner has, moreover, a range of feeling which lies far beyond Jahn's reach. Jahn remains a *"Grenzbote"*[1] hero, a healthy man, to whom the Tannhäuser saga and the atmosphere of Lohengrin are a closed book. My pleasure in Wagner is much the same as my pleasure in Schopenhauer—the ethical air, the redolence of Faust, and also of the Cross—death and the tomb. . . .

Your old friend,
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE,
Prussian Gunner.

To ROHDE.
Leipzig, November 9, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

To-day I intend to relate a whole host of sprightly experiences, to look merrily into the future and to conduct myself in such idyllic and easy fashion that your sinister guest—that feline fever—will arch its back and retire spitting and swearing. And in order that all discordant notes may be avoided I shall discuss the famous *res severa*[2] which is responsible for your second letter on a special sheet of paper, so that

[1] *Grenzbote* (frontier messenger) is the title of a review published in Leipzig. Its editor and contributors acquired the nickname of *Gesunden* (healthy ones) owing to their attitude of indifference to the more subtle manifestations of imaginative genius.—Translator.

[2] "Serious thing."—Translator.

you will be able to read it when you are in the right mood and place for it.

The acts of my comedy are: (1) A Club-night or the Assistant Professor; (2) The Ejected Tailor; (3) A Rendezvous with X. Some old women take part in the performance. . . .

At home I found two letters, yours and an invitation from Curtius, whom I am glad to get to know better. When two friends like us write letters to each other, it is well known that the angels rejoice. And they rejoiced as I read your letter—aye, they even giggled. . . .

When I reached home yesterday I found a card addressed to me with this note upon it: "If you would like to meet Richard Wagner, come to the Theatre Café at a quarter to four. Windisch".

Forgive me, but this news so turned my head that I quite forgot what I was doing before it came, and was thoroughly bewildered.

I naturally ran there and found our loyal friend, who gave me a lot of fresh information. Wagner was staying in Leipzig with his relations in the strictest *incognito*. The press had no inkling of his visit and all Brockhaus's servants were as dumb as graves in livery. Now Wagner's sister, Frau Brockhaus, that determined and clever woman, had introduced her friend Frau Ritschl to her brother, and on this occasion was able proudly to boast of the friend to the brother and of the brother to the friend, the lucky creature! Wagner played the *Meisterlied*, which you must know, in Frau Ritschl's presence, and this good lady told him that she already knew the

song very well, *mea opera*.[1] Imagine Wagner's joy and surprise! And with the utmost readiness in the world he graciously declared his willingness to meet me *incognito*. I was to be invited on Friday evening. Windisch, however, pointed out that I should be prevented from coming by my official post and duties, Saturday afternoon was accordingly proposed. On that day Windisch and I ran to the Brockhaus's, found the Professor's family but no Wagner. He had just gone out with an enormous hat on his huge head. It was thus that I made the acquaintance of the excellent family and received a kind invitation for Sunday evening.

On these days I felt as though I was living in a novel, and you must allow that in view of the inaccessibility of the exceptional man, the circumstances leading up to this acquaintance were somewhat romantic.

As I was under the impression that a large company of guests had been invited, I decided to dress very ceremoniously, and was glad that my tailor had promised to deliver a new dress suit for this very evening. It was a horrid day with constant showers of rain and snow. One shuddered at the thought of leaving the house, and I was therefore very pleased when little Roscher paid me a visit in the afternoon to tell me something about the Eleatics and about God in philosophy—for, as *candidandus* he is working up the material collected by Ahrens in his *"Development of the Idea of God up to the Time of Aris-*

[1] "Through my offices."—Translator.

totle," while Romundt is trying for the prize essay of the University, the subject of which is "On the Will". It was getting dark, the tailor did not turn up, and Roscher left me. I accompanied him, called on the tailor myself, and found his minions busily engaged on my clothes, which they promised to send round in three-quarters of an hour.

I went on my way in a jolly mood, looked in at Kintschy's, read the *Kladderadatsch,* and was amused to find a paragraph saying that Wagner was in Switzerland and that a fine house was being built for him in Munich, while I knew all the time that I was going to see him that evening and that the day before he had received a letter from the little monarch[1] addressed to "The Great German Tone-poet, Richard Wagner."

But at home there was no tailor awaiting me, so I sat down and read the treatise on the Eudokia at my ease, but was constantly disturbed by the sound of a shrill bell that seemed to be ringing some distance away. At last I felt certain that someone was standing at the old iron gate; it was shut, as was also the door of the house. I shouted across the garden to the man to enter the house; but it was impossible to make oneself understood through the pouring rain. The whole house was disturbed, the door was ultimately opened, and a little old man bearing a parcel came up to me. It was half-past 6, time for me to dress and get ready, as I lived a long way off. It was all right, the man had my things. I tried them on and they fitted. But what was this suspicious develop-

[1]Ludwig II of Bavaria.

ment? He actually presented me with a bill. I took it politely, but he declared he must be paid on delivery. I was surprised, and explained that I had nothing to do with him as the servant of my tailor, but that my dealings were with his master to whom I had given the order. The man grew more pressing, as did also the time. I snatched at the things and began to put them on. He snatched them too and did all he could to prevent me from dressing. What with violence on my part and violence on his, there was soon a scene, and all the time I was fighting in my shirt, as I wished to get the new trousers.

At last, after a display of dignity, solemn threats, the utterance of curses on my tailor and his accomplice, and vows of vengeance, the little man vanished with my clothes. End of the First Act. I sat on my sofa and meditated while I examined a black coat and wondered whether it was good enough for Richard.

Outside the rain continued to pour.

It was a quarter past 7. I had promised to meet Windisch at half-past 7 at the Theatre Café. I plunged into the dark and rainy night, also a little man in black and without evening dress, yet in a beatific mood, for chance was in my favour—even the scene with the tailor's man had something tremendously unusual about it.

At last we entered Frau Brockhaus's exceedingly comfortable drawing-room. There was nobody there except the most intimate members of the family, Richard and us two. I was introduced to Wagner and muttered a few respectful words to him. He questioned me closely as to how I had become so well ac-

quainted with his music, complained bitterly about the way his operas were produced with the exception of the famous Munich performances, and made great fun of the conductors who tried to encourage their orchestra in friendly tones as follows: "Now, gentlemen, let's have some passion! My good people, still a little more passion if you please!" Wagner enjoys imitating the Leipzig dialect.

Now let me give you a brief account of all that happened that evening. Really the joys were of such a rare and stimulating kind that even to-day I am not back in the old groove, but can think of nothing better to do than come to you, my dear friend, to tell you these wonderful tidings. Wagner played to us before and after supper, and went through every one of the more important passages of the *Meistersinger*. He imitated all the voices and was in very high spirits. He is, by the bye, an extraordinarily energetic and fiery man. He speaks very quickly and wittily, and can keep a private company of the sort assembled on that evening very jolly. I managed to have quite a long talk with him about Schopenhauer. Oh, and you can imagine what a joy it was for me to hear him speak with such indescribable warmth of our master —what a lot we owed to him, how he was the only philosopher who had understood the essence of music! Then he inquired as to how the professors were disposed toward him; laughed a good deal about the Philosophers' Congress at Prague, and spoke of them as philosophical footmen. Later on he read me a piece out of the autobiography he is now writing, a thoroughly amusing scene from his Leipzig student

days which I still cannot recall without a laugh. He writes extraordinarily cleverly and intellectually. At the close of the evening, when we were both ready to go, he shook my hand very warmly and kindly asked me to come and see him so that we might have some music and philosophy together. He also entrusted me with the task of making his music known to his sister and his relations, a duty which I undertook very solemnly to fulfil. You will hear more about it when I have succeeded in looking at this evening more objectively and from a greater distance. For the time being a hearty farewell and best wishes for your health from yours, F. N.

To Rohde.

Leipzig on the Day of Penance,
November 20, 1868.

My Dear Friend:

Now that I can once more contemplate the teeming brood of philologists of our day at close quarters; now that I am obliged daily to observe the whole of their mole-hill activity, their swollen cheek pouches, their blind eyes, their rejoicing over the captured worm and their indifference towards the true—nay, the obvious—problems of life, and remember that I notice these characteristics not only in the young brood, but also in their venerable elders, I grow ever more clearly convinced that we two, if we wish to remain true to our genius, will not be able to pursue our life task without causing much offence, and being constantly thwarted and crossed in our purpose. When the philologist and the man are not of one piece, the whole

tribe above mentioned gapes in astonishment at the miracle; it grows angry and finally scratches, growls, and bites. You have just experienced an example of this. For of this I am quite certain, that the trick you have been played was not directed at your work in particular, but at your individuality. And I, too, live in hope of having very soon a foretaste of what awaits me in this infernal atmosphere. But, my good man, what have the judgments of other people concerning our personalities to do with our achievements? Let us remember Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner, and the inexhaustible energy with which they maintained their belief in themselves in the face of protests from the whole of the "cultured" world, and even if we are not allowed to refer them to *deos maximos*,[1] we still have the consolation of knowing that however odd one is one cannot be denied the right to existence, and that two such odd creatures as ourselves who understand each other so well and are so deeply united must be a delightful spectacle for the gods.

Finally, nothing could be more regrettable than the fact that precisely at this moment, when we have just begun to put our views of life to a practical test, and explore all things and all circumstances in turn—men, states, studies, world histories, churches, schools, etc.—with our antennae, we should be separated by miles of territory, and each should be left alone with the semi-enjoyable and semi-painful feeling of having to digest his outlook on the world in solitude. As a matter of fact nothing would have been more exhila-

[1] "The biggest of Gods."—Translator.

rating than to sit down together now, as we used to do, to digest our bodily meals together at Kintschy's, and symbolically drink our afternoon coffee in company, and, from this midday of our lives, glance backwards into the past and forwards into the future.

However, it will not be too late to do this even in Paris, where the great ἀναγνώρισις[1] of our comedy takes place, and upon the most beautiful scene in the world, too, between the most brilliant wings and innumerable glittering supers.

Oh, how lovely this image is!

Therefore avaunt unadorned reality, shamefully vulgar empiricism, credit and debit, and *"Grenzboten"* sobriety!—no, let the whole of this letter be presented to my friend, with all my soul, as a solemn and lofty greeting!

(He drinks the contents of the ink bottle.) Chorus of the Ascetics:

Selig der Liebende,
Der die betrübende,
Heilsam' und übende
Prüfung bestanden.[2]

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Naumburg, April 13, 1869.

My Dear Friend:

My hour has come and this is the last evening I shall spend at home for some time. Early to-morrow morning I go out into the wide, wide world, to enter

[1] Unravelment.

[2] "Blessed be the loving friend who has passed the trying but wholesome and toilsome exam." Goethe's Faust, I, Act 5.—Translator.

a new and untried profession, in an atmosphere heavy and oppressive with duty and work. Once more I must take leave of everything, the golden time of free and unconstrained activity, in which every instant is sovereign, in which the joys of art and the world are spread out before us as a mere spectacle in which we scarcely participate. This time is now for ever in the past for me. Now the inexorable goddess "Daily Duty" rules supreme. *"Bemooster Bursche zieh' ich aus!"*[1] [As a moss-grown student I go out into the world.] But you know that touching student song of course! *"Muss selber nun Philister sein!"*[2] [I too must be a Philistine now.] In one way or another this line always comes true. One cannot take up posts and honours with impunity—the only question is, are the fetters of iron or of thread? For I have the pluck which will one day perhaps enable me to burst my bonds and venture into this precarious life from a different direction and in a different way. As yet I see no sign of the inevitable humpback of the professor. May Zeus and all the Muses preserve me from ever becoming a Philistine, an ἄνθρωπος ἄμουσος[3], a man of the herd. But I do not know how I could become one, seeing that I am not one. It is true I stand a little nearer to another kind of Philistine—the Philistine of the "specialist" species; for it is only natural that the daily task, and the unremitting concentration of the mind upon certain specified subjects

[1] A song sung by German students on leaving the University.—Translator.

[2] Another line of the same song.—Translator.

[3] A man who takes no interest in the Muses or Arts.—Translator.

and problems, should tend to abate the free receptivity of the mind and undermine the philosophic sense. But I flatter myself that I shall be able to meet this danger with more calm and assurance than the majority of philologists. Philosophical seriousness is already too deeply rooted in me; the true and essential problems of life and thought have been too clearly revealed to me by that great mystagogue, Schopenhauer, to allow of my ever being obliged to dread such a disgraceful defection from the "Idea". To infuse this new blood into my science, to communicate to my pupils that Schopenhauerian earnestness which is stamped on the brow of the sublime man—such is my desire, such is my undaunted hope. I should like to be something more than a mere trainer of efficient philologists. The present generation of teachers, the care of the coming generation—all this is in my mind. If we must live our lives out to the bitter end let us at least do so in such wise that others may bless our life as a priceless treasure, once we have been happily released from its tolls.

As for you, old man, with whom I agree on such a number of vital and fundamental questions, I wish you the luck you deserve and myself your old and tried friendship. Fare thee well!

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, DR.

TO ROHDE.

Badenweiler, August 17, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

This is the last day of the holidays. Feelings long since dead and buried seem to wake again. I feel just

like a fourth-form boy who waxes sentimental and writes poems about the ephemeral character of earthly happiness when he hears the clock strike on the last day of the holidays. Oh, dear friend, what a small amount of joy is mine and what a lot of my own smoke I have to consume! Aye, I wouldn't fear even an attack of that dreadful dysentery if by means of it I could purchase a talk with you every evening. How unsatisfactory letters are! Incidentally I discovered the following beautiful passage in old Goethe yesterday:

"How precious is the dear and certain speech
Of the present friend! The Solitary,
Robbed of its power benign, sinks into gloom;
Too slowly ripens, then locked in his breast,
Thought and each firm resolve; but in the presence
Of the beloved friend they leap to life!"[1]

You see, that's the whole thing: we are in eternal need of midwives, and with the view of being confined most men go into the public house or to a "colleague," and then the little thoughts and little plans romp out like kittens. When, however, we are pregnant and there is no one at hand to assist us in our difficult delivery, then darkly and gloomily we lay our rude, unformed, newborn thought in the murky recess of some cave; the sunny rays of friendship are denied it.

But with my incessant talk about solitude, I shall soon develop into a regular Joseph, the carpenter, and then no kind Mary will wish to join her lot with mine. "The calf and the baby ass, men say, do praise the

[1]Goethe: Iphigenia, Act. IV.—Translated by Hermann Scheffauer.

Lord most perfectly." There's the whole thing! A little cattle makes the whole world kin, the edifice is crowned. Remember it was the shepherds and the sheep who saw the stars; to people like us everything is dark. . . .

Now let me tell you something about my Jupiter, Richard Wagner, to whom I go from time to time for a breath of air, and receive more refreshment by so doing than any of my colleagues could possibly imagine. The fellow has not received a single honour yet, and has only just had the distinction of being elected honorary member of the Berlin Academy of Arts. A fruitful, rich and convulsive life, distinctly unheard of and deviating from the average standard of morals. But that is precisely why he stands there, firmly rooted in his own power, with his eyes always scanning a distance beyond everything ephemeral, and beyond his age in the finest sense. Not long ago he handed me the MS. of "State and Religion," intended as a *mémoire* for the young King of Bavaria. It is conceived on such a high plane, is so independent of time, and so full of nobility and Schopenhauerian earnestness that it made me feel I should like to be a king in order to receive such exhortations. By-the-bye, a little while ago I sent him one or two passages out of your letters for Frau von Bülow, who had often asked me for them. On my last visit but one a baby boy was born during the night and was called "Siegfried." The last time I was there Wagner had just completed the composition of his *Siegfried,* and was full of the exuberance of his power. Aren't you going to write to him? Perhaps you think he has more

than enough lay admirers. But do not write as a musician; write as a man who is in sympathy with his thoughts and is as earnest as he is. He very rarely gets a sign of this sort, and every time he does happen to he is as delighted as if he had had a windfall. . . .

Farewell, my dear, true friend.

FRIED. NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Bâle, Monday Evening, August 30, 1869.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have just returned from an exceedingly enjoyable and harmonically happy visit of two days to my friend Wagner and am reminded that I owe you an answer as well as thanks for two letters. Above all I am delighted to hear that you are sure to come in the autumn, but you have formed an exaggerated opinion of the all too modest space at my disposal in my new quarters if you think I shall be able to put you both up. I shall however do my best to make arrangements for you to live quite close to me, perhaps even in the same house. This would be quite possible if my colleague Schönberg moves, as he intends to do, at the right time. Then his rooms would be free. We are now very busy again and regularly so. As soon as the term is over and I am quite free, I think we shall make our way together to the charming Lake of Geneva and eat as many grapes as we like, but not medicinally like the Grand-duchess.[1]

[1]The Grand-duchess Constantine had been a pupil of our father's.—E.F.N.

As you seem to be interested in her meeting with me, I must add that it made quite a favourable impression upon me. She seems to have received a sound and liberal education; she shows marked signs of having a good intellect and an earnest grasp of life, which is certainly not rare in royal personages and is quite comprehensible in view of the burdens of their position. She has moreover a friendly, accessible and engaging manner, and does not suffer from a desire to be constantly standing on ceremony. I received her as you suggested. I met her at the railway station with a bouquet, escorted her on foot across the Rhine bridge and then as far as her hotel in a carriage. I then had dinner with her and her suite—she has engaged 21 rooms. So I was in her company in all about two or three hours and for a good part of that time alone with her. During that time she told me a good deal about old days and recent ones as well; for instance, a lot about you, how Lizzie had grown so thin at Leipzig, and whether she drank cow's milk now, etc., etc. The ladies in waiting were also quite attentive to me and proved kind and cheerful creatures. One is at a great advantage when one's attitude towards royal personages is quite independent and one has no requests or appeals to lay before them. Why did Lizzie tremble so on the occasion of her first visit and behave in such a nervous way? I would not say that I had been embarrassed by the whole affair, but I regretted the time lost.

The Grand-duchess revealed a strong taste for music and thought over the proximity of Tribschen and

Richard Wagner a good deal. She asked me to convey to him her deep regard for his work.

Never have I been happier than during the last few days. The warm, hearty and increasing intimacy with Wagner and Frau von Bülow, the complete agreement between us on all the questions that chiefly interest us, Wagner absolutely in the prime of his genius and marvellous creations only just come into being, glorious Tribschen arranged on such a regal and ingenious scale—many things conspire to exhilarate me and strengthen me in my calling.

Good-bye! F. N.

To Rohde.

Bâle, End of January to February 15, 1870.

My Dear Friend:

I suddenly began to feel anxious the other day. I am wondering how you are getting on in Rome, and thinking how remote from the world and isolated your life there must be. You may even be ill and are receiving no proper care and no friendly support. Set my fears at rest and dispel my pessimistic fancies. I always imagine Rome of the Christian Councils as a terribly poisonous place—no, I shall not write any more; for I have a feeling that the secrecy of a letter is not sufficiently secure for the discussion of ecclesiastical and Jesuitical matters. They might scent what the contents of the letter were, and pay you out for it. You are studying antiquity and leading the life of the Middle Ages.

Now let me impress this upon you most emphatically—don't forget on your return journey to come

and spend some time with me. Perhaps, you know, it might be the last time for many years. I miss you terribly, so give me the comfort of your presence and try to make your stay not too short a one. For it is indeed a new experience for me to have no one on the spot to whom I can tell all the best and the worst that life brings me—not even a really sympathetic colleague. In such anchoritic conditions and with such difficult years in a young life, my friendship is actually becoming something pathological. I beg you, as an invalid begs: "Come to Bâle!"

My real refuge, which cannot be valued too highly, is still Triebschen, near Lucerne. The only thing is I can but seldom have recourse to it. I spent my Christmas holidays there, most beautiful and uplifting memory! It is absolutely necessary that you too should be initiated into this magic. When once you are my guest we shall go and visit our friend Wagner together. Can't you tell me anything about Franz Liszt? If you could possibly manage to come home *viâ* Lake Como you would have a fine opportunity of giving us all great pleasure. We, i.e., we Triebschen folk, have our eye on a villa on the lake near Fiume Latte. It is called "Valla Capuana," and consists of two houses. Could you manage to inspect this villa and give us the benefit of your opinion? . . .

I have delivered a lecture on "The Ancient Musical Drama" before a mixed audience, and on Feb. 1st I shall deliver a second on "Socrates and Tragedy." Every day I get to like the Hellenic world more and more. There is no better way of approaching close to it than that of indefatigably cultivating one's own

little self. The degree of culture I have attained consists in a most mortifying admission of my own ignorance. The life of a philologist striving in every direction of criticism and yet a thousand miles away from Greek antiquity becomes every day more impossible to me. I even doubt whether I shall ever succeed in becoming a proper philologist. If I cannot succeed incidentally, as it were, I shall never succeed. The trouble of it is that I have no example and am in the dangerous position of the fool who acts on his own responsibility. My plan for the immediate future is four years of work in cultivating myself and then a year of travel, in your company perhaps. Our life is really a very difficult one. Sweet ignorance led by teachers and traditions was so blissfully secure.

Moreover you will be well-advised not to choose a small University in which to settle down. One is isolated even in one's science. What would I not give for you and me to be able to live together! I am almost forgetting how to speak. But the most irksome feature of my life is that I must always be impersonating or representing somebody, either the teacher, the philologist, or the man, and that I have always to begin by proving my mettle to all whom I frequent. I am, however, a very bad hand at this, and get steadily worse as time goes on. I either remain dumb or intentionally only say as much as a polite man of the world is expected to say. In short, I am more dissatisfied with myself than with the world, and feel therefore all the more attached to the dearest of friends.

Farewell! Farewell!

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Sulz, near Weissenburg, in the Neighbourhood of Wörth, August 28, 1870.

TO BEGIN WITH, HEARTY GREETINGS:

We have already been two days on the journey from Erlangen: it takes longer than one thinks, although we lay claim to every means of conveyance to hand, and entered France, for instance, sitting on the breaks of an enormous supply train. Yesterday, on a march lasting eleven hours, we performed our errands at Görsdorf and Langensulzbach, and on the battlefield of Wörth. Under separate cover I am sending you a souvenir of the terribly devastated battlefield, strewn with countless sad remains and smelling strongly of corpses. To-day we want to go to Hagenau, to-morrow to Nancy, and so on, in the direction of the Southern Army. Mosengel and I are travelling alone and shall only rejoin Ziemssen, our Erlangen colleague, at Pont-à-Mousson.

No letters from you can possibly reach me for the next few weeks, as we are constantly changing our position, and the letter post is exceedingly slow. Nothing can be gleaned here of the progress of our army, all papers having completely ceased. The enemy population here seems to be growing used to the new state of affairs. But of course it should be remembered that they are threatened with death for the smallest offence.

In all the villages through which we have passed one sees hospital after hospital.

I shall soon send you further news. Don't be in the least anxious on my account.

YOUR FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Erlangen, September 11, 1870.
Hotel Walfisch.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Just think—until now I have had no news of you, but my campaign has already come to an end without mishap. Not *quite* without mishap, perhaps, for I am lying here suffering from severe dysentery: but the worst symptoms are over[1] and on Tuesday or Wednesday I shall be able to travel to Naumburg to be nursed back to health again. And now as regards this, I should like you and Lizzie, if you possibly can, to return to Naumburg. What with my longing for peace and quiet and the exhausted state I am in, there is no other place to which I should like to go. I went as far as the outskirts of Metz and conducted a transport of wounded from there to Carlsruhe. And as the result of this, the terrible state of all the wounded in my hands, the constant bandaging of their septic wounds, and sleeping in a cattle truck in which six severely wounded men lay on straw, I contracted the germ of dysentery. The doctor discovered that I was suffering from diphtheria as well, which is also the

[1]He was so ill that the parson had come to prepare him for the end; he did not wish to tell us this, however. He always maintained that he had had cholera.—E.F.N.

outcome of this journey. This is another of the evils we are combating with the utmost vigour.

In spite of it all I am glad at least to have been able to help a little in the midst of all the incredible misery. And I should have returned to my duties immediately if illness had not made this impossible.

With heartiest greetings and wishes,

YOUR SON.

F. N.

TO RITSCHL.

Naumburg, September 21, 1870.

DEAR SIR:

Who can tell whether you have received my last letters! This is the secret qualm which at such times as these seizes every letter writer. That is why I will tell you once again that in the service of the voluntary ambulance corps I went from Erlangen to the seat of war as far as Ars-sur-Moselle (quite close to Metz), and that I brought a transport of wounded from there to Carlsruhe. The strain of the whole undertaking was considerable and I am still struggling against the recollection of all I saw during those weeks, as well as against an incessant wail of which I cannot rid my mind's ear. On my return I was laid up with two dangerous diseases caught from the seriously wounded men I had nursed unremittingly for all those days and nights—diphtheria and dysentery—alas! *nobile par fratrum!*[1]

[1] "What a noble pair of brothers."—Translator.

However, I have got over the worst of both these maladies. A few days ago I arrived here in Naumburg with the view of recuperating thoroughly and of recovering by means of peaceful work from the stress and fatigue I had undergone. It is a funny thing that in spite of one's best intentions for the general weal one's own paltry personality with all its wretchedness and weakness comes and trips one up. Once more, alas!

I hope shortly to be able to give you an account of my experiences in person, and I am also bringing you one or two chassepot bullets picked up on the battlefields. All my martial passions have been kindled once more and I have been unable to gratify them. Had I joined my battery I might have been an active or passive witness of the events at Rezonville, Sedan and Laon. But the neutrality of Switzerland tied my hands.

. . . But when have we been able to walk more proudly than at present? Surely when German meets German now they can laugh as well as cry together like two augurs!

And this we shall do together next week. Au revoir!

Your devoted,
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.
Naumburg, October 20, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

This morning I had a most pleasant surprise and release from much anxiety and uneasiness—your let-

ter. Only the day before yesterday I received the most terrible shock on hearing your name pronounced in faltering accents at Pforta. You know what these faltering accents mean just now. I immediately begged the Rector to give me the list of old Pforta boys who had fallen in the war, and this document reached me yesterday evening. In one important respect it reassured me. Otherwise it was a sad record. In addition to the names you have already mentioned, I find at the head of the list Stöckert, then Von Oertzen (though his name has a question mark against it), then Von Riedesel, etc., sixteen in all. I was deeply moved by all you told me, above all by the sincerity and gravity with which you speak of the trial by fire to which the philosophy we hold in common has been subjected. I, too, have had a similar experience, and in my case, as well, these months have been a period during which I have been able to prove how deep and firm are the roots our fundamental doctrine has struck in me. One can die with it—this is much more than saying that one can live with it. For I have not been so securely removed from the dangers of the war as you might imagine. As soon as it was declared I applied to my Governing Board for leave to discharge my duty as a German soldier. They granted me leave but stipulated that in view of Switzerland's neutrality I was on no account to bear arms. (Since 1869 I have ceased to be a Prussian citizen.) Without delay, therefore, I set out with an excellent friend with the object of offering myself as a volunteer ambulance attendant. This friend, who shared all my experiences for seven weeks, is the painter Mosengel

of Hamburg, a man whom I must introduce to you as soon as peace is restored. Without his hearty assistance I should probably not have survived the events of this period. At Erlangen I attended the University lectures in order to be trained in medicine and surgery; we had 200 wounded there. In a very few days I was given charge of two Prussians and two Turcos. Two of these very soon contracted hospital gangrene, and I had to do a lot of painting. At the end of a fortnight Mosengel and I were sent out by a Red Cross Society there. We were intrusted with a host of personal messages and also with large sums of money to be handed to about eighty field chaplains already dispatched to the seat of war. Our plan was to join my colleague Ziemssen at Pont-à-Mousson, and to throw in our lot with his band of fifteen young men. As a matter of fact, however, this plan was not realized. We met with great difficulties in discharging our various commissions, for, as we had no addresses, we were obliged, at considerable pains and with only the most inadequate directions to guide us, to go from battlefield to battlefield and scour the hospitals of Weissenburg and the field hospitals of Wörth, Hagenau, Lunéville, and Nancy, all the way to Metz. At Ars-sur-Moselle a number of wounded soldiers were placed in our care, and as they had to be conveyed to Carlsruhe, we returned with them. I had charge of six very seriously wounded men single-handed for three days and three nights; Mosengel had five. The weather was atrocious and the goods trucks we were in had to be almost closed up to prevent the poor invalids from getting soaked through. The air

in these trucks was simply unspeakable and to make matters worse two of my patients had dysentery and two others diphtheria. In short I had an incredible amount to do and spent three hours in the morning and three at night dressing wounds alone. In addition to that, I could get no rest at night owing to my patients' continual need of me. After I had delivered up my charges to a stationary hospital I fell very ill myself and quickly developed a severe attack of dysentery and diphtheria. I reached Erlangen with great difficulty and there I laid up. Mosengel was self-sacrificing enough to nurse me there—a no small undertaking considering the nature of my malady. After I had been dosed with opium and injections of tannin and silver nitrate for several days, the worst danger was over. In a week I was able to travel to Naumburg, but I am not right yet. Besides, the atmosphere of my experiences had spread like a gloomy mist all about me, and for some time I never ceased to hear the plaintive cries of the wounded. It was therefore quite impossible to pursue my plan of returning to the seat of war, and now I must be content with watching and *pitying* from a distance.

Oh, my dear friend, what good wishes can I send you! We both know what we have to expect from life. But we must not live for ourselves alone. So live on! live on! dearest friend, and fare you well! I know your heroic nature. Oh, if only you could be spared to me!

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE (now in Bâle for good).

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Bâle, November 7, 1870.

My Dear Friend:

. . . . . .

Yesterday I had a treat which I should have liked you of all people to share. Jacob Burckhardt[1] gave a free lecture on "Historical Greatness," which was quite in keeping with our thought and feeling. This exceedingly original old man, although not given to distortion, is yet inclined to hush up the truth. But on our confidential walks he calls Schopenhauer "our philosopher." Every week I attend one of his lectures on the Study of History, and I believe I am the only one of his sixty listeners who grasps the profundity of his line of thought with its curious breaks and twists at any point where the subject threatens to become dangerous. For the first time in my life I have enjoyed a lecture, but then it was the sort of one I myself might give when I am older.

. . . . . .

This summer I wrote an essay on the "Dionysian Weltanschauung" dealing with an aspect of Greek antiquity of which, thanks to our philosopher, we are now able to get a much closer view. But these are studies which, for the time being only, concern me. I have no greater wish than to be allowed sufficient time to mature properly and then out of my plenitude produce something.

As regards the conditions of culture in the immediate future, I feel the deepest misgivings. If only we

[1] The famous Bâle Professor, author of *The Renaissance in Italy*, etc.

are not forced to pay too dearly for this huge national success in a quarter where I at least refuse to suffer any loss. Between ourselves, I regard the Prussia of to-day as a power full of the greatest dangers for culture. One day I shall myself publicly expose our scholastic organization; as to the religious intrigues which are once more spreading from Berlin to the advantage of the Catholic Church—I leave that to others! At times it is very hard, but we must be philosophical enough to keep our presence of mind in the midst of all this intoxication, so that no thief may come to rob or steal from us—what the greatest military feats or the highest national exaltation would in my opinion never replace.

Much fighting will be necessary for the coming period of culture, and for this work we must keep ourselves in readiness. Dear friend, I always think of you with the deepest apprehension. May the genius of the future guide and guard you in the way we desire.

Your devoted friend,
FR. NIETZSCHE.

TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Bâle, December 12, 1870.

DEAR MAMMA AND LIZZIE:

. . . I am gradually losing all sympathy for Germany's present war of conquest. The future of German culture seems to me now more in danger than it ever was. . . .

With heartiest greetings,
YOUR FRITZ.

To Rohde.

Bâle, December 15, 1870.

My Dear Friend:

I have not allowed a minute to elapse since reading your letter but am replying at once. I simply wanted to tell you that I felt just as you do and would regard it as a disgrace if we could not get out of this state of longing thirst by means of some energetic deed. Now listen to what I have been turning over in my soul! Let us drag on for another year or two in this University life! Let us accept it as an instructive burden of sorrow which we are obliged to bear earnestly and with surprise. Among other things it will be a period of probation for the art of *teaching*, by means of which I regard it as my mission to perfect myself. The only thing is I have set my goal a little higher.

In the long run I have become aware of the importance of Schopenhauer's teaching about the wisdom of the Universities. A thoroughly radically truthful existence is impossible here. But what is specially important is that nothing truly subversive can ever emerge from this quarter.

And then we can only become genuine teachers by straining every nerve to raise ourselves out of the atmosphere of these times and by being not only wiser but above all *better* men. Here also I feel that the very first prerequisite is to be *true*. And that is why, I repeat, I cannot endure this academic atmosphere too long.

So it comes to this, we shall sooner or later cast off this yoke—upon this I am firmly resolved. And

then we shall form a new Greek Academy—Romundt will certainly join us in that. Thanks to your visits to Triebschen you must also know Wagner's Bayreuth plan. I have been considering quite privately whether we on our part should not simultaneously effect a breach with philology as it has been practised hitherto and its aspect of culture. I am preparing an important *adhortatio*[1] to all those natures that have not been completely stifled and entangled in the present age. What a deplorable thing it is that I should have to write to you about these matters and that each individual thought should not have been discussed with you long ago! For, since you do not know the whole apparatus as it already exists, my plan will seem to you like an eccentric whim. But this it is *not*—it is a *need*.

A book of Wagner's about Beethoven that has just been published you will find full of suggestions about what I desire for the future. Read it; it is a revelation of the spirit in which *we*—*we!*—shall live in the future.

Even supposing we get but few adherents, I believe, nevertheless, that we shall be able to extricate ourselves pretty well—not without some injuries, it is true—from this current, and that we shall reach some islet upon which we shall no longer require to stop up our ears with wax. We shall then be our own mutual teachers and our books will only be so much bait wherewith to lure others to our monastic and artistic association. Our lives, our work, and our enjoyment

[1] Admonition.—Translator.

will then be for one another; possibly this is the only way in which we can *work* for the world as a whole.

In order to prove to you how deeply in earnest I am in this matter, I have already begun to limit my requirements in order to be able to preserve a small vestige of private means. We shall also try our luck in lotteries; and, if we write books, I shall for the immediate future demand the highest possible fees. In short, we shall make use of every legitimate means in order to establish our monastery upon a secure material basis—thus, even for the next few years, we have our appointed tasks.

If only this plan would strike you as being at least worthy of consideration! That it was high time to lay it before you is proved by the really stirring letter I have just received from you.

Ought we not to be able to introduce a new form of the Academy life into the world—

> "And would my powerful longings, all in vain
> Charm into life that deathless form again—"[1]

—as Faust says of Helen?

Nobody knows anything about this project, and whether we shall now send a preliminary communication about it to Romundt will depend upon you.

Our school of philosophy is surely not an historical reminiscence or a deliberate whim—does not dire necessity impel us in this direction?

Apparently the plan we made as students to travel together has returned in a new and symbolically

[1] Goethe's *Faust*, Part II, Act III. Dr. John Anster's translation. (1864).—Translator.

grander form. I will not again be the culprit who, as on that occasion, left you in the lurch. I have not yet ceased to be vexed about that.

With the best of hopes,

Your devoted
FRATER FRIDERICUS.

TO ROHDE.

Bâle, January 28, 1872.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

The other day I was approached, through Susemihl, and asked whether I would accept a professorship at Greifswald. But I refused it immediately in your favour and recommended you for the post. Has the matter developed any further? I referred it to Ribbeck. Of course, the thing got to be known here and was the means of my earning much sympathy from the good folk of Bâle. Although I protested that it was not actually the offer of an appointment, but only a provisional inquiry, all the students decided to have a torchlight procession in my honour, declaring that they wished to express how much they valued and esteemed my past work in Bâle. But I declined to accept this demonstration. I am now holding a course of lectures here on "The Future of our Educational Institutions,"[1] and am making quite a sensation and even at times provoking genuine enthusiasm. Why do we not live together, for all that now surges

[1]Translated and published in Vol. III of Dr. Oscar Levy's Complete and Authorized English Translation of Nietzsche's Works (T. N. Foulis.)—Translator.

in my breast and that I am preparing for the future cannot even be touched upon in letters? I have concluded an alliance with Wagner. You cannot think how near we stand to each other now and how closely related our schemes are. What I have had to hear about my book is incredible, but that is the reason why I do not write anything about it. What is your opinion on the subject? Everything I hear about it makes me uncommonly serious, for it is out of voices such as these that I divine the future of my schemes. This life is going to be very hard still.

In Leipzig irritation seems to prevail again. Nobody there writes me a line about it, not even Ritschl.

My dear friend, some time or other we absolutely must live together; it is a sacred necessity. For some while I have been living in a tremendous current; nearly every day something astounding happens, while my aspirations and intentions continue to rise. Let me tell you as a great secret, and begging you to keep it to yourself, that among other things I am preparing a Promemoria about the University of Strasburg in the form of an interpellation for the Reichstag, to be delivered to Bismarck. In it I wish to show how shamefully a great opportunity was lost of making a truly German Educational Institute for the regeneration of the German spirit and for the total extermination of what has hitherto been called "culture." War to the knife! or, rather, to the cannon!

Your friend,

THE MOUNTED ARTILLERYMAN WITH
THE HEAVIEST GUNS.

To Rohde.

Bâle, June 18, 1872.

My Dear Friend:

As the result of stomach and intestinal trouble I have been in bed for a few days and am still feeling rather seedy to-day. So do not expect anything exceptionally rational if I now answer your letter after having all sorts of conflicting thoughts and ideas about it. Ah, my dear friend, in such cases the wisest course cannot be discovered by cunning; it is only afterward that one realizes whether one has seized upon the right thing or not. For the case is exceptional, and I do not know by what analogy to decide it. For my part I lay very great stress upon the fact that the philologists will receive a wholesome surprise when you suddenly stand up for me as a philologist. What Wagner in his love for me has written I do not know. In view of the coarse rudeness of our fellow philologist, it will in any case have a different effect from what he expects. It is on occasions like these that the invisible conspiracy against the spirit becomes visible. But what they will least expect, the most terrible feature of it all, will be that a qualified philologist should come to my support. The confidence that this could never happen explains the superlatively impudent tone of this Berlin youth.[1] I am moreover perfectly satisfied in my own mind that, to do him justice, he is only the echo of the "superiors" who inspire him. As a wholesome warning and to avoid having to deal with these disgusting

[1] Willamowitz.

Berlin Gesundbrunn people,[1] every time we produce something new you would, according to Wagner's letter, do something eminently salutary if you described to philologists what in all its earnestness and rigour our position toward antiquity actually is, and above all if you could lay stress upon the fact that it is not open to every potty little philologist—whoever he may be—to have his say in these matters, much less, therefore, to criticise them. Dear friend, I imagine your essay starting off with general observations about our philological work; the more general and more earnest these observations are, the easier will it be to address the whole to Wagner. In your opening you might perhaps explain why you turn precisely to Wagner and why you do not address yourself to some philological body, for instance. You might point out that at present we entirely lack any supreme forum for the most ideal results of our studies of antiquity. Then you might make some mention of our experiences and hopes in Bayreuth and thus justify us in connecting our aspirations in regard to antiquity with this cry of "Awake! for the day is at hand!"[2] And then you might proceed to deal with my book, etc. Ah, my dear friend, it is ridiculous for me, in this seedy mood, to go and write all this to you. But the principal thing seems to be that we should not forego our intention of addressing Wagner, because it is precisely this direct relationship to Wagner that most terrifies the philologists and com-

[1] Gesundbrunnen, a suburb of Berlin.—Translator.
[2] Hans Sachs' words in Wagner's "Meistersinger."

pels them most forcibly to reflect. At the same time the slaughter of Willamowitz must be done on purely philological lines. Perhaps after a somewhat lengthy introduction dealing with generalities and addressed to Wagner, you might draw a line, and then with some apologies turn to the execution. In any case, toward the end of the essay your tone must once more become so general and earnest that the reader will forget Willamowitz and remember only that we are not to be trifled with—which will mean a good deal where philologists are concerned. For up to the present day they have always regarded me as a sort of philological joker, or, as I heard a little while ago, a writer on music.

As the essay will in any case be read by many who are not philologists, remember, dear friend, not to be too "noble" in the matter of your quotations, so that the non-philological friends of antiquity may find out where they have something to learn. Unfortunately the tone of my own essay did not allow of any instruction of this sort. If possible, try to wipe out the impression that it deals with creatures in the moon and not with the Greeks. Will your pamphlet cover as many as thirty or forty pages? And are you agreeable to its being published by Fritzsch, or should Trübner have it? Ritschl would be sure to manage that for me. (Ritschl is extraordinarily kind and well disposed to me.) Forgive this foolish letter, dear friend, and do exactly as you feel inclined in the matter. But rest assured that if you do it I shall thoroughly appreciate it. In my present isolated position I may be ignored as a visionary or an ass. But if we

stand together, both united by our love for Wagner, we shall arouse a frantic, an egregious amount of attention among the army of philological duffers and rogues.

Your affectionate and devoted friend,

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Splügen, Hôtel Bodenhaus.
Beginning of October, 1872.

MY DARLING MOTHER:

This time you are going to laugh, for this long letter is all about a journey and lots of funny things. Half against my will I decided to go to Italy; though it lay heavily on my conscience that I had already written you a letter accepting. But who can resist the capricious manner in which the weather has suddenly become the reverse of what it was! Now it is beautifully and purely autumnal, just the very weather for a walking tour. Or, to be nearer the truth, I felt the most burning desire for once to be quite alone with my thoughts for a little while. You can guess from the address of the hotel printed above that I have been unexpectedly successful.

. . . I had almost reached Zurich when I discovered that my companion in the compartment was a man who was well known to me and had been even better recommended—the musician Goetz (a pupil of Bülow's)—and he told me how much his musical work had increased in Zurich since Kirchner's departure. But what seemed to agitate him most of all was the prospect of seeing his opera accepted by the Hanover

Theatre and produced for the first time. After leaving Zurich, in spite of the nice unobtrusive company, I gradually grew so cold and ill that I had not the courage to go as far as Chur. With great difficulty—that is to say, with a splitting headache—I reached Weesen and the Lake of Wallenstatt in the dead of night. I found the Schwert Hotel 'bus and got into it, and it set me down at a fine, comfortable, though completely empty, hotel. On the following morning I rose with a headache. My window looked on to the Lake of Wallenstatt, which you can imagine as being like the Lake of Lucerne, but much simpler and not so sublime. Then I went on to Chur, feeling unfortunately ever more and more ill at ease—so much so that I went through Ragaz, etc., almost without feeling the slightest interest. I was very glad to be able to leave the train at Chur, refused the post official's offer to drive with him—which after all was the plan—and, putting up at the Hotel Lukmanier, I went straight to bed. It was 10 a. m. I slept well until 2 p. m., felt better and ate a little. A smart and well-informed waiter recommended me to walk as far as Pessug, a place that was imprinted on my memory by a picture I had seen of it in an illustrated paper. Sabbath peace and an afternoon mood prevailed in the town of Chur. I walked up the main road at a leisurely pace; as on the previous day, everything lay before me transfigured by the glow of autumn. The scenery behind me was magnificent, while the view constantly changed and widened. After about half an hour's walk I came to a little side path which was beautifully shaded; until then the road had been

rather hot. Then I reached the gorge through which the Rabiusa pours; its beauty defies description. I pressed on over bridges and paths winding round the side of the rock for about half an hour, and at last discovered Bad Passug indicated by a flag. At first it disappointed me, for I had expected a Pension and saw only a second-rate inn, full of Sunday excursionists from Chur—a crowd of comfortably feasting and coffee-sipping families. The first thing I did was to drink three glassfuls of the saline-soda spring; then the improved state of my head soon allowed me to add a bottle of white Asti Spumante—you remember it!—together with the softest of goat's milk cheese. A man with Chinese eyes, who sat at my table, also had some of the Asti to drink; he thanked me, drank and was much gratified. Then the proprietess handed me a number of analyses of the water, etc. Finally, Sprecher, the proprietor of the watering place, an excitable sort of man, showed me all over his property, the incredibly fantastic position of which I was obliged to acknowledge. Again I drank copious draughts of water from three entirely different springs. The proprietor promised the opening of important new springs, and noticing my interest in the matter offered to make me his partner in the founding of a hotel, etc., etc.—irony! The valley is extremely fascinating for a geologist of unfathomable versatility —aye, and even whimsicality. There are seams of graphite and there is also quartz with ochre. The proprietor even hinted at gold. You can see the most different kinds of stone strata and varieties of stone, bending hither and thither and cracked as in the Axen-

stein on the Lake of Lucerne, but here they are much smaller and less rugged. Late in the evening, just as it was getting dusk, I returned delighted with my afternoon, although my mind often wandered back to the reception I ought to have been enjoying at Naumburg.[1] A little child with flaxen hair was looking about for nuts, and was very amusing. At last an aged couple came towards me, father and daughter. They had a few words to say, and listened in turn. He was a very old, hoary cabinet maker, had been in Naumburg fifty-two years ago while on his wanderings, and remembered a very hot day there. His son has been a missionary in India since 1858, and is expected to come to Chur next year in order to see his father once more. The daughter said she had often been to Egypt, and spoke of Bâle as an unpleasant, hot, and stuffy town. I accompanied the good old hobbling couple a little further. Then I returned to dinner at my hotel, where I found one or two companions ready for the Splügen tour on the morrow. On Monday I rose at 4 a. m., the diligence being timed to leave just after 5. Before we left we had to sit in an evil-smelling waiting room, among a number of peasants from Graubünden and Tessin. But at this early hour man is in any case a disagreeable creature. I was released by the departure of the diligence, for I had arranged with the conductor to occupy his seat high up on the top of the conveyance. There I was

[1]Note by E.F.N.: "The touching letter from our dear mother is still extant in which she expresses her disappointment over the fact that after she had made all kinds of preparations, a letter came instead of her son."

alone, and it was the finest diligence drive I have ever had. I cannot write about the tremendous grandeur of the *Via mala;* it made me feel as if I did not yet know Switzerland at all. This is *my* Nature, and when we got near to Splügen I was overcome by the wish to stay there. I found a good hotel and a little room that was quite touching in its simplicity. And yet it has a balcony from which one can enjoy a most beautiful view. This high Alpine valley (about 5,000 feet) is exactly to my taste—pure and bracing air, hills and rocks of every shape and size, and mighty snow mountains all around. But what I like most of all are the magnificent high roads along which I walk for hours at a time, sometimes in the direction of Bernadino and sometimes along the heights of the Pass of Splügen, without heeding the road in the least. But as often as I look about me I am certain to see something gorgeous and unexpected. To-morrow it is almost sure to snow, and I am heartily looking forward to it. In the afternoon, if the diligence arrives, I take my meal with the new arrivals. There is no need for me to speak to anyone; no one knows me; I am absolutely alone and could stay here for weeks, sitting and walking about. In my little room I work with renewed vigour—that is to say, I make notes and collect ideas for the theme that is chiefly occupying me at present: "The Future of Our Educational Institutions."

You do not know how pleased I am with this place. Since I have come to know it, Switzerland has acquired quite a new charm for me. Now I know of a nook where I can gain strength, work with fresh

energy, and live without any company. In this place human beings seem to be like phantoms.

Now I have described everything to you. The days that follow will all be like the first. Thank God, those damnations known as "change" and "distraction" are lacking here. Here I am together with my pen, ink, and paper. All of us send our heartiest wishes.

Your devoted son,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO ROHDE.

Bâle, November, 1872.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

I think we shall be able to survive it. But something has happened here that somewhat depresses me. In our University *the philologists have kept away* this winter term. A perfectly unique occurrence which you will interpret in the same way as I do. In one particular case I know for a fact that a certain student who wished to study philology here was prevented from doing so in Bonn, and that he joyfully wrote to his relations saying he thanked God he was not going to a University where I was a teacher. In short, the Vehmic Court[1] has done its duty, but we must not take any notice of it. It is jolly hard though for me to know that the little University should have suffered on my account. We are twenty men short of what we were last term. With the utmost pains I was only able to muster two students to attend a lecture on the rhetoric of the Greeks and Romans—

[1]Vehmic Court, a secret body exercising jurisdiction in the Middle Ages.

that is to say, one Germanic and one Law student.

Jacob Burckhardt and Ratsherr Vischer enjoyed your essay immensely. I informed each of them of the fine copies you sent me, and I also told Overbeck, Ritschl and the Florentine ladies, Olga Herzen and Fräulein von Meysenbug, of them. I even have two of them in an *Édition de Luxe.* I wonder whether these copies are as you pictured them in your dream. They bear the title *E. Rohde on The Birth of Tragedy* and include your two essays. To me these essays constitute a veritable treasure which every author of the past and future will have to envy me. My friend Immerman, here, always says that your stuff is at least as good as mine. In short, they have noticed our Orestes and Pylades relationship χαλεποῖσιν ἐνὶ ξείνοισι[1] and they rejoice over it. What I only mention, because neither of us doubts it, is that many more are *angry* about it. . . .

. . . Have you heard of the Zöllner scandal in Leipzig? Just have a look at his book on the nature of comets. There is a tremendous deal on our side in it. Since this production the honest man has been as good as excommunicated in the most shabby manner from the whole of the republic of letters. His nearest friends are renouncing him and he is proclaimed "mad" to all the world! He is seriously declared "deranged," simply because he refuses to blow into the Tantara trumpet of the clique. Such is the spirit of Leipzig's scholastic ochlocracy!

Are you aware, too, that a certain alienist has

[1]Amongst the Forbidding (severe) Foreigners.—Translator.

proved in the most "dignified language" that Wagner is demented? And you are probably aware of the fact that the same thing has been done for Schopenhauer by another alienist.

You see to what measures these "healthy people" resort. True, they do not decree the scaffold for the discomfiting *ingenia,* but this sort of sneaking and malevolent creation of suspicion answers their purpose much better than the sudden removal of their enemies; they undermine the confidence of the rising generation. Schopenhauer forgot this dodge! It is singularly worthy of the vulgarity of the vulgarest age. . . .

Yours affectionately,

F.

NIETZSCHE TO MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG.

Bâle, April 6, 1873.

DEAREST FRAULEIN:

. . . At Bayreuth I hope to find courage and good cheer once more and to fortify myself in all that is right. I dreamt last night that I had my *Gradus ad Parnassum* rarely and beautifully bound; the symbolism attached to the binding of a book is comprehensible enough, even if deficient in taste. This is a truth! From time to time one ought to have oneself newly bound, so to speak, by intercourse with good and *robust* men; otherwise one loses isolated leaves and falls ever more and more to pieces. And that our life ought to be a *Gradus ad Parnassum* is also a truth which one *ought* often to repeat to oneself. My Parnassus of the future is—provided I take great

pains and have decent luck as well as plenty of time—to become perhaps a tolerable writer, but above all to become ever more moderate in the production of literature. From time to time I feel a childish repulsion toward printed paper, which at such times seems to me simply soiled paper. And I can picture a time when men will prefer reading little and writing less, while thinking much and doing even more. For the whole world is now waiting for the man *of deeds,* who strips the habits of centuries from himself and others, and who sets a better example for posterity to follow. Under my own roof something very fine is in process of completion, a description of our present day theology, bearing particularly upon *the spirit of Christianity.* My friend and brother in thought, Professor Overbeck, to my own knowledge the freest theologist now living, and in any case one of the greatest authorities on Church history, is now at work on this description, and will, if I am not mistaken—and we are quite agreed on this point—make known a few terrible truths to the world. Bâle looks well on the road to becoming the most suspected of places! . . .

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Bâle, September 21, 1873.

MY DARLING MOTHER:

And so our dear aunt has passed away and we are becoming more and more lonely. To grow old and to grow solitary seem to be synonymous, and at last

a man is all alone and makes others feel lonely by his death.

It was precisely because I knew so little of my father, and had to form a picture of him from the materials supplied by chance conversations, that his nearest relatives were more to me than aunts usually are. When I think of Aunt Rickchen and the Plauen relatives, etc., I rejoice over the fact that they all remained true to their exceptional nature until they attained to a great age, and were sufficiently self-reliant to be less than usually dependent upon external influences and upon the doubtful good will of their fellow creatures. I rejoice over this fact because in it I find the racial peculiarity of those who call themselves Nietzsche, and I possess it myself.

And that is why our good aunt was always so kindly disposed towards me, because she realized how akin we were in one important particular, namely, in this important Nietzschean trait. For this reason I honour their memory by wishing with all my might that when I grow old I may not desert myself—that is to say, the spirit of my forebears.

Do not expect any more from me for the moment, dear mother—you who are so very much worried because you always will be so helpful—and think kindly of your son, FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.

Bâle, October 27, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . The green numbers of the *Grenzboten* have just published a *Non plus ultra* under the title

of "Herr Friedrich Nietzsche and German Culture." All the powers are mobilized against me—the police, the authorities, and the colleagues. It is emphatically declared that I shall be ostracized from every German university, and that Bâle will probably do likewise. It proceeds to inform the reader that owing to a trick of Ritschl's and the stupidity of the people of Bâle I was transformed from a mere student into a University professor. Bâle then came in for some abuse as an obscure little University. I am denounced as an enemy of the German Empire and the ally of the Internationalists, etc.—in short, a commendable and cheerful *Documentum*. What a pity I cannot send it to you! Even Fritszch gets a kick or two; they think it scandalous that a German publisher should ever have accepted my work. So you see, dearest friend, our No. 1 has—as Fritzsch would say—"found favour with the public."

Nine Bâle newspapers have now referred to me in all manner of ways, but on the whole much more seriously than that truculent *Grenzboten* reviewer and humbug.

Your ever devoted and affectionate friend,

F. N.

To Rohde.

Naumburg, December 31, 1873.

My Dear Friend:

What a lot of good you have done me with your letter, particularly as I was lying in bed feeling ill after the journey and full of resentment towards life. Really, if I had not my friends, I wonder whether I

should not myself begin to believe that I am demented. As it is, however, by my adherence to you I adhere to myself, and if we stand security for each other, something must ultimately result from our way of thinking—a possibility which until now the whole world has doubted.

And to this whole world belong even the Ritschls, to whom I paid a short visit and who in half an hour fired a rapid volley of words at me and against me, under which I remained unscathed and, moreover, felt it. Finally they came to the conclusion that I was arrogant and despised them. The general impression was hopeless. At one moment old Ritschl simply raved with indignation about Wagner as a poet, and then again about the French (by-the-bye, I am understood to be an admirer of the French); finally he argued from hearsay, but in the most atrocious manner, about Overbeck's book. I learnt that Germany was still in its 'teens, and therefore I too claimed the right of being something of a boy in his 'teens (for they also censured my lack of moderation and my brutality towards Strauss). On the other hand, Strauss as a classical writer of prose is completely annihilated, for old Ritschl and his wife say so, and have long since come to the conclusion that even "Voltaire"[1] was written in abominably bad style.

I lived at Fritzsch's and was really delighted with that good man. Things are going well with him, his health included. My second "Thoughts Out of Season" (or over-seasoned thoughts) is now in the press. You will receive the first proofs in a few days, for,

[1]Another book by Strauss.—Translator.

my dear friend, I am going to avail myself of your willing kindness and beg you to help me with your advice here and there, and moral and intellectual correction. After all, we must not lose much time, for it will be printed quickly and must be quite ready at the end of January.

Therefore, my dear good friend, send your corrected proofs every time as soon as possible to me here in Bâle, for the long distances make things a little complicated and we must try to avoid any hitch in the printing. . . .

Karl Hillebrand's anonymous book, "Twelve Letters By An Aesthetic Heretic" (Berlin, Oppenheim, 1874), has given me the most unbounded joy. How refreshing it is! Read and wonder; he is one of us, one of the "Company of the Hopeful."

May this company flourish in the new year and may we remain good comrades! Ah, my dear fellow, we have no choice; we must either be hopeful or desperate. Once and for all, I have resolved to hope.

I was very vexed at the horribly cautious academic *Confratres* in Kiel. Fancy such fear of "Youth"! . . .

So may we remain faithful friends in 1874 and continue so until the last day.

Yours, FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

To ROHDE.

Bâle, February 15, 1874.

DEAREST FRIEND:

First of all, my best Sunday greeting to you. Are you living in the gray north? We are having such fine warm days with plenty of sunshine and even deep-

coloured sunsets already. We have only had one day's snow the whole winter. Since the new year, too, I have been living more carefully and rationally, and am feeling fit in consequence. My eyes are the only trouble. I sorely need an amanuensis. I must tell you though that for the last six months a most sympathetic and talented pupil has come under my notice, one who already belongs to our party heart and soul. His name is Baumgartner, an Alsatian, and the son of a manufacturer of Mülhausen. He comes to me every Wednesday afternoon and stops the evening, and then I dictate to him or he reads aloud to me, or letters are written. In short, he is a godsend to me, and, I assure you, will be for all of us one day. At Easter I shall go back to Naumburg again in order to try a systematic course of rest and wholesome living, and then I shall ultimately be able to bear things a little better. I have thought out a good deal since Christmas, and have had to roam so far afield that often when my proofs arrive I wonder when I could have written the stuff, and whether it can all be my work. I am feeling very hostile just now towards all political and smug bourgeois virtues and duties, and occasionally I even soar far above "national" feeling. May God mend this and me!

In addition to all your trouble, dear faithful friend, you have also had that of proof-reading. The smallest hint is gratefully turned to account, and many a blemish has been removed by your hand. By-the-bye, a whole number of strange errors had nothing to do with me, but arose out of the copying of my illegible MS. Unfortunately I was unable to avail myself of

your help for the last sheet. For many reasons I thought they had forgotten to send it to you and time was pressing. Luckily I was able to remove the worst stumbling block myself, and have made the text of the conclusion a little lighter by cutting out about a page. A certain generality of treatment was, however, necessary, as I had to take into account the elaboration of some of the special arguments in subsequent "Thoughts Out of Season." So let the monster go its way. I wonder who will find any pleasure in it! Who will even read it? I believe people will think it a piece of great foolishness on my part—and they will be right! But I am really heartily tired of all this cleverness and must become absorbed in myself. On my honour, I cannot help it. But promise me you will not immediately despise me on that account. For I really believe that you understand me in these things and have a right to it, dear friend. When I think of my fellow philologists I sometimes feel something like shame. Still, I do not believe I can be so easily driven off my appointed path—and before that I mean to say for once all I have to say; one cannot do oneself a greater kindness than that. When you get your copy (which I hope will be within a fortnight), I beg you to do me just this one favour: tell me as severely and briefly as you like all about my faults, my mannerisms, and the dangers of my method of exposition, for I am not satisfied with it and aspire to something quite different. Help me, therefore, with a few little hints. I shall be most grateful. . . .

Good-bye, dear friend.

Yours, FRIEDRICH N.

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Bâle, April 1, 1874.

My Dear Friend:

If only you had not such an exaggeratedly high opinion of me! I am afraid that one day you will be somewhat disappointed in me, and I will inaugurate this change in you at once by declaring from the bottom of my heart that I deserve not one word of the praise you have lavished upon me. If only you knew how disheartened and melancholy I really feel about myself as a productive being! All I long for is a little freedom, a taste of the real breath of life; and I kick, I revolt against the many, the unutterably many constraints to which my mind is still subject. And of real productive work there can be no thought so long as one is not freed, however slightly, from one's trammels and the pain or oppression arising from one's limited outlook. Shall I ever attain to inner freedom? It is very doubtful. The goal is too remote, and even if one gets within measurable distance of it, one has by that time consumed all one's strength in a long search and struggle. When freedom is at last attained, one is as lifeless and feeble as a day-fly by night. That is what I dread so much. It is a misfortune to be so conscious of one's struggle and so early in life! And unlike the artist or the ascetic, I cannot balance my doubts by means of great deeds. How wretched and loathsome it is to me to be continually wailing like a mire-drum. For the moment I am really very, very tired of everything—more than tired.

My health, by-the-bye, is excellent; you need have no fears about that. But I am not quite satisfied with Nature, who ought to have given me a little more intellect as well as a warmer heart. I always fall short of the best. To know this, is the greatest torture a man can have. Regular work in an official post is so good because it leads to a certain obtuseness and then one suffers less.

. . . Accept my best wishes for yourself and your dear parents. Think what life would be like without a friend! Could one bear it? Would one have borne it? *Dubito.*

FRIDERICUS.

TO ROHDE.

Bâle, October 7, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Last night I returned from the mountains, and this morning I mean to set to and consecrate the work of the winter term by means of a birthday letter to you. I do not lack either courage or confidence; I have brought back both of these with me from the mountains and the lakes, where I discovered what it was that one lacked most, or rather what it was that one has too much of. That is to say, egoism; and this is the result of one's eternal lonely brooding and lonely suffering. In the end, one begins to feel constantly as if one were covered with a hundred scars and every movement were painful. But, joking apart, I shall very soon be thirty and things must change somewhat; they must become more virile, more even in tenour, and no longer so damned unstable. To continue one's

work and to think of oneself as little as possible—that must be the first necessity. After some reflection it has struck me that I am very ungrateful and childish with my irritating despair, for I have been thinking how incomparably lucky I have been during the last seven years and how little I can gauge how rich I am in my friends. Truth to tell, I live through you; I advance by leaning upon your shoulders, for my self-esteem is wretchedly weak and you have to assure me of my own value again and again. In addition to that, you are my best examples, for both you and Overbeck bear life's lot with more dignity and less wailing, although in many respects things are more and more difficult for you than for me. But what I feel most is the way you outstrip me in loving solicitude and unselfishness. I have thought much about these facts of late, and I may surely be allowed to mention them to you in a birthday letter. . . .

Farewell, my dear friend, and remain as affectionate to me as you have been hitherto—then we shall easily be able to endure life yet a while longer.

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG.

Bâle, October 25, 1874.

DEAREST FRÄULEIN:

At last I am able once again to let you have some news of me by sending you another work of mine.[1]

[1]The third of the "*Thoughts Out of Season.*" *Schopenhauer as an Educator.*—Translator.

From the contents of this last essay you will be able to form some idea of all that I have experienced in the interval. Also, that with the lapse of years I am, among other things, in a much more serious and precarious position than you might gather from the mere reading of the book itself. *In summa,* however, you will surmise that things are going well with me, and going onwards, too, and that all I lack, alas! is just a little of the sunshine of life. Otherwise I should be compelled to acknowledge that things could not be going better with me than they are. For it is indeed a piece of great good fortune for me to progress step by step towards the accomplishment of my mission. And now I have written three of the thirteen "Thoughts Out of Season," and the fourth is already taking shape in my mind. How happy I shall feel when I have at last unburdened my heart of all its negative hates and all its indignation, and yet I dare hope that in five years I shall be within sight of this glorious goal! Already at the present moment I am thankful to feel how very much more clearly and sharply I am learning to see things—spiritually (not bodily, alas!)—and how very much more definitely and intelligibly I can express myself. Provided that I am not led entirely astray in my course, or that my health does not break down, something must certainly come of all this. Just imagine a series of fifty such essays as the four I have already written—all the product of a soul's experience forced into the light of day! With such matter one could not help but produce some effect; for the tongues of many would have been unloosed and enough would have been put

into words that could not be so quickly forgotten, much that to-day is almost as good as forgotten—yea, that is scarcely to hand. And what should divert me in my course? Even hostile attacks I can now turn to account and to pleasure, for they often enlighten me more quickly than friendly sympathy, and I desire nothing more than to be enlightened about the highly complex system of conflicting elements that constitutes the "modern world." Fortunately, I am quite devoid of all political and social ambition, so that I need fear no dangers in that direction—no loadstones to draw me aside, no compulsion to compromise or to consider consequences; in short, I *can* say all I think, and what I want to do is to test once and for all to what extent modern mankind—so proud of its freedom of thought—can endure free thought. I do not ask anything either excessive or fantastic from life; besides, in the course of the next few years we shall experience something for which all the world of the past and the future may envy us. Moreover, I am blessed beyond all deserts with the most excellent of friends; and now, quite between ourselves, the only thing I want, and that quite soon, is a good wife, and then I shall regard all my worldly wishes as fulfilled. All the rest depends upon myself. . . .

Meanwhile, my heartiest wishes for your health, and may you continue to think kindly of

Your most devoted servant,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Bâle, January 22, 1875.

MY DEAR SISTER:

It was a good thing that you wrote me a letter close on the heels of the one mother wrote, for I was beside myself and had already written down some bitter words. I now see that I misunderstood her.

But how is it that she was able to misunderstand me so, and all this time to conceal from me this incomprehensible hostility to the two Wagners? Am I so difficult to understand and so easy to misunderstand in all my intentions, plans, and friendships? Ah, we lonely ones and free spirits—it is borne home to us that in some way or other we constantly appear different from what we think. Whereas we wish for nothing more than truth and straightforwardness, we are surrounded by a net of misunderstanding, and despite our most ardent wishes we cannot help our actions being smothered in a cloud of false opinion, attempted compromises, semi-concessions, charitable silence, and erroneous interpretations. Such things gather a weight of melancholy on our brow; for we hate more than death the thought that pretence should be necessary, and such incessant chafing against these things makes us volcanic and menacing. From time to time we avenge ourselves for all our enforced concealment and compulsory self-restraint. We emerge from our cells with terrible faces, our words and deeds are then explosions, and it is not beyond the verge of possibility that we perish through ourselves. *Thus dangerously do I live!* It is precisely we solitary ones that require love and companions in whose

presence we may be open and simple, and the eternal struggle of silence and dissimulation can cease.

Yes, I am glad that I can be myself, openly and honestly with you, for you are such a good friend and companion, and the older you grow and the more you free yourself from the Naumburg atmosphere, the more will you certainly adapt yourself to all my views and aspirations.

With love and devotion,

YOUR BROTHER.

(Marginal note by Nietzsche in the foregoing letter): You can read all this in print in my Schopenhauer; but they are at the same time my own experiences and feelings that always visit me—as at the present moment, for instance.

TO ROHDE.

Bâle, February 28, 1875.

DEAREST FRIEND:

. . . Now, let me tell you something you do not yet know—something which you, as my most intimate and most sympathetic friend, have a right to know. We two, Overbeck and I, have a domestic trouble, a domestic ghost. Please don't have a fit when you hear that X— is contemplating going over to the Holy Catholic Church and wants to become a Catholic priest in Germany. This has only just come to light, but as we afterwards heard, to our dismay, he has been thinking over it for years, though his resolution has never been so mature as it is now. I cannot help feeling hurt over it, and at times it seems

to me the worst possible slight that could be given me. Of course, he does not mean it in that way, for up to the present he has not for one moment thought of anyone but himself, and the confounded stress our religion lays on the "salvation of one's own soul" leaves him utterly indifferent to anything else, friendship included. . . . At last, he confessed what his attitude was, and now every three days, almost, there is an explosion. The poor man is in a desperate condition and no longer accessible to words of counsel; that is to say, he is so entirely led by vague aspirations that he seems to us like a wandering valleity. Oh, our excellent, pure Protestant air! I have never in my life before felt my dependence upon the spirit of Luther so strongly as I do now, and this wretched man wants to turn his back on all these liberating geniuses! It is so very hard for me to understand how, after eight years of intimate association with me, this spectre should arise at my elbow, that I often wonder whether he can be in his right senses, and whether he ought not to undergo a cold-water cure. And, after all, I am the man on whom the blame of this conversion will rest. God knows I do not say that out of egoistic solicitude. But I, too, believe that I stand for something holy, and I should blush for shame if I were suspected of having had anything to do with Catholicism, for there is nothing I hate with a more deadly hatred.

Interpret this ghastly story in as friendly a manner as possible and send me a few words of comfort. I have been wounded precisely in my friendship, and hate the dishonest, sneaking nature of many friend-

ships more than ever, and shall have to be more cautious in future. X—— himself will doubtless be quite at home in some sort of conventicle, but in our company he seems to me now to be suffering incessantly.

Your disconsolate friend,

FRIEDRICH N.

For Overbeck also.

Please burn this letter if you think fit.

TO ROHDE.

Bâle, December 8, 1875.

Ah, dear friend, I did not know what to say to you, so I held my peace and was full of fear and anxiety on your account. I did not even like to ask how things were going, but how often, how very often my heartfelt sympathy sped your way! Everything has turned out as badly as possible, and I can think of only one way in which it could have been worse—to wit, if the matter were less appallingly plain than it actually is. The most intolerable thing of all is surely doubt, ghostlike semi-certainty—and you have at least been relieved of this, which was such a torment to you here. I am now racking my brain in trying to discover how you can possibly be helped. For a long while I thought that they were going to transfer you and that they would give you an appointment at Freiburg in Breisgau. But afterwards it struck me that such an idea had never even entered their minds. Certainly the publication of your work will prove the best remedy in your case. One cannot help deriving some pleasure from that, and at all events it will force you to think of other matters. This promises to be a

steady pursuit and will perhaps help you over this terrible winter.

Let me tell you how I am faring. As far as my health is concerned, things are not so good as I really supposed they would be when I effected the complete change in my mode of life here. Every two or three weeks I have to lie in bed for about thirty-six hours in great pain with the usual trouble you know so well. Perhaps it will gradually get better, but I feel as if I had never had such a hard winter. What with new lectures, etc., the day drags so wearily that in the evening I am always more and more glad to have finished, and actually marvel at the hardness of existence. The whole exasperating business does not seem worth while; the pain you inflict on yourself and others is out of all proportion to the benefit either they or you yourself derive from your efforts. This is the opinion of a man who does not happen to be troubled by his passions, though he is certainly not made happy by them either. During the hours that I rest my eyes, my sister reads aloud to me, almost always Walter Scott, whom I would readily agree with Schopenhauer in calling "immortal." What pleases me so much in him is his artistic calm, his *Andante.* I should like to recommend him to you, but there are some things which, though they benefit me, can get no hold of your spirit, because you think more quickly and more sharply than I do. As to the use of novels for the treatment of one's soul, I will say nothing—more particularly as you are already forced to help yourself with your own "novel." Nay, I advise you to read "Don Quixote" again—not be-

cause it is the most cheerful but because it is the most austere reading I know. I took it up during the summer holidays, and all personal troubles seemed to shrink to nothing and appear simply laughable, not even worthy of a wry face. All earnestness, all passion, and everything men take to heart is Quixotism—for some things it is good to know this; otherwise it is better not to know it. . . .

Your friend,

F. N.

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Bâle, December 13, 1875.

My Dear Friend:

I received your letter yesterday, and this morning, just at the beginning of a week of hard work, your books arrived. A man certainly ought to feel cheerful when he has such sympathetic and affectionate friends! Believe me, I admire the fine instinct of your friendship—I trust the expression does not sound too biological—which made you light upon these Indian maxims, just as I, with a sort of waxing thirst, have been turning longing eyes to India for the last two months. From Schmeitzner's friend, Herr Widemann, I borrowed the English translation of the Sutra Nipata, a portion of the sacred books of the Buddhists, and I have already made a household word of a strong closing sentence from one of the Sutras—"and thus I wander alone like a rhinoceros." My conviction about the worthlessness of life and the delusiveness of all aims frequently oppresses me so keenly, particularly when I lie in bed feeling ill, that I

long to hear more of this Indian wisdom, provided it is not permeated with Judaeo-Christian phraseology. For, some time or other, I learnt to feel such a loathing for this phraseology that I literally have to be on my guard against dealing unjustly with it.

As to how the world wags—this you can tell from the enclosed letter from that terrible sufferer Z—. Of course one ought not to cling to it, and yet what can help one to endure life, when one no longer really *wills* anything! I am of opinion that the will to knowledge is the last remaining vestige of the will to life; it is an intermediary region between willing and no longer willing, a piece of purgatory, in so far as we look discontentedly and contemptuously on life, and a piece of Nirvana, in so far as, through it, the soul approaches the state of pure disinterested contemplation. I am training myself to unlearn the eager hurry of the will to knowledge. This is what all scholars suffer from, and that is why they all lack the glorious serenity derived from acquired enlightenment, insight. For the present I am too heavily burdened by the various claims of my official post *to help* falling all too frequently though reluctantly into that eager hurry, but by degrees I shall put all this right. And then my health will be more settled—a condition I shall not attain before I thoroughly *deserve* it, before, that is to say, I have discovered that state of my soul which is, as it were, my destiny, that healthy state in which it has retained but one of all its instincts—the will to know. A simple home, a perfectly regular daily routine, no enervating hankering after honours or society, my sister's company

(which makes everything about me *Nietzschean* and strangeful restful), the consciousness of having 40 excellent books of all times and climes (and many more which are not altogether bad), the constant joy of having found educators in Schopenhauer and Wagner, and the Greeks as the object of my daily work, the belief that henceforward I shall no longer lack pupils[1]—all these things now for the time being make up my life. Unfortunately my chronic physical troubles, which at fortnightly intervals seize me for about two days at a time and sometimes longer, must be added to the reckoning. But they must end some day.

Later on, when you are securely settled down in your own home, you will be able to reckon upon me as a holiday guest who will be likely to spend some considerable time with you. It is often a solace to me to exercise my imagination anticipating these later years of your life, and I often think I may one day be of service to you in your sons. Yes, dear old devoted Gersdorff, we have now shared a goodly portion of youth, experience, education, inclination, hatred, striving, and hope in common; we know that we can thoroughly enjoy even sitting beside each other in silence. I don't think we need to give each other any pledges or promises, because we thoroughly believe in each other. I know from experience that you help me where you can, and whenever I have reason to rejoice I always think, "How pleased Gersdorff will be!" For, I must tell you, you have the magnifi-

[1]The attacks of his German colleagues had emptied his auditorium.—Translator.

cent gift of sympathizing with another's joy—and this is a rarer and nobler capacity than pity.

And now farewell, and may you cross the threshold of your new year of life the same man as you have always been. I cannot wish you more. It was as this man that you won your friends, and if there are still a few sensible women knocking around you will not have much longer

"To wander alone like a rhinoceros."

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

To FREIHERR R. v. SEYDLITZ.

Bâle, September 24, 1876.

DEAR SIR:

After a letter such as yours, containing so stirring a testimony of the depth of your soul and intellect, I can say nothing but this: let us keep in close touch with each other, let us see to it that we do not lose each other again now we have found each other! I rejoice in the certainty of having won another genuine friend. And if you only knew what this means to me! For am I not as constantly engaged in the *kidnapping* of men as any pirate—not, however, with the object of selling them into bondage, but rather in order to sell them, with myself, into freedom. . . .

Your sincere and devoted friend,

FRIEDR. NIETZSCHE.

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff.

Bâle, May 26, 1876.

Dear Friend:

. . . I must tell you something, which, so far as other people are concerned, is still a secret, and must remain so for the present: following upon an invitation of the best friend in the world, Fräulein von Meysenbug, I intend in October to spend a whole year in Italy. I have not yet been granted leave by the authorities, but I think it will come, more particularly as, with the view of sparing so small a corporation the burden of my pay, I have volunteered to forfeit my salary for the whole period. Freedom! You cannot imagine how deeply I breathe when I think of it! We shall live in the simplest manner possible at Fano (on the Adriatic). This is my news. All my hopes and plans regarding my ultimate spiritual emancipation and untiring advancement are once more in full bloom. My confidence in myself, I mean in my better self, fills me with courage. Even the state of my eyes does not affect this. (Schiess thinks they are worse than they were some time ago. The long and short of it is I want a secretary). My lectures are very well attended. In one of them I have about 20 scholars, in the other about 10, and the same numbers at the school. I shall certainly not marry; on the whole, I hate the limitations and obligations of the whole civilized order of things so very much that it would be difficult to find a woman free-spirited enough to follow my lead. The Greek philosophers seem to me ever more and more to represent the paragon of what one should aim at in our mode of life. I read

Xenophon's Memorabilia with the deepest personal interest. Philologists regard them as hopelessly tedious. You see how little of a philologist I am.

F. N.

To Madame Louise O.

Bâle, September, 1876.

Dear, Kind Friend:

In the first place I was unable to write, for I underwent an eye-cure, and now I ought not to write for a long long time to come! Nevertheless I read your two letters again and again; I almost believe I read them too often. But this new friendship is like new wine —very agreeable though perhaps a trifle dangerous.

At least for me.

But for you also, especially when I think of the sort of *free spirit* you have lighted upon!—a man who longs for nothing more than daily to be rid of some comforting belief, and who seeks and finds his happiness in this daily increase in the emancipation of his spirit. It is possible I *wish* to become more of a free spirit than I am *capable* of becoming.

So what is to be done? An "Abduction from the Harem"[1] of Faith, without Mozart's music?

Do you know Fräulein von Meysenbug's autobiography published under the title of "Memoirs of an Idealist"?

What is poor little Marcel doing with his little teeth? We all have to suffer before we really learn to bite, physically and morally—biting in order to

[1] "Die Entführung aus dem Sérail," first performed in Vienna July 10th, 1752.—Translator.

nourish ourselves, of course, not simply for the sake of biting!

Is there no good portrait in existence of a certain blond and beautiful woman?

Sunday week I shall go to Italy for a long stay. You will hear from me when I get there. In any case a letter sent to my address in Bâle (45 Schützengraben) will reach me.

In brotherly affection,

Yours

DR. FRIEDR. NIETZSCHE.

TO ROHDE.

Rosenlauibad, August 28, 1877.

DEAR OLD FRIEND:

How can I express it? But every time I think of you I am overcome by a sort of deep emotion; and when, a day or two ago, someone wrote to me "Rohde's young wife is an exceedingly sweet woman whose every feature is illumined by her noble soul," I actually wept. And I can give you absolutely no plausible reason for having done so. We might ask the psychologists for an explanation. Ultimately they would declare it was envy and that I grudged you your happiness, or that it was my vexation at someone having run away with my friend and having concealed him Heaven alone knows where, on the Rhine or in Paris, and refused to give him up again. When I was humming my "Hymn to Solitude" to myself a few days ago, I suddenly had the feeling that you could not abide my music at all and that you would much have preferred a song on Dual Bliss. The same evening I

played a song of this sort, as well as I was able, and it was so successful that all the angels might have listened to it with joy, particularly the human ones. But it was in a dark room and no one heard it. Thus I am forced to consume my own happiness, tears, and everything in private.

Shall I tell you all about myself—how every day I set out two hours before the sun rises on the hills and after that take my walks only among the lengthening shadows of the afternoon and evening? How many things I have thought out, and how rich I feel now that this year I have at last been allowed to strip off the old moss growth of the daily routine of teaching and thinking! As to my life here, I can only say that it is tolerable, in spite of all my ailments which have certainly followed me even up to the heights—but I have so many intervals of happy exultation both of thought and feeling.

A little while ago I had a genuinely sacred day, thanks to "Prometheus Unbound." If the poet[1] be not a true genius then I do not know what genius means. The whole thing is wonderful, and I felt as if I had met my own transfigured and exalted self in the work. I bow low before a man who is capable of having and expressing such thoughts.

In three days I shall return to Bâle. My sister is already there and busy preparing the place for my arrival.

The faithful musician P. Gast is going to join our

[1]Siegfried Lipiner, one of Nietzsche's admirers, had sent Nietzsche his own poem.—Translator.

household, and is going to undertake the duties of a friendly amanuensis.

I am rather dreading the coming winter. Things must change. The man who only has a few moments a day for what he regards as most important, and who has to spend the rest of his time and energy performing duties which others could carry out equally well —such a man is not a harmonious whole; he must be in conflict with himself and must ultimately fall ill. If I exercise any influence over youth at all, I owe it to my writings, and for these I have to thank my leisure moments—yes, the intervals I have won for myself, in the midst of professional duties by means of *illness*. Well, things must change: *si male nunc non olim sic erit.*[1] Meanwhile may the happiness of my friends increase and flourish. It is always a great solace to me to think of you, my dear friend (just now I have a vision of you on the bank of a lake surrounded by roses and with a beautiful white swan swimming towards you).

With brotherly affection,

Yours

F.

To Madame Louise O.

Rosenlauibad, August 29, 1877.

Dear Friend:

I shall not forsake my mountain loneliness without once more writing to tell you how fond I am of you. How superfluous it is to say this, or to write it, isn't

[1] "If things are bad today, at some future time they will be better."—Translator.

it? But my affection for anyone sticks to them like a thorn, and at times is as troublesome as a thorn; it is not so easy to get rid of it. So be good enough to receive this small, superfluous, and troublesome letter.

I have been told that—well, that you are expecting, hoping, wishing. I deeply sympathized with you when I heard the news, and, believe me, your wishes are mine. A fresh, good, and beautiful human being on earth!—that is something, it is a great deal! As you absolutely refuse to *immortalize* yourself in novels, you do so in this way. And we must all feel most grateful to you (more particularly as I hear it is a much more trying affair even than the writing of novels).

A day or two ago, quite suddenly, I saw your eyes in the dark. Why does no one ever look at me with such eyes? I exclaimed irritably. Oh, it is ghastly!

Do you know that no woman's voice has ever made a deep impression on me, although I have met all kinds of famous women? But I firmly believe there is a voice for me somewhere on earth, and I am seeking it. Where on earth is it?

Fare you well. May all the good fairies be constantly about you.

Your devoted friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TO SEYDLITZ.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Bâle, January 4, 1878.

. . . Yesterday Wagner sent me his Parsifal. My impression after the first perusal was that it is

more Liszt than Wagner; it is in the spirit of the Counter-Reformation. To me, accustomed as I am to the Greek and generally human concept of things, it is all too Christian, too limited in its duration. It is one mass of fantastic psychology, has no flesh and too much blood (especially at the Last Supper, which was far too full-blooded for my taste.) And then I cannot abide hysterical females. Much that can be tolerated by the inner eye will scarcely be endured when it is produced on the stage. Imagine our actors praying and quivering with distorted necks! Even the inside of the Gralsberg cannot be effective on the stage, and the same applies to the wounded swan. All these beautiful devices belong to the epic and are, as I have said, for the inner eye of the imagination. The German sounds as if it were a translation from a foreign tongue. But as for the situations and their succession—are they not in the highest sense poetical? Do they not constitute a last challenge to music?

Please be content with this for to-day, and with kindest regards to your dear wife and yourself,

I am, yours affectionately, NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG.

Bâle, June 11, 1878.

Who was it who thought of me on May 30?[1] I received two very fine letters (from Gast and Rée)—and

[1]Note by Frau F. Nietzsche: "Strange to say, a bust of Voltaire reached my brother on May 30, accompanied by this anonymous note: *'L'âme de Voltaire fait ses compliments à Frédéric Nietzsche.'* At that time the identity of the sender was an insoluble mystery; but in later years it struck me that it might have been that excellent young man Gersdorff."

then something still finer: I was quite moved—the fate of the man about whom for the last hundred years there have existed only party prejudices loomed as a terrible symbol before my eyes. Towards the emancipators of the spirit mankind is most irreconcilable in its hate, and most unjust in its love. Albeit I shall go on my way in peace, and renounce everything that might stand in my way. This is the decisive element in life: were I not conscious of the superlative fruitfulness of my new philosophy, I should certainly feel frightfully isolated and alone. But I am at *one with myself*.

Your heartily devoted friend,

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Bâle, March 1, 1879.

DEAR, KIND, HELPFUL FRIEND:

There is now only one thing left to be done, and that is to try to get well—in Venice![1] My condition has again been simply appalling, next door to intolerable. "Am I *fit* to travel?" The question I kept asking myself was whether I should be alive by then.

Provisional programme:

On Tuesday evening, March 25, at about 7.45 I shall reach Venice, and there you will take me on board. Is that right? You will hire a private apart-

[1]This is a reference to Peter Gast's constant assurance that Venice would prove beneficial to Nietzsche's health.—Translator.

ment for me (a room with a nice warm bed) which must be *peaceful.* If possible secure a terrace or flat roof, either at your lodgings or mine, where you and I will be able to sit out together, etc.

I do not wish to see *any sights,* except by accident. All I want to do is to sit on the Piazza San Marco in the sunshine and listen to the military band. I always attend Mass at San Marco on fête days. I shall silently roam about the public gardens.

I want to eat good figs and oysters, too, and follow the example of the man of experience—*yourself.* I shall take no meals at the hotel.

I require the utmost calm. I shall bring a few books with me. Warm baths are to be had at Barbese (I have the address).

You will receive the first complete copy of the book. Read it right through again so that in it you may recognize yourself as *retoucheur* (as well as *myself;* for, after all, I too, went to some pains in producing it).

Good Heavens!—it is perhaps my last production. To my mind it is full of *intrepid repose.*

If you only knew how well and with what gratitude I always speak of you! And what hopes I cherish about you!

Now, for a while, be my good shepherd and medical adviser in Venice. But it pains me to think that I am once more going to give you a lot of trouble. I promise you, though, that I shall take up as *little* of your *time* as possible.

With hearty thanks, I am your friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Bâle, April 25, 1879.

Since my last card things have gone from bad to worse, in Geneva as in Bâle, whither I returned last Monday. I had attack after attack both there and here. Until now I have been quite unable to give lectures. Yesterday Schiess informed me that my eyesight had deteriorated considerably since he last examined it.

Your letters, full of news and encouragement, reached me while I was still in Geneva. My heartiest thanks!

F.[1]

NIETZSCHE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EDUCATIONAL COUNCIL.

Bâle, May 2, 1879.

DEAR SIR:

The state of my health, which has forced me to address so many appeals to you in the past, now urges me to take this last step and beg you to be so good as to allow me to resign the post of Professor at the University which I have held hitherto. All this time my headaches have increased so much that they are now scarcely endurable; there is also the increasing loss of time occasioned by my attacks of illness which last from two to six days, while I have once more been

[1]Note by Frau F.N.: "In the early part of May I received a letter from Overbeck begging me on my brother's behalf to go to him immediately, as he wished to leave Bâle for good. I found that he had changed extraordinarily since his stay with us the previous autumn, the chief cause of this being the very poor food he ate as a cure. We went together to Schloss Bremgarten near Berne."

told by Herr Schiess that my eyesight has again deteriorated—so much so that at present I am scarcely able to read or write for twenty minutes at a time without pain. All these considerations force me to recognize that I am no longer fit for my academic duties—nay, that I am no longer equal to them—and this after having been obliged during the last few years to allow myself, always much to my regret, many an irregularity in the discharge of these duties. It would redound to the disadvantage of our University, and to the philological studies pursued therein, were I any longer to fill a post for which I have ceased to be suited. Nor can I say that I can any longer entertain any hope of improvement in the state of my head, which seems to have become chronically bad; as for years I have made attempt after attempt to get rid of the trouble, and have led the most severely ordered life, undergoing privations of all kinds —all in vain! This I am bound to admit to-day, at a time when I have ceased to believe that I shall be able to resist my suffering much longer. I have no other alternative therefore than, in accordance with paragraph 20 of the University Statutes, with deep regret to express the desire to be released from my duties, and also tender my thanks to the University authorities for the many signs of kind indulgence they have shown me from the first hour of my appointment to the present day.

Begging you, Sir, kindly to convey my desire to the Board, I am and remain,

Your obedient servant,

Dr. Friedrich Nietzsche, Prof. o. p.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS PUBLISHER.

Bâle, Beginning of May, 1879.

DEAR SIR:

I have resigned my professorship and am going into the mountains. I am on the verge of desperation and have scarcely any hope left. My sufferings have been too great, too persistent.

A HALF-BLIND MAN.

RULING OF THE GOVERNING BODY OF BÂLE UNIVERSITY.

June 14, 1879.

Professor Dr. Friedrich Nietzsche is to be given leave to resign his post on June 30, 1879, with the deep thanks of the Governing Board for his excellent services, together with the grant of a yearly pension of 1,000 francs for the period of six years.

N. B.—The Governors have decided to allow him in addition for a period of six years a yearly pension of 1,000 francs from the Hensler Fund, while the Academic Society has, in the name of a few friends, guaranteed an additional allowance of from 500 to 1,000 francs for the same period of time.[1]

[1]Note by Frau F.N.: "My brother received this pension which in all amounted to 3,000 francs per annum from July, 1879, to January, 1889. From that date the grant of 1,000 francs per annum from the Governing Board ceased, so that he received only the 1,000 francs from the Hensler fund and 1,000 francs from the Academic Society. As on various occasions Professor Overbeck had hinted that the payment of these 2,000 francs was considered a burden at Bâle, and my brother had felt uneasy about the matter from the very beginning, directly after our mother's death at Easter, 1897, I begged my sick brother's newly constituted body of guardians to write thanking the authorities at Bâle for their past kindness, and begging them to discontinue it, as I wished to take sole responsibility for the dear invalid."

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Address, St. Moriz-Dorf, Poste Restante.

September 11, 1879.

DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:

When you read these lines my MS. will already have reached you; it may deliver its own request to you; I have not the courage to do so. But you must share a few of the moments of joy that I now feel over my completed work. I am at the end of my thirty-fifth year—"the middle of life," as people for a century and a half used to say of this age. It was at this age that Dante had his vision, and in the opening lines of his poem he mentions the fact. Now I am in the middle of life and so "encircled by death" that at any minute it can lay hold of me. From the nature of my sufferings I must reckon upon a *sudden* death through convulsions (although I should prefer a hundred times a slow, lucid death, before which I should be able to converse with my friends, even if it were more painful). In this way I feel like the oldest of men, even from the standpoint of having completed my life-task. I have poured out a salutary drop of *oil;* this I know, and I shall not be forgotten for it. At bottom I have already undergone the test of my own view of life: many more will have to undergo it after me. Up to the present my spirit has not been depressed by the unremitting suffering that my ailments have caused me; at times I even feel more cheerful and more benevolent than I ever felt in my life before; to what do I owe this invigorating and ameliorating effect? Certainly not to my fellow men; for, with but few exceptions, they have all during

the last few years shown themselves "offended" by me;[1] nor have they shrunk from letting me know it. Just read this last MS. through, my dear friend, and ask yourself whether there are any traces of suffering or depression to be found in it. *I don't believe there are,* and this very belief is a sign that there must be *powers* concealed in these views, and not the proofs of impotence and lassitude after which my enemies will seek.

Now I shall not rest until I have sent those pages, transcribed by my self-sacrificing friend and revised by me, to my printers in Chemnitz. I shall not come to you myself—however urgently the Overbecks and my sister may press me to do so; there are states in which it seems to me more fitting to return to the neighbourhood of one's mother, one's home, and the memories of one's childhood. But do not take all this as final and irrevocable. According as his hopes rise or fall, an invalid should be allowed to make or unmake his plans. My programme for the summer is complete: three weeks at a moderate altitude (in Wiesen), three months in the Engadine, and the last month in taking the real St. Moritz drink-cure, the best effect of which is not supposed to be felt before the winter. This *working out* of a programme was a pleasure to me, but it was not *easy!* Self-denial in everything (I had no friends, no company; I could read no books; all art was far removed from me; a small bedroom with a bed, the food of an ascetic—which by the bye suited me excellently, for I have had

[1] See Matthew, xxvi, 28.

no indigestion the whole of the summer)—this self-denial was complete except for one point—I gave myself up to my thoughts—what else could I do! Of course, this was the *very worst thing* for my head, but I still do not see how I could have *avoided it.* But enough; this winter my programme will be to *recover* from myself, to rest myself away from my thoughts—for years I have not had this experience. Perhaps in Naumburg I shall be able so to arrange my day as to profit by this repose. But first of all the "sequel" —*The Wanderer and his Shadow!*

Your last letter full of ideas pleased Overbeck and me so much that I allowed him to take it with him to Zurich to read to his womenfolk there. Forgive me for having done this. And forgive me for more important things!

Your friend,
N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Naumburg, October 5, 1879.

DEAR FRIEND:

Yesterday morning I posted my card to you; and three hours later I received fresh proof of your indefatigable kindness towards me. If only I could fulfill your wishes! "But *thoughts* are too remote," as Tieck *sings.* You would scarcely believe how faithfully I have carried out the programme of thoughtlessness; and I have reasons for being faithful in this respect; for "behind thought stands the devil"[1] of a

[1]This is a playful variation of the Spanish proverb: "*Detrás de la Cruz está el diablo.*"—Translator.

frantic attack of pain. The MS. that reached you at St. Moritz was produced at such a very heavy price that probably no one who could have helped it would ever have written it at such cost. I am now often filled with horror when reading my own MSS., especially the more lengthy portions owing to the odious memories they awaken. The whole of it, with the exception of a few lines, was thought out while *walking* and scribbled down in pencil in six small notebooks; almost every time I tried to re-write a passage, I failed. I was forced to omit about twenty somewhat *lengthy lines* of thought. Unfortunately they were most important; but I had not the time to decipher my most illegible pencil scrawl. The same thing happened to me last summer. I cannot afterwards recall the slender connection of thought. For, in order to steal away those minutes and quarters of an hour of "cerebral energy" of which you speak, I have to rob them from a suffering brain. At present I feel as if I could never do it again. I read your transcript, and have all the difficulty in the world in understanding myself—my head is so tired.

The Sorrento MS. has gone to the deuce; my removal and final farewell to Bâle made many a radical change in my affairs—and it was a good thing for me, because old MSS. such as those always frown at me like debtors.

Dear friend, as to Luther, it is a long time since I have been able with honesty to say anything to his credit; this is the outcome of a mass of material about him to which Jacob Burckhardt called my attention. I refer to Janssen's "History of the German People"

(Vol. II) that appeared this year (I have it). The voice in this book is, for once, *not* that of a *Protestant* falsification of history, which is the one we have been taught to believe. At present, the fact that we prefer Luther as a man to Ignatius Loyola strikes me as being no more than our national taste in north and south! That odious, arrogant, and biliously-envious diabolical wrangling affected by Luther—who was never happy unless he was able to spit on some one in his wrath—nauseated me beyond endurance. Certainly you are right when you speak of "the promotion of European democratization" through Luther, but this raving *enemy* of the peasant (who ordered them to be slaughtered like mad dogs, and himself assured the princes that the kingdom of Heaven could be won by the killing and strangling of peasant cattle) was certainly one of its most *unwilling* promoters. Yours is, by-the-bye, the fairer attitude towards the man. But just give me time! Many thanks to you also for the other *lacunae* you pointed out to me. This is most impotent gratitude, I'm afraid. Here again my "wish of wishes" occurs to me. Well, I have been thinking lately of my friend Gast, not actually as an author—there are so *many* ways of testifying to an inward condition of maturity and health attained. In the first place of you as an artist! After Aeschylus came Sophocles! I would rather not tell you more plainly what I hope. And now for a word of truth about you as a creature of brains and heart: what a start you have of me, making allowance for the difference of years, and that which years bring with them! Once more let me tell you a home-truth: I

consider you a better and more gifted man than I am, and consequently a man with greater obligations. . . .

With sincere affection,

Your friend whose hopes are in you,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Marienbad, July 18, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I still cannot help thinking several times a day of the delightful pampering I had in Venice and of the still more delightful pamperer, and all I can say is that one cannot have such good times for long and that it is only right I should once more be an anchorite and as such go walking for ten hours a day, drink fateful doses of water and await their effect. Meanwhile I burrow eagerly inside my moral mines and at times feel quite subterranean in the process—at present I seem to feel as if I had now discovered the principal artery and outlet. But this is the sort of belief that may return a hundred times only to be rejected. Now and again an echo of Chopin's music rings in my ears, and this much you have achieved, that at such moments I always think of you and lose myself in meditating about possibilities. My trust in you has grown very great; you are built much more soundly than I suspected, and apart from the evil influence that Herr Nietzsche has exercised over you from time to time, you are in every respect *well conditioned. Ceterum censeo* mountains and woods are better than towns and Paris is better than Vienna.

On the way I made friends with a high dignitary of the Church, who was apparently one of the earliest promoters of old Catholic music; he was up to every question of detail. I found he was much interested in the work Wagner did in regard to Palestrina's music. He said that dramatic recitative (in the liturgy) was the core of Church music, and accordingly wished the interpretation of such music to be as dramatic as possible. In his opinion *Regensburg* was the only place on earth where old music could be studied and above all heard (particularly in Passion week).

Have you heard about the fire at Mommsen's[1] house and that his notes have all been destroyed—perhaps the most extensive collection of documents ever made by a living scholar? It appears that he dashed into the flames again and again, and that at last, covered with burns as he was, they were obliged to restrain him by force. Such tasks as the one Mommsen had undertaken must be very rare; for the colossal memory and corresponding acumen in criticism and arrangement necessary for dealing with such a mass of material are seldom united in one man; they are more often in conflict. When I heard of the affair my heart was in my mouth with horror, and even now I feel genuine physical anguish when I think of it. Is that pity? But what is Mommsen to me? I am in no way favorably inclined towards him.

Here in the lonely sylvan hermitage of which I am the hermit, there has been a good deal of trouble

[1]Note by Peter Gast—Fires seem to have marked out Roman historians as their particular victims. Niebuhr lost the second volume of his Roman History in a fire which occurred Feb. 6th, 1830.

ever since yesterday. I do not know exactly what has happened, but the shadow of a crime seems to lie on the house. Someone buried something; others discovered it; a good deal of lamentation was heard; a number of gendarmes appeared on the scene; the house was searched and during the night in the room next door to mine I heard someone sighing heavily, as if in great pain, and I could not sleep. Then in the middle of the night I heard sounds as if something were being buried in the wood, but whoever was engaged in the work was surprised, and once more there were tears and cries. An official told me that it was a "banknote" affair—I am not sufficiently inquisitive to know as much about my surroundings as all the world probably knows about me. Suffice it to say that the solitude of the woods is uncanny.

I have been reading a story by Mérimée, in which Henry Beyle's character is said to be described. It is called "The Etruscan Vase"; if this is true, Stendhal is St. Clair. The whole thing is ironical, distinguished and deeply melancholic.

In conclusion listen to an idea I have had: one ceases from loving oneself properly when one *ceases* from exercising oneself in love towards others, wherefore the latter (the ceasing from exercising, etc.) ought to be strongly deprecated. (This is from my own experience.)

Fare you well, my beloved and *much* valued friend. May things go well with you night and day.

Your devoted,

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Marienbad, August 20, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND GAST:

Your letter chimed in with my harvest-, or rather harvest-festival mood, a little dismally, it is true, but so well and powerfully that to-day I once more, as usual, end my meditations about you with the chorale

"What Gast achieved is well achieved,
For just are his intentions. Amen."[1]

You are built of stouter material than I am and you are entitled to set yourself higher ideals. For my part I suffer terribly when I lack sympathy; nothing can compensate me, for instance, for the fact that for the last few years I have lost Wagner's friendly interest in my fate. How often do I not dream of him, and always in the spirit of our former intimate companionship! No words of anger have ever passed between us, not even in my dreams—on the contrary, only words of encouragement and good cheer, and with no one have I ever laughed so much as with him. All this is now a thing of the past—and what does it avail that in many respects I am right and he is wrong? As if our lost friendship could be forgotten on that account! And to think that I had already suffered similar experiences before, and am likely to suffer them again! They constitute the cruellest sacrifices that my path in life and thought has exacted from me—and even now the whole of my philosophy totters after one hour's sympathetic intercourse even with total strangers! It seems to me so

[1] An old German hymn: "What God achieves, is well achieved," etc.—Translator.

foolish to insist on being in the right at the expense of love, and *not to be able to impart* one's best for fear of destroying sympathy. *Hinc meae lacrimae.*[1]

I am still in Marienbad: the "Austrian weather" held me fast to the spot! Fancy, it has rained every day since July 24, and sometimes the whole day long. A rainy sky and rainy atmosphere, but fine walks in the woods. My health lost ground withal; but, in summa I was well *satisfied* with Venice and Marienbad. Certainly, never has so much been *thought out* here since the days of Goethe,[2] and even Goethe cannot have let so many fundamental things pass through his head—I surpassed myself by a long way. Once in the wood a man stared fixedly at me as he passed me by, and at that moment I felt that my expression must have been one of radiant joy, and that I had already worn it for two hours. Like the most modest of the visitors here, I live *incognito;* in the visitors' list I appear as "Schoolmaster Nietzsche." There are a great many Poles here, and, strange to say, they insist upon it that I must be a Pole; they actually come up to me to greet me in the Polish tongue, and will not believe me when I tell them that I am a Swiss. "Your race is Polish, but your heart has turned Heaven knows whither"—thus did one of them mournfully take leave of me.

Your devoted,

F. N.

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[1] Hence my tears.—Translator.

[2] Goethe frequently visited Marienbad.

To Herr Ob. Reg. R. Krug.

Genoa, November 16, 1880.

My Dear Gustav:

Here in Genoa I received the news of your bereavement, and I am just writing a few lines in haste and unprepared, as the circumstances of travel permit. But you must regard them more as a sign than an expression of sympathy. By-the-bye, I see from the calendar that it is also your birthday. With what wistful eyes you will look back upon your life to-day. We grow older and therefore lonelier; the love that leaves us is precisely that love which was lavished upon us like an unconscious necessity—not owing to our particular qualities, but often in spite of them. The curtain falls on our past when our mother dies; it is then for the first time that our childhood and youth become nothing more than a memory. And then the same process extends; the friends of our youth, our teachers, our ideals of those days, all die, and every day we grow more lonely, and ever colder breezes blow about us. You were right to plant another garden of love around you, dear friend! I should think that to-day you are particularly grateful for your lot. Moreover you have remained true to your art, and it was with the deepest satisfaction that I heard all you had to tell me on that score. A period may be dawning which may be better suited to my constitution than the present one—a period in which we shall once again sit side by side and see the past rise up afresh out of your music, just as in our youth we used to dream together of our future in the music we both loved.

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I may not say more. My ailments (which still continue, as in the past, to have their own daily history) have laid their tyrannical hand upon me. Whenever you think of me (as you did for instance on my birthday, which, this year, I had completely forgotten), please believe that I do not lack either courage or patience, and that, even as things are at present, I aspire to high, very high goals. You may also believe with equal certainty that I am and remain your friend,

With sincere affection and devotion,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

To ROHDE.

Genoa, March 24, 1881.

Thus the sands of life run out and the best of friends hear and see nothing of each other! Aye, the trick is no easy one—to live and yet not to be discontented. How often do I not feel as if I should like to beg a loan from my robust, flourishing and brave old friend Rohde, when I am in sore need of a "transfusion" of strength, not of lamb's[1] but of lion's blood. But there he dwells away in Tübingen, immersed in books and married life, and in every respect inaccessible to me. Ah, dear friend, to live for ever on my own fat seems to be my lot, or, as every one knows who has tried it, to drink my own blood! Life then becomes a matter of not losing one's thirst for oneself and also of not drinking oneself dry.

[1]At about this time the transfusion of lamb's blood had become fashionable in medicine, only to be dropped shortly afterwards.—Translator.

On the whole, however, I am, to tell the truth, astonished at the number of springs a man can set flowing in himself—even a man like myself who am not one of the richest. I believe that if I possessed all the qualities in which you excel me I should be puffed up with pride and insufferable. Even now there are moments when I wander over the heights above Genoa here with glances and hopes like those which dear old Columbus may perhaps have cast from this very spot out over the sea and the whole of the future.

Well, it is with these moments of courage and of foolishness too, perhaps, that I have to adjust the equilibrium of my life's vessel—for you have no idea how many days, and how many hours, even on endurable days, I have to overcome, to say the least.

As far as it is possible to alleviate and mitigate a bad state of health by means of wise living I think I probably do all that can be done in my case—in that respect I am neither thoughtless nor devoid of ideas. But I wish no one the lot to which I am growing accustomed, because I am beginning to understand that I am equal to it.

But you, my dear good friend, are not in such a tight corner as to be forced to grow thin in order to squeeze out of it; neither is Overbeck. You both do your good work and, without saying overmuch about it, perhaps without even being conscious of it, derive all that is good from the midday of life—with some sweat of your brow, too, I suppose. How glad I should be to have a word or two from you about your plans, your great plans—for with a head and a heart like yours, behind all the daily routine of work, petty

enough perhaps, a man always carries something bulky and *very big* about with him—how happy you would make me if you held me not unworthy of such confidence! Friends like yourself must help me to sustain my belief in myself, and this you do when you confide in me about your highest aims and hopes. Beneath these words does there lurk the request for a letter from you? Well, yes, dearest friend, I should rejoice at receiving something really personal from you once more—if only not always to have the Rohde of the past in my heart, but also the Rohde of the present and, what is more, the Rohde who is developing and willing—yes, the Rohde of the future.

Affectionately yours,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Genoa, 10-4-81.

When I read your letter yesterday "my heart leaped" as the hymn says—it would have been *quite impossible,* at the present moment, to have given me more pleasant news! (The book, for which I have gradually developed quite a decent appetite, will certainly be in my hands to-day.) Very well, so be it! We two shall once more come together upon this ledge of life commanding such a vast prospect, and we shall be able to look backwards and forwards together and hold each other's hand the while to show how many, many good things we have in common—many more than words can tell. You can scarcely imagine how exhilarating the prospect of this meeting is to me—for a man *alone* with his thoughts passes for a fool,

and often enough seems a fool to himself into the bargain; when two come together, however, "wisdom" begins, as well as trust, courage, and mental health.

Fare thee well! With my best thanks.

Your friend,

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Recoaro, June 19, 1881.

Oh, my darling sister, you imagine that it is all about a *book*? Do you too still think that I am an author! My hour is at hand! I should like to spare you all this; for surely you cannot bear my burden (it is enough of a fatality to be so closely related to me). I should like you to be able to say with a clean conscience, to each and everyone, "I do not know my brother's latest views." (People will be only too ready to acquaint you with the fact that they are "immoral" and "shameless".) Meanwhile, courage and pluck; to each his appointed task, and the same old love!

YOUR F.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, August 14, 1881.

Well, my dear friend! The August sun is above us, the year is slipping by, the hills and the woods are growing more calm and more peaceful. Thoughts have loomed upon my horizon the like of which I have not known before—I shall not divulge anything about them, but shall remain imperturbably calm. I shall have to live a *few* years longer! Ah, my friend, some-

times I have a feeling that I am leading a most dangerous life, for I belong to the kind of machine that can *fly to pieces*. The intensity of my feelings makes me shudder and laugh—once or twice already I have been unable to leave my room for the absurd reason that my eyes were inflamed—by what? On each occasion I had wept too much on my wanderings the day before—and not sentimental tears by any means, but tears of joy and exaltation. At such moments I sang and uttered nonsense, filled with a new vision which I had seen in advance of the rest of mankind.

After all—if I could not draw my strength from myself; if I had to wait for words of good cheer, of encouragement, and of comfort from outside, where should I be, what should I be! There have indeed been moments—nay, whole periods in my life (the year 1878, for instance)—when I should have regarded a strong cheering word, a sympathetic handshake, as the comfort of comforts—and it was precisely then that every one on whom I thought I could rely, and who *could* have done me this act of kindness, left me in the lurch. Now I no longer expect it, and all I feel is a certain gloomy astonishment when, for instance, I think of the letters that reach me nowadays—they are all so insignificant! No one seems to have gained the smallest experience through me, or to have thought *about* me—all that people say to me is decent and benevolent, but so far, far away. Even our dear old Jacob Burckhardt wrote me a faint-hearted little letter of this sort.

On the other hand I regard it as my reward that this year has shown me two things that belong to

me and that are intimately related to me—I refer to your music and the *landscape* before me. This is neither Switzerland nor Recoaro, but something quite different; in any case something much more southern—I should have to go to the Mexican plateau on the calm ocean, to find anything like it (Oaxaca, for instance); and then, of course, it would be covered with tropical vegetation. Well, I shall try to keep this Sils-Maria for myself. And I feel just the same about your music, but I am quite at a loss to know how to catch hold of it! I have been obliged to rule the reading of music and the playing of the piano out of my occupations once and for all. I have been thinking of buying a typewriter and am now in correspondence with the inventor, a Dane of Copenhagen.

What are you going to do next winter? I suppose you will be in Vienna. But we must try to arrange a meeting for the following winter, if only *a short one* —for now I am well aware that I am not fit to be your companion, and that your spirit is more free and more fruitful when I have vanished from your side. On the other hand, the ever-increasing emancipation of your feelings and your acquisition of a deep and proud understanding, *in summa* your joyful, most joyful industry and development, means so indescribably much to me, that I would readily adapt myself to any situation created by the needs of your nature. *Never* do I have any unpleasant feelings about you—of this you may be quite sure, dear friend! . . .

With hearty affection and gratitude,

Your F. N.

(I have often been ill of late.)

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Sils-Maria, August 24, 1881.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

. . . I am very well satisfied with my food: Midday (11.30 a. m.) every day a dish of meat with macaroni; morning (6.30 a. m.) the yolk of a raw egg, tea, and aniseed biscuit (bucolic and nourishing). Evening (6.30 p. m.), the yolks of two raw eggs, a piece of Polenta[1] (as it is eaten by all shepherds and peasants), tea (second infusion) and aniseed biscuit. (In Genoa I live much more in conformity with the customs of the inhabitants, in fact as the work people live.) Every morning at 5, general ablutions in cold water, and 5 to 7 hours' exercise every day. Between 7 and 9 in the evening I sit still in the dark (I also did this at Genoa, where, without exception, I stayed at home every evening from 6 in the evening onwards; never went to a theatre or a concert). You cannot imagine with what miserly care I have to husband my intellectual strength and my time, in order that such a suffering and imperfect creature may yet be able to bear ripe fruit. Do not think ill of me for leading this difficult sort of life; every hour of the day I have to be hard towards myself.

With love,

YOUR F.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, end of August, 1881.

But this is splendid news, my dear friend! Above all that you should have *finished!* At the thought of

[1] A national dish of Italy. It is made with maize flour.—Translator.

this first great achievement of your life. I feel indescribably happy and solemn: I shall not fail to remember August 24, 1881! How things are progressing! But as soon as I think of your work I am overcome by a feeling of satisfaction and a sort of emotion which I never experience in connection with my own "works." There is something in these that always fills me with a sense of shame; they are counterfeits of a suffering, imperfect nature, but inadequately equipped with the most essential organs—to myself. I, as a whole, often seem little more than the scratching upon a piece of paper made by an unknown power with the object of trying a *new pen*. (Our friend Schmeitzner has understood very well how to make me feel this, for in every one of his letters of late he has laid stress on the fact that "my readers do not wish to read any more of my aphorisms.") As for you, my dear friend, you were not intended to be such a creature of aphorisms; your aim is a lofty one; unlike me you do not feel obliged to let people guess at the interdependence and at the *need* of interdependence in your work. Your mission it is once more to make known the higher laws of style in your art—those laws the setting aside of which the *weakness* of modern artists has elevated almost to a principle: your mission it is to reveal your art once more quite *complete!* This is what I feel when I think of you, and in this prospect I seem to enjoy the fullest bloom of my own nature as in a mirage. You alone have afforded me this joy up to the present, and it is only since I learnt to know your music that this has been so between us.

And now for the second piece of news: Vienna is coming to Venice and the mountain to Mohammed! What a weight this takes off my mind! Now I see quite clearly the course things will take, your first ceremonious introduction—I presume you will have the courage to make known to the world your *new* will in aesthetics by means of one or two eloquent essays, and thus obviate misunderstanding concerning the only admissible interpretation of your work. Do not be afraid of confessing yourself vowed to the *lofticst* motives! Men like yourself must *cast* their words *ahead* and must know how to *overtake* them by their deeds (even I have allowed myself to act on this principle until now). Avail yourself of all those liberties which are still granted to the artist alone, and do not fail to remember that our task is in all circumstances to urge people on, to *urge* them *hence*—almost irrespective of whether we ourselves get there! (To my surprise I often find the *exhortatio indirecta* in my last book[1]; for instance in the 542nd Aphorism "The Philosopher and Old Age"—the direct form of exhortation and instigation, on the other hand, savours somewhat of priggishness.)

So much for to-day—it is not at all necessary for you to answer this, dear friend. When we meet again you will play me some of your music as an answer (during the last few months it has percolated right into my heart, and, honestly, I know nothing I would like to hear *better* . . .).

Your friend, NIETZSCHE.

[1]This refers to the "Dawn of Day" (Vol. 9 of the English Authorized Edition).

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Genoa, November 28, 1881.

Hurrah! Friend! I have made the acquaintance of one more good thing, an opera by Georges Bizet (who is he?): *Carmen*. It sounded like a story by Mérimée: ingenious, strong, and here and there staggering. A real French talent for *comic opera*, absolutely uncorrupted by Wagner, on the other hand a true pupil of Hector Berlioz. I thought *something* of the kind might be possible. It looks as if the French were on the road to better things in dramatic music; and they are far ahead of the Germans in one important point; passion with them is not such a very far-fetched affair (as all passion is in Wagner's works).

To-day I am not very well, but that is owing to bad weather and not to the music; maybe I should be even worse than I am if I had not heard it. *Good things* are my *medicine*. Hence my love of you!

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Genoa, December 5, 1881.

DEAR GOOD FRIEND:

From time to time (how is this?) it is almost a need for me to hear something general and absolute about Wagner, and I like to hear it best of all from you! To feel *alike* about Chamfort too ought to be a point of honour for us both: he was a man of the stamp of Mirabeau in character, heart, and magnanimity; this was Mirabeau's own opinion of his friend.

It was a great blow to me to hear that Bizet is *dead*. I have heard "Carmen" for the second time—and once more I had the impression of a first-class

story by Mérimée, for instance. Such a passionate and fascinating soul! In my opinion this work is worth a whole journey to *Spain*—a southern work in the highest degree! Do not laugh, old friend, I do not so easily make an utter mistake in "taste."

With hearty gratitude, yours,

N.

Meanwhile I have been very ill, but am well, thanks to *Carmen.*

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Genoa, January 29, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND:

Herr von Bülow has the *ill-breeding* of Prussian officers in his constitution[1]; he is, however, an "honest man"—the fact that he will no longer have anything to do with German opera music is accounted for by all kinds of secret reasons. I remember his once saying to me : "I do not know Wagner's later music." Go to Bayreuth in the summer and you will find the whole theatrical world of Germany assembled there, even Prince Lichtenstein, etc., etc., Levi,[2] too. I suppose all my friends will be there, my *sister* as well,

[1]This refers to a note that Hans von Bülow wrote to Gast, when returning the Ms. of a piece of Gast's music entitled, "Fun, Craft and Revenge," which Gast had sent him. Bülow did not even trouble to look at the music, and wrote in a strain which implied that he took Gast to be one of the *imitatores* out of the *servum pecus Wagneri.* The letter began: "R. W. is a phenomenon, and phenomena don't create schools." Gast thanked him for the information, and returned his letter, saying that he could not show his respect for Bülow more aptly than by regarding his letter as unwritten. Nietzsche agreed with this treatment of the matter.—Translator.

[2]The Conductor.

after your letter of yesterday (and I am very glad of it).

If I were with you I should introduce Horace's satires and letters to you—I feel that we are both ripe and ready for *them*. When I glanced into them to-day, I thought all the expressions were charming, as charming as a warm winter's day.

My last letter struck you as being "frivolous," didn't it? Have patience! In respect of my "thoughts," it is nothing to me to *have* them—but to get rid of them when I should like to do so is always infernally difficult for me!

Oh, what days we are having! Oh, the wonder of this beautiful January! Let us be of good cheer, dearest friend!

To Herr. Ob. Reg. R. Krug.

Genoa, February, 1882.

Dear Friend:

Your songs affected me strangely. One fine afternoon I happened to think of all your music and musical talent and at last I asked myself why on earth you did not get something printed. And then my ears rang with a line from *Jung Niklas*. The following morning my friend Rée arrived at Genoa and handed me your first book, and when I opened it, what was the first thing I saw but *Jung Niklas!* This would be a good anecdote for the Spiritualists! Your music has qualities which are rare nowadays. In my opinion all modern music seems to be suffering from an ever increasing atrophy of the sense of melody. Melody, as the last and most sublime art of arts, is ruled

by logical laws which our anarchists would like to decry as tyranny! But the one thing I am certain about is that they are unable to reach up to these sweetest and ripest of fruits. I recommend all composers the following most delightful ascetic regimen —for a while to regard harmony as undiscovered, and to collect a store of pure melodies from Beethoven and Chopin, for instance. Much of the excellent past reaches my ears through your music and, as you perceive, some of the future as well.

I thank you most heartily.

Yours,
F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Genoa, February 3, 1882.

Just a few lines, my darling sister, to thank you for your kind words about Wagner and Bayreuth. Certainly the time I spent with him in Triebschen and enjoyed through him at Bayreuth (in 1872, not in 1876) is the happiest I have had in my whole life. But the omnipotent violence of our tasks drove us asunder and now we can never more be united; we have grown too strange to each other.

The day I found Wagner I was happy beyond description. So long had I been seeking for the man who stood on a higher plane than I did, and who really comprised me. I believed I had found this man in Wagner. It was a mistake. And now it would not even be right to compare myself with him—I belong to another order of beings.

In any case I have had to pay dearly for my craze

for Wagner. Has not the nerve-destroying power of his music ruined my health—was it not dangerous to life? Has it not taken me almost six years to recover from this pain? No, Bayreuth is impossible for me! What I wrote a day or two ago was only a joke. But you at all events must go to Bayreuth. Your going would be of the greatest value to me.

YOUR DEVOTED BROTHER.

TO ROHDE.

Tautenberg, July 15, 1882.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

It cannot be helped; to-day I must prepare you for a new book from my pen: you have at most another month's peace before it will reach you. There is this extenuating circumstance, that it will be the last for many a long year—for in the autumn I am going to the University of Vienna to begin student life afresh, after having made somewhat of a failure of the old life, thanks to a too one-sided study of philology. Now I have my own plan of study and behind it my own secret goal to which the remaining years of my life are *consecrated*. I find it *too hard* to live if I cannot do so in the *grand style*—this in confidence to you, my old comrade! Without a goal that I could regard as inexpressibly important I should not have been able to hold myself aloft in the light above the black floods. This is really my only excuse for the sort of literature I have been producing ever since 1875; it is my recipe, my self-concocted medicine against the disgust of life. What years they have been! What lingering agony! What inward strife,

upheavals, and isolation! Who *has* ever endured as much as I? Certainly not Leopardi. And if to-day I stand *above it all,* with the *courage* of a conqueror and laden with weighty *new plans*—and, if I know myself, with the prospect of even harder and more secret sorrows and tragedies, and with the courage to meet them!—then no one has the right to blame me if I think well of my medicine. *Mihi ipsi scripsi*[1]—that settles it. And so let everyone do the best he can for himself—that is my moral—the only one I have left. Even if my bodily health returns, to whom do I owe this change? In every respect I have been my own doctor, and as everything in me is one I was obliged to treat my soul, my mind, and my body all at once and with the same remedies. I admit that others would have *perished* from my treatment, but that is why I am so eager in *warning* people against myself. This last book, which bears the title of "The Joyful Wisdom," will act as a special danger signal to many, even to you perhaps, dear old friend Rohde! It contains a portrait of myself and I am convinced it is not the portrait of me which you carry in your heart.

Well, then, have patience even if only because you must realize that with me it is *"aut mori aut ita vivere."*[2]

Yours very affectionately,

NIETZSCHE.

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[1] "I have written for myself."—Translator.
[2] "To die or to live as I do."—Translator.

To Madame Louise O.

Naumburg, September, 1882.

Very Dear Friend:

Or am I not allowed to use this word after six years?

Meanwhile I have been living nearer to death than to life, and have consequently become a little too much of a "sage," or almost a "saint." . . .

Still, such things may perhaps be cured! For once again I believe in life, in men, in Paris, and even in myself; and very shortly I shall see you again. My last book is called "The Joyful Wisdom."

Are the skies bright and cheerful in Paris? Do you happen to know of any room that would suit my requirements? It would have to be an apartment silent as death and very simply furnished—and not too far away from you, my dear Madame. . . .

Or do you advise me not to come to Paris? Perhaps it is not the place for anchorites and men who wish to go silently about their life-work, caring nothing for politics and the present?

You have no idea what a charming memory you are to me.

Cordially yours,

Professor Dr. F. Nietzsche.

Nietzsche to Peter Gast.

Rapallo, February 1, 1883.

Dear Friend:

. . . But perhaps it would please you to hear *what* there is to be finished and printed. It is a question of a very small book—of about one hundred

printed pages only. But it is my best work, and with it I have removed a heavy stone from my soul. I have never done anything more serious or more cheerful; it is my hearty desire that *this* colour—which does not even need to be a mixed colour—should become ever more and more my "natural" colour. The book is to be called:

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA
A Book for All and None
by
F. N.

With this work I have entered a new "Ring"—henceforward I shall be regarded as a madman in Germany. It is a wonderful kind of "moral lecture."

My sojourn in Germany has forced me to exactly the same point of view as yours did, dear friend—that is to say, that I no longer form part of her. And now, at least, after my *Zarathustra*, I also feel as you feel: this insight and the establishing of one's attitude have *given me courage*.

Where do we now belong? Let us rejoice that we should be *allowed* to ask ourselves this question at all!

Our experiences have been somewhat similar; but you have this advantage over me—a better temperament, a better, calmer, and more lonely past—and better health than I have.

Well, then, I shall remain here until the 10th. After that my address will be *Roma, poste restante*.

Ever with you in thought and wish, F. N.

You have *delighted* the Overbecks and *myself* as well!

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Rapallo, February 19, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND:

Every one of your last letters was a *boon* to me; I thank you for them from the bottom of my heart.

This winter has been the worst I have ever had in my life, and I regard myself as a victim of a *meteorological* disturbance. The old flood for the sins of Europe is still too much for me; but perhaps some one may yet come to my rescue and help me up to the highlands of Mexico. The only thing is that I cannot undertake such journeys; my eyes and one or two other things forbid it.

The appalling burden which, thanks to the weather, is now weighing me down (even old Etna has now begun to rage!) has transformed itself into thoughts and feelings the pressure of which is frightful; and from the sudden detachment of this burden, as the result of the ten absolutely cheerful and bracing days we had in January, my *Zarathustra* was born, the most detached of all my productions. Trübner is already printing it, and I myself prepared the copy for press. Moreover Schmeitzner writes to say that during the last few years *all* my works have had a better sale, and I have received many other tokens of increasing sympathy. Even a member of the Reichstag, a follower of Bismarck (Delbrück[1]) is said to have expressed himself in terms of the utmost vexation over the fact that I lived not in Berlin but in Santa Margherita!

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[1] Rudolf von Delbrück, the Leader of the National Liberal Party.

Forgive this chatter; you know what else I now have in my mind and next my heart. I was very ill indeed for a day or two, and made my hosts quite anxious. I am better now and I even believe that Wagner's death was the most substantial relief that could have been given me just now. It was hard for six years to have to be the opponent of the man one had most reverenced on earth, and my constitution is not sufficiently coarse for *such a position*. After all it was Wagner grown senile whom I was forced to resist; as to the genuine Wagner, I shall yet attempt to become in a great measure his *heir* (as I have often assured Fräulein Malvida, though she would not believe it). Last summer I felt that he had alienated all those men from me who were the only ones in Germany I might have influenced to some purpose, and had inveigled them into the confused and wild hostility of his last years.

I need hardly say that I have of course written to Cosima.

As to what you say about Lou, I could not help having a good laugh. Do you really believe that in this matter my taste differs from your own? No, certainly not! But in the case in point there was *damned* little question of "the attraction of loveliness or the reverse," but only whether a highly gifted human being was to be brought to naught or not.

So the proofs may once more be sent to you for correction, my old and helpful friend? My heartiest thanks for it all.

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Genoa, March 22, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I saw "Carmen" again last night—it was perhaps the twentieth performance this year; the house was packed to overflowing as usual; it is the opera of operas here. You ought to hear the death-like silence that reigns when the Genoese listen to their favourite piece—the prelude to the fourth act, and the yells for an encore that follow. They are also very fond of the "Tarantella." Well, dear old friend, I too was very happy once again; when this music is played some very deep stratum seems to be stirred in me, and while listening to it I always feel resolved to hold out to the end and to unburden my heart of its supremest malice rather than perish beneath the weight of my own thoughts. During the performance I did little else than compose Dionysian songs, in which I made so bold as to say the most terrible things in the most terrible and laughable manner. This is the latest form my madness has taken.

Forgive me for writing so often. I have so few people to confide in now.

Your devoted

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Genoa, April 27, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . And last of all came Wagner's death. What recollections did not this news bring back to me! The whole of this relationship and broken relation-

ship with Wagner has proved my severest trial in connection with my justice toward people in general, and of late I had at last succeeded in practising that "indolence" in this matter of which you write. And what on earth could be more melancholy than indolence, when I think of those times in which the latter part of "Siegfried" was written! Then we loved each other and hoped everything *for each other* —it was truly a profound *love,* free from all *arrière-pensée.* . . .

Your friend,
NIETZSCHE.

To FREIHERR KARL VON GERSDORFF.
Sils-Maria, June 28, 1883.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND GERSDORFF:

I have just heard of the terrible blow that has befallen you in the loss of your mother. When I learnt it, I derived genuine comfort from the thought that at least you are not alone in life, and called to mind the cordial and grateful words with which you spoke to me of your life companion in your last letter. You and I have been through some rough times in our youth—rough for many reasons—and it would be only just and proper for our manhood to be blessed with milder, more comforting and encouraging experiences.

As for myself, a long and arduous asceticism of the spirit lies behind me, which I undertook quite voluntarily, though it would not be right for everybody to expect it of himself. The last six years have, in this respect, been the years of my severest efforts

in self-control, and this is leaving out of all reckoning what I have had to overcome in the way of ill-health, solitude, misunderstanding, and persecution. Suffice it to say that I have overcome this stage in my life—and I shall use all that remains of life (not much, I imagine) in giving full and complete expression to the object for which I have so far endured life at all. The period of silence is over. My *Zarathustra,* which will be sent to you in a week or so, will perhaps show you to what lofty heights my will has soared. Do not be deceived by the legendary character of this little book. Beneath all these simple but outlandish words lie my whole philosophy and the things about which I am most in earnest. It is my first step in making myself known—nothing more! I know perfectly well that there is no one alive who could create anything like this *Zarathustra.*

Well, my dear old friend, I am once more in the Ober-Engadine. This is my third visit to the place and once again I feel that my proper lair and home is here and nowhere else. Oh, how much that wishes to become word and form still lies concealed within me! I cannot be too quiet, I cannot stand sufficiently high up, I cannot be too much alone, if I wish to hear the voices that are buried deepest within me.

I should like to have enough money to build myself a sort of ideal dog-kennel—I mean, a wooden hut with two rooms, on a peninsula jutting out into the Silser Lake, where a Roman castle once stood. Living in these peasants' cottages, as I have done hitherto, has in the end become unendurable. The rooms are low and confined, and there is always a good deal

of noise. Otherwise the people of Sils-Maria are very kindly disposed to me and I think well of them. I board at the Edelweiss Hotel, an excellent hostelry. Of course I take my meals alone there at a price which is not altogether out of keeping with my slender means. I brought a large basketful of books with me to this place, so I am once more fixed up for a spell of three months. My Muses live here; in the *Wanderer and his Shadow* I have already said that this region is "related to me by blood and something more." . . .

Yours,
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria (The Engadine), July 1, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND GAST:

How is it that I have not written to you for such an age? I have just asked myself this question. But all this time I have felt so uncertain and irresolute. A breath of illness still hung about me, and so I did not wish to write (unfortunately I have written far too many letters this winter that are *full* of illness). Besides which a number of things have gone wrong with me, for instance, my attempt to find a summer abode for myself in Italy. I tried first in the Volscian mountains, and again in the Abruzzi (in Aquila). What I wonder at now is why, every year about spring time, I feel such a violent impulse to go ever further south; this year to Rome, last year to Messina, and two years ago I was on the very point of embarking for Tunis—when the war broke out. The explanation

must be this, that throughout every winter I suffer so terribly from the *cold* (three winters without a *fire!*) that with the coming of the warmer weather a veritable craving for warmth takes possession of me. This year I felt in addition a craving for the society of my fellow men. I mean a human kind of relationship, and particularly for a more *human* kind of society than I enjoyed last spring. Truth to tell, now that I can look back on it all, my lot during the whole of last year and this winter has been of the most *horrible* and *forbidding* kind; and I marvel at the fact that I have escaped it all with my life—I marvel and I shudder, too. In Rome people showed me plenty of kindness and good nature, and those who have been good to me are more than ever so now.

As to *Zarathustra,* I have just heard that it is still "awaiting dispatch" in Leipzig; even the complimentary copies. This is owing to the "very important conferences" and constant journeyings of the chief of the *Alliance Antijuive,* Herr Schmeitzner. On that account "the publishing business must for once mark time for a bit," he writes. It really is too ludicrous; first the Christian obstruction, the 500,000 hymn books, and now the anti-Semitic obstruction—these are truly experiences for the founder of a religion.

Malvida and my sister were astonished to find *Zarathustra* so bitter (so embittered); I—how sweet. *De gustibus, etc.*[1]

Now I am once again in my beloved Sils-Maria in

[1] "Degustibus non est disputandum." (About tastes people differ.)—Translator.

the Engadine, the spot where I hope one day to die; meanwhile it offers me the best incentive to live on. On the whole I am remarkably undecided, shaken, and full of questionings; up here it is cold, and that holds me together and braces me. . . .

I shall be here three months, but after that what? Oh the future! Nearly every day I wonder how I shall ever come to hear your music again. I miss it. I know of so few things that thoroughly refresh me. But Sils-Maria and your music are among them.

Your last letter contains a number of very fine thoughts, for which I truly thank myself. Afterward I had another look at Epicurus's bust. Will power and intellectuality are its most salient characteristics.

Your ever heartily devoted,

F. N.

To Peter Gast.

Sils-Maria, 13 July, 1883.

Dear Friend:

Since my last letter I have been better, my spirits have improved, and all of a sudden I have conceived the second part of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The birth followed upon the conception; the whole thing was worked out with the greatest vehemence.

(While working upon it, the thought struck me that one day I should probably die from an outburst and overflow of emotion like this: the devil take me!)

The MS. will be ready for press the day after tomorrow morning, and my eyes describe limits to my industry.

If you read the last page of *Zarathustra,* Part I, you will find the words:

"—and only when ye have all denied me will I return unto you.

"Verily, with other eyes, my brethren, shall I then seek my lost ones, with another love shall I then love you."[1]

This is the motto to the Second Part: out of it—as it would be almost foolish to tell a musician, I evolve different harmonies and modulations from those in Part I.

It was chiefly a matter of climbing on to the second *rung,* in order from this position, to reach the *third* (the title of which is "Midday and Eternity." I have already told you this; but I beg you most earnestly not to speak about it to anyone. As for the third part, I'll allow myself some time, and for the fourth, perhaps *years*—)

If, now, I ask you again kindly to help me with the correction of my proofs—this request exceeds the bounds of all friendship and decency, and if you cannot contrive to justify me in my request I cannot contrive to make it!

Your devoted friend,

NIETZSCHE.

TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, 3rd August, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Epicurus is precisely the best negative argument in favour of my challenge to all rare spirits to isolate

[1] See Dr. Levy's English Edition. Vol. XI, p. 90.

themselves from the mass of their fellows; up to the present the world has made him pay, as it did even in his own day, for the fact that he allowed himself to be confused with others, and that he treated the question of public opinion about himself with levity, with godlike levity. Already in the last days of his fame, the swine broke into his garden, and it is one of the ironies of fate, that we have to believe a Seneca in favour of Epicurean manliness and loftiness of soul—Seneca, a man to whom one should, on the whole, always lend an ear, but never give one's faith and trust. In Corsica people say: *Seneca è un birbone.*[1]

Your friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Sils-Maria, August, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have received everything in the way of food and the necessaries of life—unfortunately, too, your letter, which made me feel very wretched. Really, these dissertations on Christianity and on the opinions of this man and that as to what I should do and ought to think on the subject should no longer be directed to my address. My patience won't stand it! The atmosphere in which you live, among these "good Christians," with their one-sided and often presumptuous judgments, is as opposed as it possibly can be to my own feelings and most remote aims. I do not say anything about it, but I know that if people of this

[1] Seneca is a rascal.—Translator.

kind, even including my mother and sister, had an inkling of what I am aiming at, they would have no alternative but to become my natural enemies. This cannot be helped; the reasons for it lie in the nature of things. It spoils my love of life to live among such people, and I have to exercise considerable self-control in order not to react constantly against this sanctimonious atmosphere of Naumburg (in which I include many uncles and aunts who do not live in Naumburg).

Let us, my dear mother, do as we have done hitherto, and avoid all these serious questions in our letters. Moreover, I doubt whether our Lizzie could have read your letter.

My spirits and health have once more been very much impaired by the fact that the ghastly affair of last year is once more abroad and adding woe to woe. As to the *ultimate* outcome of it all, as far as I am concerned, ever since last August I have had the most gloomy forebodings. I am now working like a man who is "putting his house in order before departing." Don't say any more about it. I shall not either, and forgive me if this letter has turned out to be such a melancholy effusion.

Your son,
FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, August 16, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND:

Where do you get all these delightful *Epicurea?* I mean not only your Epicurea epigrams but every-

thing reminiscent of the air and fragrance of Epicurus's garden that has emanated from all your letters of late. Oh, I am so badly in need of such things —including that divine feat *"eluding the masses."* For, truth to tell, *I am well nigh crushed to death.*

But let me change the subject.

The fate of the Island of Ischia[1] makes me more and more miserable, for apart from those features about it that concern all men, there is something in the event that hits very near home where I am concerned and in a peculiarly terrible way. This island was so dear to me; if you have finished the second part of *Zarathustra,* where I speak of seeking my "Happy Isles," this will be clear to you. "Cupid dancing with the maidens" can only be grasped immediately in Ischia (the girls of Ischia speak of "Cupido"). Scarcely have I finished my poem than the island goes to bits. You remember that the very hour I passed the first part of *Zarathustra* for press Wagner died. On this occasion, *at the corresponding hour,* I received news that made me so indignant that there will in all probability be a duel with pistols this autumn.[2] *Silentium!* Dear friend!

Meanwhile I have drafted out a plan of a "morality for Moralists," and readjusted and rectified my views in many ways. The unconscious and involuntary congruity of thought and coherence prevalent in the multifarious mass of my later books has astonished me; one cannot escape from oneself; that is why one

[1]The gigantic earthquake on July 28, 1883.
[2]The Lou Rée affair.—Translator.

should dare to let oneself go ever further in one's own personality.

I confess that what I should most like at present would be for some one else to compile a sort of digest of the results of all my thought, and thereby draw a comparison between me and all other thinkers up to my time. Out of a *veritable abyss* of the most undeserved and *most enduring* contempt in which the whole of my work and endeavour has lain since the year 1876, I long for a word of wisdom concerning myself.

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, August 26, 1883.

How your letter overjoyed me once again, my Venetian friend! That is what I call "Lectures on Greek Culture" to one who needs them—and not to an audience of Leipzig students *et hoc genus omne!*[1]

For a whole year I have been goaded on to a class of feelings which with the best will in the world I had abjured, and which—at least in their more gross manifestations—I really thought I had mastered; I refer to the feelings of revenge and "resentment."

The idea of delivering lectures in Leipzig partook of the nature of despair—I wished to find distraction in the hardest daily toil without being thrown back on my ultimate tasks. But the idea has already been

[1]And all that class.—Translator.

abandoned, and Heinze, the present Rector of the University, has made it clear to me that my attempt at Leipzig would have been a *failure* (just as it would be at all German Universities) owing to the fact that the Faculty would never dare to recommend me to the Board of Education in view of my attitude towards *Christianity* and the *concept of God.* Bravo! This expression of opinion restored my courage to me.[1]

Even the first criticism of the first part of *Zarathustra* that I have received (written by a Christian and anti-Semite to boot, and strangely enough produced in a prison) gives me courage, seeing that in it the popular attitude, which is the only one in me that can be grasped—to wit, my attitude towards Christianity—was immediately, distinctly and well understood. *"Aut Christus aut Zarathustra!"*[2] Or, to put it plainly, the old long-promised Anti-Christ has come to the fore—that is what my readers feel. And so all the defenders "of our creed and of the Saviour of Mankind" are solemnly mustered ("gird up your loins with the sword of the Holy Ghost"!!) against *Zarathustra,* and then it goes on: "If he conquers you, he will be yours and he will be true, for in him is there nothing false; if he conquers you, *you will have forfeited your faith;* that is the penance you will have to pay the Victor!"

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[1]Peter Gast, commenting on this passage, says: "It is one of the great ironies of Fate, that the same University which had once freely granted Nietzsche the Doctor's degree, could no longer offer him any position when, at a time when his importance seemed established in the eyes of many, he applied to them for admission."—Translator.

[2]Either Christ or Zarathustra.—Translator.

Ludicrous as it may perhaps sound to you, dear friend, at this point I heard for the first time from outside that which I have heard from within and have known for ever so long, namely, that I am the most terrible opponent of Christianity, and have discovered a mode of attack of which even Voltaire had not an inkling.[1] But what does all this "thank God!" matter to you?

What I envy in Epicurus are the *disciples* in his garden, aye, in *such circumstances* one could certainly forget noble Greece and more certainly still ignoble Germany! And hence my rage since I have grasped in the broadest possible sense what wretched means (the depreciation of my good name, my character and my aims) *suffice* to take from me the trust of, and therewith the possibility of obtaining, pupils. You will believe me when I say that I have not written a *single* line "for the sake of fame"; but I fancied that my writings might prove a good *bait*. For, after all, the impulse to teach *is strong* in me. And to *this extent* I require fame, so that I may get disciples—particularly in view of the fact that, to judge from recent experiences, a University post is impossible.

Yours,

F. N.

[1]It should be remembered that the pioneers of enlightenment always attacked Christianity on the side of its myths, its cult, its priesthood, and regarded Christian morality as unassailable. Nietzsche, on the other hand, attacks the morality of Christianity, and that for biological reasons; because he considers its effects ruinous to the race.—Translator.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Sils-Maria, End of August, 1883.

MY DEAR SISTER:

To-day, just as it was three days ago, the weather is perfectly bright and clear—and I can survey with cheerfulness and confidence that which I have and have not achieved up to the present, and that which I still *expect* from myself. You do not know this, and that is why I cannot take it amiss that you should wish to see me on other ground, more secure and more protected. Your letter to ——— made me think a good deal, and the chance remark you made about my condition in Bâle having certainly been the best hitherto, made me think even more. I, on the other hand, judge the matter as follows: the whole meaning of the terrible physical suffering to which I was exposed lies in the fact that, *thanks to it alone,* I was torn away from an estimate of my life-task which was not only false but a hundred times *too low.* And as by nature I belong to the modest among men, some violent means were necessary in order to recall me to myself. Even the teachers I had as a young man are probably, in relation to what I have to do, only *minor* and *transitory forces.* The fact that I stood above them and contemplated their ideals over their heads—above all these Schopenhauers and Wagners —this is what prevented them from being quite indispensable to me, and now I could not do myself a greater injustice than to judge myself according to these contemporaries whom I have in every sense overcome. Every word in my *Zarathustra* is simply so much triumphant scorn and more than scorn, flung

at the ideals of this period, and behind almost every word there stands a personal experience, an act of self-overcoming of the highest order. It is absolutely *necessary* that I should be *misunderstood;* nay, I would go even further and say that I must succeed in being understood in the worst possible way and *despised.* The fact that those "nearest to me" should be the first to do this was what I understood last summer and the following autumn, and by that alone I became filled with the glorious consciousness of being on the right road. This feeling may be read everywhere in *Zarathustra.* The dreadful winter, together with my bad health, made me forget it, and sapped my courage, just as the things which have happened to me during the last few weeks have brought me into the greatest danger—the danger of departing from my appointed path. The moment I am now forced to say: "I cannot endure loneliness any longer," I am conscious of having *fallen to untold depths in my own estimation*—of having deserted the highest that is in me.

What do these Rées and Lous matter! How can I be their enemy? And even if they have harmed me, I have surely derived enough profit from them, if only from the fact that they are people of such a different order from myself; in this I find complete compensation—aye, even a reason for feeling grateful to them both. They both seemed to be original people and not copies, and that is why I suffered their company, however distasteful they were to me. As regards "friendship"—until now I have practised the most severe abstinence (Schmeitzner declares

that I have no friends, that I "have been left absolutely in the lurch for ten years!") In so far as the general trend of my nature is concerned, I have no comrades; nobody has any idea when I most need comfort, encouragement, or a shake of the hand. An extreme instance of this occurred last year, after my stay at Tantenburg and Leipzig. And if ever I complain the whole world thinks it is entitled to exercise its modicum of power over me as a sufferer—they call it consolation, pity, good advice, etc.

But men like myself have always had to put up with the same sort of thing; *my* purely personal trouble is my declining health, which makes itself felt by a depreciation of my feeling of power and by a lack of confidence in myself. And as, under this European sky, I suffer and am low-spirited for at least eight months in the year, it is a stroke of exceptional luck that I am able to bear it any longer. What I mean by luck in this connection is no more than the absence of such strokes of ill fortune as that of last year—that is to say, that no other stones should enter the works of my watch. For I might perish from the effects of small stones, because at present the watch is most highly complicated and the responsibility for all the most exalted questions of knowledge rests on my shoulders. *In summa,* to draw some practical conclusions from these generalities, remember, my dear sister, never to remind me either by word of mouth or in writing, of those matters that would deprive me of my self-confidence, aye, almost of the whole point of my existence hitherto. If these things affect and have affected me so much, ascribe

it to my health! Cultivate forgetfulness and anything else new and quite different from these things, in order that I may learn to laugh at the loss of such friends! And remember that his contemporaries can never be just to a man like myself, and that every compromise for the sake of "a good name" is unworthy of me.

Written under a bright clear sky, with a clear mind, a good digestion, and the time—early morning.

Your Brother.

Nietzsche to Peter Gast.

Sils-Maria, Monday, September 3, 1883.

My Dear Friend:

Once again my stay in the Engadine has come to an end, and I shall leave here on Wednesday—for Germany, where there is much for me to do and to settle. If you should wish to write to me, direct the letter to Naumburg; there in my most natural frame of mind I will rest awhile and recuperate, in addition to eating a good deal of fine fruit. What I shall miss there, as everywhere, is your music. I believe that just as my work makes a stronger and more discomfiting impression upon you than upon anyone else, so everything that proceeds from you has a more soothing effect upon me than upon anyone else. This is indeed a fine relationship between us! May be it is the sort of relationship that might exist between a writer of comedy and a writer of tragedy (I remember telling you that Wagner saw in me a writer of tragedy in disguise); it is certainly true that on the whole I come out of it in a more Epicu-

rean fashion than you do; for thus is the "law of things." The writer of comedy is of the higher species, and *must* do more good than the other, whether he wants to or not.

This Engadine is the birthplace of my *Zarathustra.* Only a moment ago I found the first draft of the thoughts incorporated in it. And one of the notes reads as follows: "The beginning of August 1881 in Sils-Maria, 6,000 feet above the sea, and at a much higher altitude above all human affairs."

I wonder how the pain and confusion of my spirit affected the tone of the first two parts! (for the thoughts and the aims were already fixed). How strange dear old friend! Quite seriously, I believe, that *Zarathustra* turned out to be more cheerful and happier than he would otherwise have been. I could prove this almost "documentarily."

On the other hand: I should not have suffered, nor should I suffer still a quarter as much as I have done, if during the last two years I had not fifty times over applied the themes of my hermit theories to practical life, and owing to the evil—yea! terrible results of this exercise—driven myself to doubts concerning my very self. To this extent did *Zarathustra* wax cheerful at my expense, and at his expense did I grow overcast with gloom.

By-the-bye, I must inform you, not without regret, that now with the third part, poor *Zarathustra* is really going to be plunged in gloom—so much so, that Schopenhauer and Leopardi will seem like children and beginners beside *his* "pessimism." But the plan of the work requires it. In order, however, to

be able to write this part, what I shall need, in the first place, is profound Heavenly cheerfulness—for I shall succeed with the pathos of the highest kind, only if I treat it as play. (In the end *everything* becomes bright.)

Perhaps I shall work at something theoretical meanwhile; my notes for this work bear the heading:

THE INNOCENCE OF BECOMING

A finger-post pointing to the deliverance from Morality. . . .

Remain ever true to your friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Genoa, November, 1883.

MY DEAR LAMA:

The thought of being reckoned among the authors! that belongs to the things that make me tremble with disgust. But, my dear sister, just study "Dawn of Day" and "Joyful Wisdom," books whose contents and whose future are the richest on earth! In your last letters there was a good deal about "egoistic" and "unegoistic," that ought no longer to be written by *my* sister. I draw above all a sharp line between *strong* and *weak* men—those who are destined to rulership, and those who are destined to service, obedience, and devotion. That which turns my stomach in this age is the untold amount of weakness, unmanliness, impersonality, changeableness, and good-nature—in short *weakness* in the matter of *"self"*-seeking, which would fain masquerade as "vir-

tue." That which has given me pleasure up to the present has been the sight of men with *a long will*—who can hold their peace for years and who do not simply on that account deck themselves out with pompous moral phraseology, and parade as "heroes" or "noblemen," but who are honest enough to believe in nothing but themselves and their will, in order to stamp it upon mankind for all time.

Excuse me. That which drew me to Richard Wagner was *this;* Schopenhauer, too, had the same feeling all his life. . . .

I know perhaps better than anyone else how to recognize an order of rank even among *strong men,* according to their virtue, and on the same principle there are certainly hundreds of sorts of very decent and lovable people among the weak—in keeping with the virtues peculiar to the weak. There are some strong "selves" whose selfishness one might call divine (for instance *Zarathustra's*)—but any kind of strength is in itself alone a refreshing and blessed spectacle. Read Shakespeare! He is full of such strong men, raw, hard, and mighty men of granite. Our age is so poor in these men—and even in strong men who have *enough brains* for my thoughts!

Do not form too low an estimate of the disappointment and loss I have suffered this year. You cannot think how lonely and "out of it" I always feel when I am in the midst of all the kindly Tartufferie of those people whom you call "good," and how intensely I yearn at times for a man who is honest and who can talk even if he were a monster [. . . . .], but of course I should prefer discourse with demi-gods.

But once again, forgive me! I am writing you all this out of the heartiest depths of my heart, and know very well how very good your intentions are where I am concerned. Oh, this infernal solitude!

F. N.

P. S.—Stein is still too young for me. I should spoil him. I *almost* spoilt Gast—I have to be most awfully careful of my Ps and Qs with him.

To Rohde.

Nice, February 22, 1884.

My Dear Old Friend:

I know not how it was, but when I read your last letter and especially when I saw the charming photograph of your child, I felt as if you were shaking me by the hand gazing at me sadly the while—sadly, as if you meant to say: "How is it possible that we should have so little in common now, and that we should be living as if in different worlds! And there was a time when—"

The same thing, dear friend, has happened in regard to all the people I love; everything is over, it all belongs to the past, it is all merely merciful indulgence now. We see each other still, we talk in order to avoid being silent—we still write each other letters in order to avoid being silent. Truth, however glances from their eyes, and these tell me (I hear it well enough): "Friend Nietzsche, you are now quite alone!"

That's what I have lived and fought for!

Meanwhile I continue along my road; as a matter of fact it is a journey, a sea-journey—and it is not in vain that I sojourned for so many years in Columbus' town.

My *Zarathustra* has come to an end in its three acts. You have the first, and the two others I hope to be able to send you within a month or six weeks. There is a sort of abyss of the future, something uncanny, particularly in his supreme happiness. Everything in it is my own, independent of all example, parallel, or predecessor. He who has once lived in its atmosphere returns to this world with another face.

But of this one should not speak. From you, however, as a *homo literatus* I shall not withold a confession: I have the idea that with this *Zarathustra* I have brought the German language to its acme of perfection. After Luther and Goethe there still remained a third step to be taken—just ask yourself, dear old comrade, whether power, suppleness, and euphony have ever before been united in this way in our language. Read Goethe after having read a page of my book and you will find that that "undulating quality," which Goethe as a draughtsman possessed, was not unknown even to the word-painter. It is in my more severe and more manly line that I excel him, without, however, descending to the coarse mob with Luther. My style is a dance, a play of all kinds of symmetries, and a vaulting and mocking of these symmetries. And this even extends to the choice of vowels.

Forgive me! I shall take care not to make this confession to anyone else, but once, I believe, you

alone expressed the pleasure my style had given you.

Moreover I have remained a poet to the utmost limits of this concept, although I have already tyrannized over myself thoroughly with the reverse of everything that could be called poetry.

Ah, dear friend, what an absurdly silent life I lead! So much alone, so much alone! So "childless"!

Remain fond of me; I am truly fond of you.

Yours,

F. N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

[December 10, 1885]

Nice (France) Rue St. François de Paule, II, 26.

DEAR FRIEND:

You may perhaps receive a letter that I addressed to you in Vienna (provided that you left, or intended to leave, your Annaberg address with the *poste restante* of the principal post office there.) After all, I marvel at the sort of "parallelism" that has characterized our experiences and zig-zag journeys this year —so much indeed that I almost rejoice at the thought, for, as the result of it all, I feel imbued with a general feeling of peace and gentle indifference, which I hope may be your reward also. At present there is not a soul in Germany who has an inkling of what I want, or of the fact that I want anything at all, or even that I have already attained a not insignifi-

cant portion thereof. There is not a soul who at heart is either well pleased, or anxious, or distressed, or anything whatsoever, about the "things" that I hold dear. But, after all, perhaps to be aware of this alone is an invaluable piece of insight, and with it one has approached quite near to Epicurus's garden, and above all to oneself—after it, one jumps with a mighty spring back to oneself. Let us continue to do that which *we* enjoy doing—that which gives us a *clean conscience* about ourselves; for the rest, silence or *gloria*, "as God may please."

Something must be discovered and thought out by means of which the next few years may be made secure and no longer full of dangerous accidents. In saying this it is you I have in mind, dear friend. It is quite proper that you should first try Carlsruhe. Whether you succeed there or not, you ought immediately afterwards again to look about you for a quiet haunt. I have come to the sad though obvious conclusion that the depression that would overtake you in the event of another failure ought to drive you to Venice as the only spot on earth that suits you. Although I allowed myself to recommend Nice to you in my last letter, I was quite well aware of the principal obstacle in the way of your coming, and of your reasons for fearing that you would not be *enough* of a hermit here. Bear in mind, however, that the four months that I probably spend here every year, only make up a third of the year, and, secondly, that for me these four months are precisely my working period, during which I keep out of the way of "mankind," and perhaps of friends as well; above all,

consider that the friend you would find here is one with whom one can conclude a strict arrangement, and who takes an almost personal interest in all the *conditions*, whether of your work or your life. Besides there is this to be said for Nice: it is a place in which one can live the whole year round—you will find it much more exhilarating than Venice in summer, thanks to the cool sea-breezes at night. Nice is, moreover, from an aesthetic point of view, the reverse of Venice, as southern cities go; it seems to me to be worth your while to try it, just to see what the Muses, or the mistral, or the luminous heavens would have to tell you here. Thirdly, you can live more cheaply here than at any other place on the Riviera; Nice is a large open-hearted place, with attractions for all. Prices are naturally higher during the winter; they tell me that during the summer they fall 50 per cent. Nevertheless, even in the winter, I could recommend you some respectable restaurants, where your food would be such as you are used to having in Venice, but if anything cheaper and better. It is a heavenly blessing that you have not got the luxurious tastes of the majority of artists, and that your most estimable life also reveals the virtues of simplicity and thriftiness. *Later on*, of course, you will be a rich man, but the thing which is all important *now* is that you should be spared the care of this "later on." *Your art requires that you should be free from worry;* is that not so, my dear friend?

Yours,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Nice, After Christmas, 1885.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

The weather is perfect, and so your "famous animal"[1] must also assume a pleasant countenance, although it has had many a sad day and night. Christmas, however, was a regular day of rejoicing for me. At midday I received your kind presents, and lost no time in putting the chain round my neck; while the nice little calendar found its way into my waistcoat pocket. But the money must certainly have slipped out, if there really were money in the letter (and mother says there was.) Forgive your blind animal for this! I unpacked my treasure in the street, and something may certainly have fallen out, for I fumbled very eagerly for the letter. Let us hope that some poor old woman was not far off, and that she thus found her "Christmas stocking" filled in the street. I then drove to my peninsula St. Jean, ran a long way along the coast, and at last sat down among some young soldiers who were playing skittles. Fresh roses and geraniums adorned the hedges and everything was green and warm; nothing northern! Then your famous animal drank three quite large glasses of a sweet local wine, and was just the slightest bit top-heavy; at least, not long afterwards, when the breakers drew near to me, I said to them as one says to a bevy of farmyard fowls, "Shsh!

[1] Note by Frau F.N.: "When my brother came to stay with us at Naumburg in the Autumn of 1885, it occurred to us to nickname him 'our famous animal.'"

Shsh! Shsh!" Then I drove back to Nice, and regaled myself in princely fashion at dinner in my *pension*. A large Christmas tree was also lighted up. Just think, I have discovered a *boulanger de luxe* who understands what cheesecakes are. He said that the King of Würtemberg had ordered one of these cakes for his birthday. It was the word "princely" that brought this to my mind.

Ever your loving,

F.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Nice, February, 1886.

MY DEAR OLD LAMA:

Your kind and cheerful proposition has just reached me. If by any chance it could serve the purpose of giving your husband a good opinion of the incorrigible European and anti-antisemite, your utterly heterodox brother and "Jack-in-the-Corner"—Fritz (although Dr. Förster had certainly other things to think of without troubling about me), I would willingly tread in Fräulein Alwinchen Förster's footsteps, and beseech you to convert me into a South American landowner on the same lines and conditions. I must, however, stipulate most emphatically that the plot of land be called not Frederickland or Frederickwood (for, to begin with, I do not wish to die yet and be buried there) but, in memory of the name I have given you—*Lamaland*.

Joking apart, I would send you everything I possess if it would help to get you back here soon. Generally speaking, everybody who knows you and loves

you is of opinion that it would have been a thousand times better for you to have been spared this experiment. Even if that country were found to be ever so well suited to German colonization, no one would admit that precisely you two ought to be the colonizers. The fact that you should be seems to be the result of an absolutely arbitrary choice—excuse the expression!—it is moreover dangerous, particularly for a lama who is accustomed to a gentle culture and prospers and capers about best in such an environment. The whole of this heating up of feelings, constituting as it does the cause of the whole affair, is too *tropical* and, in my opinion, not even wholesome for a Lama (or to speak more accurately, for the whole of our real family type, whose art lies in the reconciliation of contrasts.) One keeps one's beauty and youth longer when one neither hates nor feels mistrustful. After all, I cannot help thinking that your nature would prove itself more useful in a truly German cause, here in Europe, than over there—particularly as the wife of Dr. Förster, who, as I thought once more on reading his Essay on Education, would really find his natural mission as a Director of Education at a place like Schnepfenthal[1]—and not (forgive your brother for saying so) as an agitator in that anti-Semitic movement which is three-quarters rotten. The things most urgently needed in Germany at present are precisely independent Educational Institutions, *which would actively compete with the slave-drilling education of the State.* The confidence that Dr. Förs-

[1]A kind of religious school.—Translator.

ter enjoys *vis-à-vis* the nobility of northern Germany, would seem to be a sufficient guarantee that a sort of Schnepfenthal or Hofwyl (do you remember?—the place where Vischer was educated), would succeed under his direction. But right out there, among peasants, in close proximity to Germans, who have become impossible, and are probably embittered and poisoned at heart—enough, what a wide field this provides for worry and anxiety! The big stupid ocean between us! and whenever, here, we get news of a hurricane, your brother grows angry and agitated, and cudgels his brains to discover how on earth it ever occurred to the Lama to embark upon such an adventure. I do the best I can to bear up, but every day, and more particularly at night, I am overcome by incomparable sadness—always, simply owing to the fact that the Lama has run away and has completely broken with her brother's tradition.

I have just heard from the Court Orchestra Conductor of Carlsruhe (to whom I had written a line to please poor G.) that my recommendation ("the recommendation of a man whom I admire enthusiastically") had prepossessed him most favourably towards the work, and while I am rejoicing over this news, it occurs to me that you will say, "He is of course a Jew!"[1] This, in my opinion, proves how the Lama has leaped aside from her brother's tradition: we no longer rejoice about the *same things*. Meanwhile it cannot be helped. Life is an experiment; one can do what one likes, and one has to pay too dearly for

[1] "This was a mistake." Note by Frau F.N.

everything. Onward, my dear old Lama! And may you face what you have resolved to face, with courage!

YOUR F.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Sils-Maria, July 8, 1886.

MY DARLING LAMA:

I have ceased to be in favour of the idea of living for good in Leipzig or Munich; life in such circles demands too heavy a toll on my pride; and after all, however much I "belittle" myself, I still do not attain to that cheerful and comforting courage and self-reliance which are necessary for the continued pursuit of my path in life—attributes which at all events spring into existence more readily in Sils and in Nice than in the places above mentioned. How many humiliations and acts of foolishness did I not have to swallow down during my last stay in Germany, and without my friends ever dreaming of anything of the sort! No—they one and all "mean well" by me. I endured hours of spiritual depression that I can remember only with a shudder. The humiliating experiences of the autumn of 1882, which I had almost forgotten, came back to my mind, and I recollected with shame the type of humanity I had already treated as my equal! Wherever I turned I was confronted by opinions utterly opposed to my own—to my great astonishment, however, not about Wagner. Even Rohde has refused to have anything to do with *Parsifal*.

Where are those old friends with whom in years gone by I felt so closely united? Now it seems as

if we belonged to different worlds, and no longer spoke the same language! Like a stranger and an outcast, I move among them—not one of their words or looks reaches me any longer. I am dumb—for no one understands my speech—ah, but they never did understand me!—or does the same fate bear the same burden on its soul? It is terrible to be condemned to silence when one has so much to say [. . .]. Was I made for solitude or for a life in which there was no one to whom I could speak? The inability to communicate one's thoughts is in very truth the most terrible of all kinds of loneliness. Difference is a mask which is more ironbound than any iron mask—and perfect friendship is possible only *inter pares! Inter pares!*[1]—an intoxicating word; it contains so much comfort, hope, savour, and blessedness for him who is necessarily always alone; for him who is "different"; who has never met anyone who precisely belonged to him, although he has sought well on all sorts of roads; who in his relationship to his fellows always had to practise a sort of considerate and cheerful dissimulation in the hope of assimilating himself to them, often with success, who from all too long experience knows how to show that bright face to adversity which is called sociability—and sometimes, too, to give vent to those dangerous, heart-rending outbursts of all his concealed misery, of all the longings he has not yet stifled, of all his surging and tumultuous streams of love—the sudden madness of those moments when the lonely man embraces one

[1]Amongst equals.—Translator.

that seems to his taste and treats him as a friend, as a Heaven-sent blessing and precious gift, only to thrust him from him with loathing an hour later, and with loathing too for himself, as if he had been contaminated and abased, as if he had grown strange even to himself, as if he had fallen from his own company. A deep man needs friends. All else failing, he has at least his god. But I have neither god nor friends! Ah, my dear sister, those you call by that name were certainly friends once—but now? For instance [. . .].

. . . Now I ought once more to give myself a little rest, for the spiritual and intellectual tension of the last few years has been too severe, and my temper has grown sharper and more gloomy. My health is really quite normal—but my poor soul is so sensitive to injury and so full of longing for good friends, for people "who are my life." Get me a small circle of men who will listen to me and understand me—and I shall be cured!

Your FRITZ.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, Tuesday, July 20, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Assuming that you prefer a solitary visit to the places in question, allow me to send a few addresses where you can find cheap quarters. In Rapallo, for instance (whence you will be able to explore Santa Margherita and Portofino) I would recommend the cheap little Albergo della Posta, right on the sea-front, in which the first part of *Zarathustra* was written. Oh what a joy it would be for me to

be allowed to act as cicerone to you there and in Genoa—and you would have to try all my modest *trattorias!* And we would climb about the gloomy bastions together and drink a glass of Monteferrato on my Belvedere in Sampierdorena! Honestly, I can think of nothing that would give me so much pleasure. This bit of Genoa is a piece of my past towards which I feel *respect* . . . it was terribly solitary and severe. . . .

I have not quite settled down yet here in Sils; these sudden transitions do not suit my health. The printing of my book is oppressing me to the extent of becoming irksome. I shall have complete freedom (and leave to think of something *new*) only when I see the first finished copy—that is to say, in three weeks perhaps. I had to make fresh plans for the fourth page of the wrapper (—I trust the agreement between Schmeitzner and Fritzsch will soon be concluded, provided that Schmeitzner never hears to what extent I am informed as to Fritzsch's intentions.)

How funny! However well one tries to beware of the emancipation of women—it is of no use! I have encountered another classical specimen of the literary female, Miss Helen Zimmern (the woman who introduced Schopenhauer to the English.) I believe she has even translated "Schopenhauer as an Educator." Of course she is a Jewess; it is amazing to see the extent to which this race now has the spirituality of Europe in its hands (to-day she talked to me for a long time about her race). . . .

Your friend,
N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

About 400 metres above the sea, overlooking the street leading across the arch of Portofino.

Ruta Ligure, October 10, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND:

Just a line from this wonderful corner of the globe, where I should prefer to see you rather than in your present quarters in Munich. Imagine an island of the Greek Archipelago, arbitrarily covered with woods and hills, which owing to some accident one day swam close up to the mainland and was unable to swim back again. There is certainly something Greek about it; while it is also somewhat piratical, unexpected, covert, and dangerous in character. Finally when at a bend in the road one comes upon a little tropical forest of palms, which makes one feel very far from Europe, it is a little reminiscent of Brazil—at least, that is what my table-companion says, and he has been round the world several times. I have never lived so long in genuine Robinson Crusoe insularity and oblivion. Frequently too I have set great fires burning in front of me. To watch the pure restless flame, with its white-grey belly, rear itself against the cloudless sky—with heather growing all round, and the whole steeped in that October blissfulness which is such a master in the matter of yellows. Oh, dear friend, such early autumn happiness would be just the thing for you, as much if not more than it is for me! . . .

Your devoted friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice (France), January 21, 1887,
Rue des Ponchettes 29. Au premier.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Ever since the spring of last year, Levi[1] has made the best impression upon me. What I have since heard from another quarter, in Munich, has confirmed the fact that he has neither lost nor wishes to lose a kind of relationship with me (he calls it gratitude); and this holds good of all Wagnerians (although I cannot quite explain it). Seydlitz (now President of the Wagner Society) informs me that they waited for me in Munich last autumn with "feverish tension." Incidentally, in the Engadine, my neighbour at table was the sister of the Barber of Bagdad; do you understand this abbreviated expression?

To conclude—I have just heard the Overture to *Parsifal* for the first time (and in Monte Carlo!). When I see you again I will tell you exactly what it conveyed to me. Moreover, apart from all irrelevant questions (as to what the use of this music can or *ought* to be) and on purely aesthetic grounds; has Wagner ever done anything better? This music reveals the very highest psychological consciousness and certainty with regard to what it intended to say, express, convey; it selects the shortest and most direct means to this end, every *nuance* of feeling being carried to the point of epigram. As descriptive music it

[1]Hermann Levi, Conductor of the Court Chapel at Munich.

is so lucid, that to listen to it is to be forcibly reminded of a shield wrought all over with noble devices, and finally it is full of such a sublimity and rarity of feeling, of experience and of spiritual events at the very basis of music, that it does Wagner the greatest credit; it contains a synthesis of states which to many men, even "higher men," it would seem impossible to unite, and is of a commanding severity, of a "loftiness" in the most terrifying sense of the word, and of an omniscience and penetration that seem to transpierce one's soul with knives—and withal it is full of pity for that which it sees and orders there. This sort of thing is to be found in Dante, but nowhere else. I wonder whether any painter has ever depicted such a sad look of love as Wagner has given us in the last accents of his overture?

Your devoted friend,

NIETZSCHE.

To SEYDLITZ.

Nice, Thursday, February 24, 1887.
Rue des Ponchettes 29. 1st floor.

DEAR FRIEND:

Fortunately your letter, as far as your own case is concerned, did not by any means prove *quod erat demonstrandum;* otherwise, however, I admit all you say, the disastrous effects of a grey sky, the prolonged damp cold, the proximity of Bavarians and of Bavarian beer—I admire every artist who turns to face these foes—not to speak of German politics, which

are only another form of permanent winter and bad weather. It seems to me that Germany for the last fifteen years has become a regular school of besotment. Water, rubbish and filth, far and wide—that is what it looks like from a distance. I beg a thousand pardons if I have hurt your more noble feelings in speaking in this way, but for present-day Germany, however much it may bristle, hedgehoglike, with arms, I no longer have any respect. It represents the stupidest, most depraved and most mendacious form of the German spirit that has ever existed—and what absurdities has not this spirit dared to perpetrate! I forgive no one for compromising with it in any way, even if his name be Richard Wagner, particularly when this compromise is effected in the shamefully equivocal and cautious manner in which this shrewd, all-too-shrewd glorifier of *"reine Thorheit"*[1] has effected it in the latter years of his life.

Here in our land of sunshine what different things we have in mind! Only a moment ago Nice was in the middle of her long international carnival (incidentally with a preponderance of Spanish women) and immediately after it was over, six hours after the last Girandola, there followed some more new and rarely tasted charms of existence. For we are all living in the interesting expectation of being swallowed up—thanks to a well-meaning earthquake, which caused howling far and wide not only among dogs. You can imagine what fun it is to hear the

[1] "Pure foolishness." This is a reference to Wagner's *Parsifal*. See my note on the "Pure Fool," page 96, of *The Will to Power*, Vol. I.—Translator.

houses rattling over one's head like coffee-mills, to watch the inkstands beginning to show signs of free will, while the streets fill with horrified half-dressed figures and unhinged nervous systems. This morning, from about two to three o'clock, like the *gaillard* I am, I made a round of inspection in the various quarters of the town, in order to ascertain where the fear was greatest. For the inhabitants camp out in the open night and day, and it looks delightfully martial. In the hotels where there is much damage, panic of course reigns supreme. I found all my friends, male and female, lying pitifully beneath the green trees, well swathed in flannels, for it was very cold, and, at the slightest sign of a vibration, thinking gloomily of the end. I should not be surprised if this brought the season to a sudden conclusion. Everyone is thinking of leaving (provided of course they can get away and the railways are not all torn up). Already yesterday evening the visitors at the hotel where I board could not be induced to partake of their *table-d'hôte* inside the house, but ate and drank in the open, and but for an exceedingly pious old woman who is convinced that the Almighty has absolutely no right to injure her, I was "the only cheerful being among a host of masks."[1]

I have just got hold of a newspaper containing a description of this awful night, which is far more picturesque than the one your humble friend has been

[1] "Unter Larven die einzige Fühlende Brust." These words are a quotation from a well-known poem of Schiller's conveying the idea of a jolly fellow being alone amongst a lot of wooden creatures.—Translator.

able to give you. I am enclosing it in this letter. Please read it to your dear wife, and bear me in mind.

Your devoted

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice, Monday, March 7, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

I have just had a visit from a philologist whose previous history has not been unlike my own—a Dr. A., brought up in the school of Rohde and von Gutschmidt and *very* much esteemed by his teachers—but passionately disgusted with and opposed to all philology. He fled to me "his master"—for he is determined to devote himself absolutely to philosophy, and now I am urging him to go slowly, quite slowly, to make no blunders, and not to allow himself to be carried away by any false examples. I believe I am succeeding in "disappointing" him. I heard incidentally from him, how even in the University of Tübingen, where I pass for the most negative of spirits, my works are eagerly devoured in secret. Dr. A. is half American, half Swabian.

The same thing happened to me with Dostoiewsky as with Stendhal; the most haphazard encounter, a book that one opens casually on a book stall, and the very title of which is unknown to one—and then sud-

denly one's instinct speaks and one knows one has met a kinsman.[1]

Up to the present I have learnt little concerning his position, his reputation and his history; he died in 1881. In his youth things were pretty bad with him; he was delicate and poor, although he came of distinguished stock. At the age of twenty-seven he was sentenced to death, but was reprieved on the very steps of the scaffold, whereupon he spent four years in chains in Siberia amid criminals of the worst type. This formed the decisive period in his life. It was then that he discovered the power of his psychological intuition; nay more, his heart was mellowed and deepened by the experience. His reminiscences of this period "La maison des Morts," is one of the most human books in existence. The first of his works that I read was a French translation entitled "L'esprit souterrain," consisting of two stories: the first a kind of unknown music, and the second a real stroke of genius in psychology—a terrible and cruel piece of mockery levelled at γνῶθι σαυτόν,[2] but done with such a light and daring hand, and with so much

[1] Speaking of Dostoiewsky, in a letter to Gast dated 13th Feb., 1887, Nietzsche says: "Do you know Dostoiewsky? With the exception of Stendhal, no one has given me so much pleasure and astonishment: a psychologist whom I agree with." Gast's comment on this is as follows: "Nietzsche's high appreciation of D. has been greatly misunderstood, as if N. had discovered similar lines in Dostoiewsky as in himself. This, however, is not the case. What N. admired in D. was his insight into the depths of certain human souls, his art and the subtlety of his analysis, and the collection of rare psychological material. N. felt that D. instructed him and enriched him as a psychologist, otherwise D. was repellent to his instincts."—Translator.

[2] "Know yourself."

of the rapture of superior strength, that I was almost intoxicated with joy. Meanwhile, on the recommendation of Overbeck, whom I asked about the matter, I have read "Humiliés et offensés" (the only one that O. knew) with the greatest respect for the *artist* Dostoiewsky. I have also observed how completely the youngest generation of Parisian novelists are tyrannized over by the influence of Dostoiewsky, and by their jealousy of him (Paul Bourget, for instance).

I shall stay here until April 3, without, I trust, seeing any more of the *earthquake*. For Dr. Falb is warning people to beware of March 9, when he expects a renewal of the phenomena in our district; he also mentions March 22 and 23. Up till now I have remained fairly cool, and have lived with a feeling of irony and cold curiosity among thousands of people grown crazy with fear. But one cannot stand security for oneself and perhaps in a few days I shall be less rational than anyone. The element of suddenness, *l'imprévu,* has its charm. . . .

How are you? You cannot think what a lot of good your last letter did me! You are so brave!

Your devoted friend,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Nice, Wednesday, March 23, 1887.

MY DEAR LAMA:

It is now difficult to help me. When one has been at great pains for half one's life to secure *independ-*

ence for one's self, as I found it necessary to do, one has to accept the disadvantages of the situation as well. One cannot have the one without the other. Among these disadvantages is the fact that no one can tell from appearances what are the things I lack. I should like to have a little more money in order, for instance, that in the interests of my declining health, alone, and with the view of avoiding innumerable mistakes in dieting that I am exposed to in restaurants and hotels, I might have my own kitchen. It is also a question of *pride;* I should like to lead a life that really is suitable to me, and does not look so conventional as that of "a scholar on his travels." But even the five conditions that might make life endurable, and are really not pretentious, seem to me impracticable. I require (1) Some one to superintend my digestion, (2) Somebody who can laugh with me and who has cheerful spirits, (3) Some one who is proud of my company and who constrains others to treat me with becoming respect, (4) Some one who can read aloud to me without making a book sound idiotic. There is yet a fifth condition; but I will say nothing about it.

To marry now would perhaps be simply an act of *folly,* which would immediately deprive me of the independence that I have won with such bloody strife. And then I should also have to choose some European State, to belong to and become a citizen of it. I should have to consider my wife, my child, my wife's family, the place I lived in, and the people we associated with, but to forbid myself the free expression of my ideas would kill me. I should prefer to be

miserable, ill, and feared, and live in some out of the way corner, than to be "settled" and given my place in modern mediocrity! I lack neither courage nor good spirits. Both have remained with me because I have no acts of cowardice or false compromise on my conscience. Incidentally I may say that I have not yet found a woman who would be suited to associate with me, and whose presence would not bore me and make me nervous. (The Lama was a good housemate for whom I can find no substitute, but it wanted to vent its energy and to sacrifice itself. For whom? For a miserable foreign race of men, who will not even thank her—and not for me. And I would be such a grateful animal, and always ready for merry laughter. Are you still able to laugh at all? I am afraid that you will quite forget how to do it among these embittered people.) Moreover I know the womenfolk of half Europe, and wherever I have observed the influence of women on men, I have noticed a sort of gradual decline as the result; for instance in the case of poor ———. Not very encouraging is it?

I shall leave Nice at the beginning of next month in order to seek peaceful retirement on Lake Maggiore, where there are woods and shaded groves, and not this blindingly white incessant sunshine of Nice in the spring! The address is: Villa Badia, Cannobio (Lago Maggiore), but before this letter reaches you who knows where I shall be?

With love,

Your F.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Cannobio, Lago Maggiore, Villa Badia,
April 20, 1887.

MY DEAR LAMA:

Here I am in a magnificent spot, and every morning I marvel at the glory of the colouring. The noble cloisterly nature of the situation and the arrangements also pleases me—and yet I am so out of sorts that I feel as if I could no longer be heartily glad about anything. Nothing comes to me from the outside world to give me courage or strength. My fellow-boarders are incomparably tedious! In that respect I was better off in Nice this winter. There were a few people there who interested me. Our dear mother will have written to you all about it.

And now about yourself, my dear Lama! I was very much impressed by the purchase of this huge piece of land, "larger than many a German principality." But I must confess that I am absolutely at sea about the whole affair. If I understand anything at all, it is that the real owner of that vast complex of territory is that rich Paraguayan who is so friendly with Förster. This would not prevent him from wishing to serve his own interests by means of this "German colony." He is certainly bent on turning it to his *own profit.* Now the principal thing to me seems to be, not that the colony should be inhabited, but that it should *do some business,* sell wood, etc. For without that I absolutely cannot see how such a great outlay of capital can get its proper return.

Förster promised to invest a portion of your money securely either in Germany or in Paraguay; but, if

I know my sister well, this last portion will certainly find its way before long into the pockets of those numerous paupers.[1] I confess that they are my one bugbear; remember that if anything goes wrong they constitute a most unpleasant element with which to deal. Then they always believe that one has unjustly led them into trouble; whereas success and failure often depend on accidents. To tell you the truth, my dear Lama, your letters do not comfort me in the least. If we were situated as you are we should all write such contented and hopeful letters home—particularly to relatives. I have not written to you about it yet; but I am not edified by the whole affair. In my mind's eye, I can see these paupers, dependent upon your pity, pressing themselves covetously upon you in order to exploit your all too ready liberality. No colony can prosper with such elements; do not deceive yourself on that point. If they were peasants it would be quite a different thing.

Also please allow me to question whether you are so well fitted for colonizing as my brother-in-law so often affirms. Not long ago I was talking to one of your former friends and he declared that we did not even know what colonizing meant. It was an incessant struggle with the elements . . . and you were as well fitted for it as "lily and rose-branches would be for sweeping a chimney." A fine simile! but very sad for the Lama. Forgive this sad letter, but mother's anxiety on your account has infected me also. I believe she is feeling ill as the result of bad

[1] Amongst the so-called colonists there were numbers of people who had lost everything.—Translator.

German weather; but the Lama in the atmosphere and the sun of the South holds her head up.

With love and solicitude,

YOUR BROTHER.

NIETZSCHE TO MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG.

[May 12, 1887]

Address: Chur (Schweiz) Rosenhügel
Until June 10
afterwards: Celerina, Oberengadine.

DEAREST FRÄULEIN:

How strange it is! With regard to what you so kindly said to me at the last moment, I wonder whether it might not prove both refreshing and fruitful for us both once more to join our two solitudes in closest and heartiest proximity! I have frequently thought about this of late, and asked myself searching questions about it. To spend one more winter with you and to be looked after and waited upon perhaps by Trina[1] herself—that is indeed an extremely alluring prospect for which I cannot thank you sufficiently! I should prefer above all to return to Sorrento once more (δὶς καὶ τρὶς τὸ καλόν say the Greeks: "all good things twice or thrice!") Or to Capri—where I shall play the piano to you again but better than I did before! Or to Amalfi or Castellamare. Finally even to Rome (although my sus-

[1]The chambermaid of Frl. v. Meysenbug.—Translator.

picion of the Roman climate and of large towns in general is based on good reasons and is not to be overthrown so easily). Solitude in the midst of solitary nature has hitherto been my chief refreshment, my means of recovery; such cities of modern traffic as Nice or even Zurich (which I have just left) in the end always make me feel irritable, sad, uncertain, desperate, unproductive, and ill. I have retained a sort of longing and superstition with regard to that peaceful sojourn *down there,* as if there I had breathed more deeply, if only for a few moments, than anywhere else in my life. For instance, on the occasion of that very first drive we took together in Naples when we went to Posilippo.

Taking everything into consideration, you are the only person on earth about whom I could cherish such a wish; besides, I feel that I am *condemned* to my solitude and my citadel. There is no longer any alternative. That which bids me live, my exceptional and weighty task, bids me also keep out of the way of men and no longer attach myself to anyone. Perhaps it is the pure element in which this task has placed me that explains why it is that I have gradually grown unable even to bear the smell of men and least of all "young men," with whom I am not infrequently afflicted (—oh, how obtrusively clumsy they are, just like puppies!) In the old days, in our solitude in Sorrento, B. and R. were too much for me; I fancy that at that time I was very reticent with you—even about things of which there is no one I should have spoken to more readily than yourself.

On my table there lies the new edition (in two vol-

umes) of "Human-all-too-Human," the first part of which I worked out then—how strange! Strange that it should have been in your respected neighbourhood. In the long "address" which I found a necessary preface for the new edition of my complete works there are a number of curious things about myself which are quite *uncompromising* in their honesty. By this means I shall hold "the many" once and for all at arm's length; for nothing annoys men more than to show them some of the severity and hardness with which, under the discipline of one's own ideal, one deals and has dealt out to *oneself*. That is why I have cast my line out for "the few," and this after all I did without impatience, for it is in the nature of the indescribable strangeness and dangerousness of my thoughts that ears should not be opened for them until very late—certainly *not* before 1901.

You ask me to come to Versailles—oh, if only it were possible! For I esteem the circle of men that you meet there (a curious admission for a German, but in present-day Europe I feel related only to the most intellectual among the French and Russians, and in no way whatever to my countrymen who judge all things on the principle of "Germany, Germany above all"). But I *must* return to the cold air of the Engadine; spring attacks me unconsciously; I dare not tell you into what abysses of despair I sink under its influence. My body (and my philosophy, too, for that matter), feels the *cold* to be its appointed preservative element—that sounds paradoxical and negative, but it is the most thoroughly demonstrated fact of my life.

This is by no means a sign of a "cold nature": but you, of course, understand that, my most dear and faithful friend!

Always your affectionate and grateful friend,

NIETZSCHE.

P. S.—Fräulein Salome has also informed me of her engagement, but I did not answer her either, however much happiness and prosperity I may honestly wish her. One must keep out of the way of the kind of creature who does not understand awe and respect.

To ROHDE.

Chur, May 21, 1887.

No, my old friend Rohde, I allow no one to speak so disrespectfully of Monsieur Taine as you do in your letter—and you least of all, because it is contrary to all decency to treat any man in the way you do, when you know I think highly of him. If you choose to do so you may, if you like, talk nonsense about me to your heart's content—that lies in the *natura rerum*[1]; I have never complained about it or ever expected anything else. But in regard to a scholar like Taine who is more akin to your own species, you ought to have eyes in your head. To call him "jejune" is, to return to our student's jargon, simply frantically stupid—for he happens to be the most substantial thinker in present-day France; and in this connection it would not be inopportune to remark that where a man can detect no substance it

[1]The nature of things.—Translator.

does not necessarily follow there is none, but simply that there is none for him. In the harrowing history of the modern soul, which is in many respects a tragic history, Taine takes his place as a well-constituted and venerable type possessing many of the noblest qualities of this soul—its reckless courage, its absolutely sincere intellectual conscience, its stirring and modest stoicism amid acute privations and isolation. With such qualities a thinker deserves respect; he belongs to the few who immortalize their age. I enjoy the sight of such a brave pessimist who does his duty patiently and resolutely without any need of noise or stage effect—aye, and who can honestly say of himself: *"satis sunt mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus"*.[1] In this way, whether he wishes it or no, his life becomes a mission, his attitude to all his problems is an *inevitable* one (and not the optional or accidental one that your own and most philologists'are to philology).

No offence, I hope. But if I knew you only by this one remark of yours about Taine I believe that, owing to the lack of instinct and tact it reveals, I should thoroughly despise you. Fortunately, however, as far as I am concerned, you have proved yourself a man in other ways.

But you really ought to hear Burckhardt speak about Taine.

Your friend,

N.

[1] "A few are sufficient for me; one is sufficient, and even none."—Seneca Epist. Morales, 7-11.—Translator.

To Rohde.

Chur, May 23, 1887.

Dear Friend:

It was not nice of me to have yielded suddenly as I did yesterday to a fit of anger against you, but it is at least a good thing that it has all come out, for it has brought me something valuable in the form of your letter. This has relieved me immensely and given a different direction to my feelings against you.

Your remark about Taine seemed to me extravagantly contemptuous and ironical, and the part of me that revolted against it was the anchorite. For this part in me knows from an all too rich experience with what unrelenting coldness all those who live off the beaten track are dismissed and even *dispatched*. In addition to this, with the exception of Burckhardt, Taine is the only man who for many a long year has sent me a word of encouragement and sympathy about my writings. For the moment I even think of him and Burckhardt as my only readers. As three fundamental nihilists we are indeed irrevocably bound one to another, although, as you may perhaps suspect, I have not yet abandoned all hope of finding a way out of the abyss by means of which we can arrive at "something."

When a man keeps digging deep down in his own mine, he becomes "subterranean" or perhaps suspicious. It spoils his character—hence my last letter. Take me as I am.

Yours,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice, Thursday.
[November 3, 1887.]

DEAR FRIEND:

Huge rejoicing over the newly published, revised, and amplified dressing gown! Oh, but how ashamed you make me feel! For every day I felt the need of this article of clothing, especially in view of the wintry weather we have been having this autumn, which is *intensified* by the northerly situation of my room which looks out on to the garden and is on the ground floor. Nevertheless, I did not dare to have my dressing-gown sent here, because I remembered its dilapidated condition—much more out of keeping with Nice perhaps than with your more philosophical Venice. And I am not yet modest enough to show my pride by exhibiting my rags! Ecco! . . . . And now suddenly to sit so much embellished and so eminently respectable, in one's own room—what a surprise!

Everything seems to conspire to make this winter more acceptable to me than previous winters have been. For during previous winters I have been driven off my head not only from time to time, but constantly, habitually (and into Heaven knows what—possibly into the damnable writing of books and literature). I have just been to inspect the room that I shall occupy for the next six months; it is just over the one I have had up till now, and yesterday it was freshly papered in accordance with my bad taste—a reddish brown with stripes and speckles. Opposite to it at a sufficient distance away stands a building

painted dark yellow, and above that, to exhilarate me even more, half the sky (—which is blue, blue, blue!) Below me lies a beautiful garden which is always green and which I can survey as I sit at my table. The floor of the room is covered with straw; upon the straw lies an old carpet, and over that a beautiful new one. There are besides, a large round table, a well-upholstered settee, a book-case, the bed, covered with a dark blue counterpane, heavy brown curtains over the door, and one or two other things covered with bright red cloth (the wash-hand-stand and the coat-rack)—in short a nice multi-coloured mixture, but on the whole warm and subdued. A stove is coming from Naumburg, of the kind I have described to you. . . .

Even my brother-in-law has been good enough to write to me; we both do our utmost to mitigate the somewhat strained relationship (—he writes about "Beyond Good and Evil", which he had had sent out to him; I did not send it to him—for very special reasons). . . .

Your devoted and grateful friend,
NIETZSCHE.

To ROHDE.

Nice, November 11, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

I seem to feel as if I still had to make amends to you for something that happened last Spring. And to show you how perfectly willing I am to do all I can, I send you herewith a copy of a work I have just

published (but, perhaps, I owe you this book anyhow, because it belongs inseparably to the one I sent last—). No, do not let yourself be estranged from me too easily! At my age, and lonely as I am, I do not feel any too eager to lose the few men who had my confidence in the past.

Yours,

N.

N. B.—About Monsieur Taine, let me beg you to recover your senses. The coarse things you say and think about him annoy me extremely. I would forgive such behavior on the part of Prince Napoleon[1] but *not* on the part of my friend Rohde. It would be difficult for me to believe that the man who misunderstands such severe and magnanimous spirits as Taine (who is the educator of all the *serious* scientific character in France today) could understand anything about my own mission. Honestly, you have never breathed a word to me that might lead me to suppose that you *knew* anything of the destiny that hangs over me. But have I ever reproached you for this? Not once, even in my own heart, if only for the simple reason that I am not accustomed to any different treatment from anyone. Who has ever approached me with even a thousandth part of my passion and my suffering! Has anyone even an inkling of the real cause of my prolonged ill health over which I may even yet prevail? I am now forty-three and am just as much alone now as I was as a child.

[1] Joseph Charles Paul Napoleon, Prince, who in his book "Napoléon et ses détracteurs" (1887), also attacked Taine.—Translator.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice, November 24, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

I am enjoying a great blessing this morning: for the first time a "fire-idol" stands in my room: a small stove—and I confess that I have already pranced round it once or twice like a good heathen. Until to-day my life has been a blue-fingered frosty affair, on the basis of which not even my philosophy stood firmly on its legs. Things are pretty insufferable when in one's own room one can feel the frigid breath of death—when one withdraws to one's room not as to a *fastness*, so to speak, but as if one were *drawn back to prison*. For the last ten days it has been simply pouring: the rainfall per square metre has been reckoned at 208 litres. This October was the coldest I have ever had here, and this November the rainiest. Nice is still rather empty and yet twenty-five of us sit down to dinner every evening—all of them kindly and well-meaning people, to whom no objection can be made

. . .

. . . The fact that Rousseau was one of the first followers of Gluck gives me cause for reflection; for, as far as I at least am concerned, everything the former prized is a little suspicious, as are also all those who prized *him* (there is a whole family of Rousseau—Schiller belongs to it, and so in part does Kant; in France, George Sand, and also Sainte-Beuve; in England, George Eliot, etc., etc.). All those who have been in need of "moral dignity" *faute de mieux* have been among the admirers of Rousseau,

even down to our darling Dühring, who had the good taste to represent himself in his autobiography as *the Rousseau of the 19th century.* (Just observe how a man stands towards Voltaire and Rousseau: it makes all the difference in the world whether he says yea to the former or to the latter: Voltaire's enemies—as, for instance, Victor Hugo, all romanticists, even the subtler latter-day sort such as the brothers Goncourt—are all favourably disposed to that masked plebeian Rousseau. And I suspect that there is something of the resentment of the mob to be found at the bottom of all Romanticism.) Voltaire is magnificently intellectual *canaille*; but I agree with Galiani that

> *"Un monstre gai vaut mieux*
> *qu 'un sentimental ennuyeux."*

Voltaire was only possible and tolerable on the soil of a noble culture that can allow itself the luxury of intellectual *canaillerie.*

Observe with what *warm feelings,* what tolerance, my stove has already begun to permeate me!

I beseech you, dear friend, to be constantly mindful of this one duty; you cannot avoid it: you must once more by word and deed elevate *severer principles* to a place of honour *in rebus musicis et musicantibus,* and seduce the Germans to the paradox, which is a paradox only at the present day: that *the severer principles* and *more cheerful music* are inseparable.

Your devoted and grateful friend,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice. Pension de Genève.
December 20, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . On all sides the chasm has become too great, and I have to have recourse to every possible kind of chastening influence in order not to descend among the men of resentment myself. The sort of *defensive attitude* towards me taken up by all those people who were once my friends has something annoying about it which is much more mortifying than an attack. "Not to hear and not to see"—that seems to be the motto. No one made any response to the Hymn, except Brahms, and he wrote: "J. B. begs to present his sincerest thanks to you for what you have sent him, as also for the honour which he esteems it to be, and the great stimulus he derived from it. With his most respectful compliments, etc."

Only two letters came about the book; but they at least were very fine. One was from Dr. Fuchs, and the other from Dr. George Brandes (the most intellectual Dane of the day—that is to say, a Jew). The latter seems inclined to take me up pretty thoroughly; he marvels at the "original spirit" that is exhaled by my works, and sums up their teaching in the term "aristocratic radicalism." That is well said and well conceived. Oh these Jews! A few criticisms of my "Beyond Good and Evil," sent me by Nauman, show only ill-will: the words "ripe for the psychiater and pathologist" are meant to explain and censure my work at the same time. (Between ourselves, the un-

dertaking I have in hand is so huge and so monstrous that I cannot take it amiss if people on reading my books should at times feel some doubt as to whether I am quite "sane.") . . .

. . . I am industrious but melancholy, and I have not yet recovered from the state of vehement irritation into which the last few years have thrown me. I am not yet "sufficiently impersonalized." Nevertheless, I know what has been done, and *done away with*: all my previous life has been ruled off at this point—that has been the meaning of the last few years. True, my existence hitherto has thus shown itself to be what it actually is—a mere *promise*. The passion of my last work has something terrible about it. Yesterday I read it with the most profound astonishment as though it were something new.

Write to me, dear friend, and let me hear nothing but good news.

Your devoted,

N.

To Karl Fuchs.

Nice (France), December 14, 1887.
Pension de Genève.

My Dear Friend:

It was a happy thought on your part to write me such a letter. For almost involuntarily and in pursuance of an inexorable necessity, I am just in the midst of calculating how I stand with men and things, and laying the whole of my past *ad acta*. Almost everything I am now doing amounts to an underlining

of what has gone before. During the last few years the vehemence of my inner vibrations has been terrific; and now that I must ascend to a new and higher form, what I most of all need is a new estrangement, a still higher form of impersonalization. At the same time it is essential for me to know what and whom I can still regard as mine.

How old am I already? I do not know, any more than I know how young I shall yet be.

I look at your portrait with pleasure. It seems full of youth and courage, mingled, as is only becoming, with incipient wisdom (and white hair?).

In Germany they are crying out aloud against my eccentricities. But, as they do not know where my *centrum* is, it is not easy for them to hit the nail on the head in their efforts to determine where and when I have been "eccentric" in the past. For instance in being a philologist I was out of my *centrum* (fortunately this does not by any means signify that I was a bad philologist). On the same principle, it now seems to me an eccentricity that I should ever have been a Wagnerite. It was an extremely dangerous experiment, and now that I know I have not been ruined by it I also realize what it has meant for me—it was the severest test of character I could have had. It is certain that one's inmost nature gradually disciplines one's whole being into unity; that passion for which for ages one can find no name saves us from all digressions and dispersions, that *mission* whose involuntary custodian we are.

It is very difficult to understand such things from afar. And that is why the last ten years of my life

have been extremely painful and violent. In the event of your being inclined to hear anything more about this ungodly and problematic history, let me recommend to your friendly sympathy the new editions of my earlier works, particularly their introductions. (Incidentally, let me tell you that my publisher, the excellent E. W. Fritzsch of Leipzig, who has good reason for feeling desperate, is prepared to send copies of these new editions to anyone who promises to write a long article about "Nietzsche en bloc." The more important literary journals, such as Lindau's *North and South* are ripe for such an article, as a genuine feeling of anxiety and excitement is beginning to prevail concerning the importance of my literature. Up to the present no one has had the courage and intelligence to *reveal* me to the dear Germans. My problems are new, the range of my psychological horizon is terrific, my language is bold and German. Possibly there are no books in the German language richer in ideas or more independent than mine.)

The *hymn* also belongs to this "underlining process." Could you not get someone to sing it to you? I have already been promised its production in many quarters (for instance, Mottl in Karlsruhe). It is really intended to be sung "to my memory" one day. It will survive as a souvenir of me, provided, of course, that I survive.

Do not forget me, dear doctor. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for wishing to remain my friend even in the second half of your century.

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Nice, January 25, 1888.

MY DEAR OLD LAMA:

It was with great pleasure that I read my brother-in-law's pæan on his "incomparable wife." I am proud of having brought you up—only very few women would have overcome those extraordinary difficulties with such bravery and unassuming cheerfulness. But please let us have a little less modesty! Do not forget that the herd insists on having picturesque people—that is to say, people who draw pictures of their gifts, aspirations, and successes in such bold and obtrusive strokes that they can be grasped even by the dullest eyes. The herd honours everything in the nature of a pose, any solemn attitude,—things from which we two are averse. Only subtle spirits understand the shame of the noble mind, that conceals its highest and its best beneath a plain surface. I feel certain that among all those people over there, only a few have any idea with what little regard for yourself and with what passionate resolution you try to realize your ideals. The only question I ask myself is—are these ideals worthy of so much self-sacrifice? I very much fear you will yet have to overcome many bitter disappointments in your life. Ultimately you will become a sceptical old woman—without having lost your bravery; and you will be well suited to your sceptical brother. How we shall laugh then over the idealism of our youth—possibly with tears.

Now let me tell you a little experience I have had. As I was taking my usual walk yesterday, I suddenly

heard some one talking and laughing heartily along a side path (it sounded almost as if it might have been you); and when this some one appeared before me, it turned out to be a charming brown-eyed girl, whose soft gaze, as she surveyed me, reminded me of a roe. Then, lonely philosopher though I am, my heart grew quite warm—I thought of your marriage schemes, and for the whole of the rest of the walk I could not help thinking of the charming young girl. Certainly it would do me good to have something so graceful about me—but would it do her good? Would my views not make her unhappy, and would it not break my heart (provided that I loved her) to make such a delightful creature suffer? No, let us not speak of marrying!

But what you were thinking of was rather a good comrade [. . .]. Do you really think that an emancipated woman of this sort, with all her femininity vanished, could be a good comrade, or could be tolerable as a wife at all? You forget that, in spite of my bad eyesight, I have a very highly developed sense of beauty; and this, quite apart from the fact that such embittered women are repugnant to me and spoil my spirits and my whole atmosphere. Much intellect in a woman amounts to very little as far as I am concerned, for this so-called intellect, by which only the most superficial men are deceived, is nothing more than the most absurd pretentiousness. There is nothing more tiring than such an intellectual goose, who does not even know how tedious she is. Think of Frau O.! But in this respect I must admit that Fräulein X. is incomparably more pleasant—but,

nevertheless! You think that love would change her; but I do not believe in any such change through "love." Besides, you have not seen her for many years—it is obvious that she must have changed in the direction of ugliness and loss of womanliness. Believe me, if you were to see her now—at her very appearance the thought of love and marriage would strike you, as it does me, as absurd. You can take my word for it, that for men like me, a marriage after the type of Goethe's would be the best of all—that is to say, a marriage with a good housekeeper! But even this idea is repellent to me. A young and cheerful daughter to whom I would be an object of reverence would be much more to the point. The best of all, however, would be to have my good old Lama again. For a philosopher, a sister is an excellent philanthropic institution, particularly when she is bright, brave, and loving (no old vinegar flask like G. Keller's[1] sister), but as a rule one only recognizes such truths when it is too late.

Well, this has been a nice chat on marriage with the Lama. With many hearty wishes and greetings to you and your Bernhard.

Your devoted F.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

DEAR FRIEND: Nice, February 1, 1888.

How close you have been to me all this time! What a tremendous deal I have thought out—both trash and wisdom—with you always as the principal figure in

[1]This refers apparently to the great Swiss novelist Gottfried Keller.—Translator.

my mind! There has been a fine opportunity: the last drawing in the Nice Lottery. For at least half an hour I allowed myself the small and foolish luxury of taking it for granted that I should win the first prize. With half a million it would be possible to reinstate a number of reasonable things on earth. At least you and I would regard the irrational character of our existence with *more irony,* with more detachment—for, in order to do the things you and I do, and *to do them quite well and divinely,* one thing is fundamentally necessary, Irony (well, then, for this is the way the world reasons—half a million is the first *premise* of irony. . . .).

To lack not only health, but also money, recognition, love, and protection—and *not* to become a tragic grumbler: this constitutes the paradoxical character of our present condition, its *problem.* As for myself, I have got into a state of *chronic vulnerability,* against which, when my condition is slightly improved, I take a sort of revenge which is not of the nicest description—that is to say, I adopt an attitude of excessive *hardness.* For a proof of this, look at my last work! Still, I put up with all this with the sagacity of an old psychologist and without the smallest moral indignation. Oh, how *instructive* it is to live in such an extreme state as mine! Only now do I understand history; never has my vision been more profound than during the last few months.

Dear friend, your physiological computation about the influence of Venice is perfectly right. In this place, where one is constantly hearing so many visitors and invalids discuss the idiosyncrasies of the ef-

fects of particular climates, I have gradually learned to grasp the cardinal truth of this question. In regard to the *optimum,* the realization of our most intimate wishes (our "works"), one must hearken to *this* voice of Nature; certain kinds of music can flourish no better under a wet sky than can certain plants. The lady who is my neighbour at table has just told me that until two weeks ago she had been lying *ill* in Berlin, that she had caused the doctors there a great deal of anxiety, and that she was unable to walk from one corner of the street to the other. Now—and she cannot account for the change in her—she runs, she eats, she is cheerful and can no longer *believe*—that she has been ill. As the same thing has happened to her three times in her life, she now swears by a "dry climate" as a recipe for all spiritual ailments (—for she had suffered from a sort of desperate melancholia). The fact that for years you should have found the effect of the climate of Venice (as a contrast to the climate in which you were brought up) very good for you and a sort of balm oil that calmed you down, is quite correct: I have discussed this vital question with doctors in the Engadine: namely, that a climate when tried as a contrast for its stimulating effect—that is to say when it is ordered only for a given period of time —has exactly the opposite effect when it is lived in for good; and that the inhabitant of the Engadine, under the constant influence of this particular climate, becomes serious, phlegmatic, and a little anaemic, while the *visitor to this part of the world* leaves it feeling braced and strengthened in all his bodily functions. Moral: You ought, therefore, to

be (or have been) only a visitor to Venice. I am really sorry to have to say this and even to see it in the way I do; for so much there is arranged and ordered in such a splendid and suitable way for you that you could not find the same anywhere else. You might try Corsica? I have been told that one can find board and lodging in the small hotels at Bastia for three to four francs a day. So many fugitives from all lands have lived in Corsica (particularly Italian scholars, etc.). The railway line from Bastia to Corte has just been opened (February 1, 1888). The great frugality of the Corsican mode of life and the simplicity of their customs would make people like ourselves feel quite at home there. And how far away from modernity one would feel there! Maybe the soul would grow stronger, purer, and *prouder* there . . . (—I can see quite clearly now that one would suffer less if one were prouder: *you and I are not proud enough.* . . .).

Your affectionate and devoted friend,

N.

To Seydlitz.

Nice, Pension de Genève.
February 12, 1888.

Dear Friend:

It has not been a "proud silence" that has sealed my lips to everyone all this time, but rather the humble silence of a sufferer who was ashamed of betraying the extent of his pain. When an animal is ill it crawls into its cave—so does *la bête philosophe.* So seldom does a friendly voice come my way. I am now

alone, absurdly alone, and in my unrelenting subterranean war against all that mankind has hitherto honoured and loved (—my formula for this is "the Transvaluation of all Values") I myself seem unwittingly to have become something of a cave, something concealed that can no longer be found even when it is a definite object of search. *But no one goes in search of it.* Between us three, it is not beyond the limits of possibility that I am the leading philosopher of the age—aye, maybe a little more than that, something decisive and fateful that stands between two epochs. But a man is *constantly* paying for holding such an isolated position by an isolation which becomes every day more complete, more icy, and more cutting. And look at our dear Germans! . . . Although I am in my forty-fifth year and have published about fifteen books (—among them that *non plus ultra* "Zarathustra") no one in Germany has yet succeeded in producing even a moderately good review of a single one of my works. They are now getting out of the difficulty with such words as "eccentric," "pathological," "psychiatric." There have been evil and slanderous hints enough about me, and in the papers both scholarly and unscholarly, the prevailing attitude is one of ungoverned animosity;—but how is it that no one protests against this? How is it that no one feels insulted when I am abused? And all these years no comfort, no drop of human sympathy, not a breath of love.

In these circumstances one has to live at Nice. This season it is again full of idlers, *grecs* and other philosophers—it is full of my like. And, with his own

peculiar cynicism, God allows his sun to shine more brightly on us than on the more respectable Europe of Herr von Bismarck (—which with feverish virtue is working at its armaments, and looks for all the world like a heroic hedgehog). The days seem to dawn here with unblushing beauty; never have we had a more beautiful winter. How I should like to send you some of the colouring of Nice! It is all besprinkled with a glittering silver grey; intellectual, highly intellectual colouring; free from every vestige of the brutal ground tone. The advantage of this small stretch of coast between Alassio and Nice is the suggestion of Africa in the colouring, the vegetation, and the dryness of the air. This is not to be found in other parts of Europe.

Oh, how gladly would I not sit with you and your dear wife beneath some Homeric Phæacien sky! But I must not go further south (—my eyes will soon drive me to more northern and more stupid landscapes). Please let me know when you will be in Munich again and forgive this gloomy letter.

Your devoted friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice, Pension de Genève,
February 26, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

The weather is sultry, it is Sunday afternoon, and I am very lonely. I can think of nothing more pleasant to do than to sit down and have a chat with you. I have just noticed that my fingers are blue, so my writing will be legible only to him who can guess my thoughts. . . .

What you say in your letter about Wagner's style reminds me of an effusion of my own on the subject that I wrote somewhere, in which I say that his "dramatic style" is nothing more than a species of *bad style,* or rather, *no style* in music. But our musicians call this progress. . . . As a matter of fact, in this domain of truth, everything still remains to be said—aye! I very much suspect that everything still remains to be thought. Wagner himself, as a man, an animal, a god, and an artist rises a thousand miles above the understanding and the lack of understanding of our Germans. Whether it is the same with the French I do not know.

To-day I had the pleasure of being proved in the right over a question, which, in itself, might seem extraordinarily daring: to wit—what man up to the present has been the best prepared for Wagner? Which of us was most adapted to Wagner and most Wagnerian inwardly in spite of and without Wagner? To this question I had for some considerable time replied by pointing to that odd three-quarter imbecile of a *Baudelaire,* the poet of *Les Fleurs du Mal.* I had deplored the fact that, during his lifetime, this man was so fundamentally related to Wagner in spirit; I had marked the lines in his poems that were in any way redolent of *Wagner's sensibility,* to which no form has been given in the poetry of any other man (Baudelaire is a libertine, mystic, and satanic to boot; but above all Wagnerian). And what do I find to-day? On turning over the leaves of the recently published *Œuvres Posthumes* of this author so highly esteemed and even beloved in France, lo and behold,

in the midst of invaluable *Psychologicis* of decadence (*mon coeur mis a nu*, after the manner of those introspective writings of Schopenhauer and Byron[1] that were burnt) what should I find but a hitherto unpublished letter of Wagner's relating to one of Baudelaire's essays in the *Revue Européenne*, April, 1861. Here is a copy of it:

"My dear Monsieur Baudelaire, I have called upon you several times without finding you in. You will readily understand how anxious I am to tell you what a *tremendous* pleasure you gave me by your article that does me so much honour and gives me more encouragement than anything anyone else has said as yet about my poor talent. Would it not be possible for me before long to tell you in person how elated I felt at reading those beautiful pages that described to me—after the manner of the finest poem—the impression I may boast of having made upon a mind so superior as yours? Thank you a thousand times for the kindness you have shown me, and, believe me, I am proud to be able to think of you as a friend. May we soon meet!

Yours,

Richard Wagner."[2]

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[1] By Moore and Murray.—Translator.

[2] "Mon chèr Monsieur Baudelaire, j'étais plusieurs fois chez vous sans vous trouver. Vous croirez bien combien je suis désireux de vous dire quelle *immense satisfaction* vous m'avez préparée par votre article qui m'honore et m'encourage plus que tout qu'on a jamais dit sur mon pauvre talent. Ne serait-il pas possible de vous dire bientôt, à haute voix, comment je m'ai senti enivré en lisant ces belles pages qui me racontaient—comme le fait le meilleur poême—les impressions que je me dois vanter d'avoir produits sur une organisation si superieure que la vôtre? Soyez mille fois remercié de ce bienfait que vous m'avez procuré, et croyez moi bien fier de pouvoir vous nommer ami. A bientôt n'est-ce-pas? Tout à vous, Richard Wagner."

[Wagner was then forty-eight years old and Baudelaire was forty. The letter is touching, although it is in such wretchedly bad French.]

In the same book there are a few sketches by Baudelaire in which in a most passionate manner he defends Heinrich Heine against French criticism (Jules Janin). During the latter part of his life, when he was half mad and slowly declining, Wagner's music used to be played to him as a form of medicine: and even when Wagner's name was mentioned to him, "he smiled with joy".[1]

(If I am not mistaken, Wagner only wrote one other letter expressive of such gratitude and enthusiasm, and that was after the receipt of *The Birth of Tragedy*.)

(Extract from one of Baudelaire's letters: "I dare not write any more about Wagner: people have made too much fun of me. This music has been one of the greatest joys of my life: for full fifteen years I have not experienced such feelings of elation, or rather ecstasy[2]").

How are you now, dear friend? I have vowed to take nothing seriously for a while. Even you are not to believe that I have once again written "*literature*": this essay was *for myself*. Every winter now I intend to write just such an essay *for myself*,—the thought of getting it published is practically out of the question. . . . The Fritzsch has been settled by wire. Spitteler has written. It is not a bad letter.

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[1] *"Il a souri d'allégresse."*
[2] *Enlèvement.*

and in it he apologises for his "impudence" (his own word).[1]

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Nice, March 21, 1888.
Pension de Genève, Rue Rossini.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . With regard to all the things you wrote to me on the last occasion *in puncto Wagner,* I was absolutely delighted. You are the only man to-day who is able not only to feel such *finesses* of taste but also to substantiate them. Whereas I, on the other hand, am condemned to groping and feeling my way in my usual absurd manner. I no longer know anything, hear anything, or read anything; and in spite of it all there is really nothing about which I am more *concerned* than the fate of music.

I must not forget, however, that I have, as a matter of fact, heard three things by Offenbach (*La Pericholle, La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, La*

[1]Spitteler had published a review of Nietzsche's works in the "*Bund*" of Berne for the end of January, 1888. It was on the whole well meant, thought in regard to many points it revealed misunderstandings. Nietzsche was pleased with the review as such, although he did not conceal from the editor of the *Bund* the objections he had to it. When Spitteler heard of this, he laid the points in question before Nietzsche himself. Originally Spitteler's essay dealt only with Nietzsche's earlier writings; when, however, Spitteler became acquainted with the other works he asked the editor of the *Bund* to return his review which he then extended. This occurred a third time before the essay was finally published in January, 1888. ("Beyond Good and Evil" was never known to Spitteler, that is why it is not mentioned in his review.) This kind of imperfect acquaintance with and rapid discussion of an author's works seemed to Spitteler, particularly in regard to Nietzsche, even then a performance for which he felt he must apologize.

Fille du Tambour Major)—and was delighted. Four or five times in each work he attains to a height of the most wanton buffoonery, but always absolutely logically in the form of classical taste—and all the while he remains ever wonderfully Parisian! . . . In addition, this favoured son of the gods has had the luck to get the cleverest of Frenchmen to write his librettos: Halévy (who only a little while ago was made a member of the Academy as a reward for that stroke of genius *La Belle Hélène*), Meilhac, and others. Offenbach's texts have something bewitching about them, and constitute perhaps the only instance of opera having operated *in favour of poetry*. . . .

I must tell you of another remark of Seydlitz's, who, a few days ago, wrote to me from Egypt and will, on his return journey, possibly pay me a visit, together with his wife, his mother, his dogs, and his attendants. Complaining of the Khamsin which is blowing there, he says: "It is like a brown symphony transposed into meteorological terms—it is ruthless, sandy, dry, incomprehensible, nerve-racking—in fact a sort of sirocco ten times over."

I have succeeded in doing something that will make you laugh: quite unsolicited, but with full knowledge that no one else would do anything for him,[1] I have procured a publisher for a thick volume of *Æsthetica* by Spitteler. The firm is that of Veit and Co. (Hermann Credner of Leipzig, an "amateur" of my literature).

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[1]Carl Spitteler has since then become a European celebrity. He received the Nobel prize for 1921.—Translator.

I receive letters from Copenhagen frequently. They are always very intelligent, but constantly full of the signs of a life of *suffering*. Brandes is so thick in the *fight*, and so lonely, that he seems to be in need of someone to whom he can open his heart. . . .

I have just been sent an intelligent and not unsympathetic notice of my "Genealogy of Morals," that has appeared in the *National Gazette*. It came from the reviewer himself, P. Michaelis, assistant preacher at the Cathedral of Bremen. "Nietzsche is rude, but . . ."

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

TO SEYDLITZ.

(Until June 5) Torino (*Italia*) *ferma in posta.*
May 13, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

It seems to me improbable that you should have finally resigned yourself to be a mummy. Spring is come and once again you will be open to the charms of "the German Gemüt"[1]—and perhaps even to those of friendship. Your letter came as a comforting draught in the mid-winter of my discontent at Nice, of which, I regret to say, I gave you a not very estimable sample. With my departure from Nice, this time, my black spirits have left me—and, miracle upon miracle, up to the present I have had a most cheerful spring, the first for ten or fifteen years, perhaps longer! The fact is, I have discovered Turin. . . . Turin is an

[1] A sort of sentimental yearning.—Translator.

unknown city, is it not? The "cultured" German goes past it. I, in my deliberate callousness to all the demands of culture, have decided to make Turin my third place of residence, with Sils-Maria as the first and Nice as the second. Four months at each place: two months of spring and two of autumn in Turin. Strange! My reason for this decision is the air, the dry air, which is the same at all three places, and for the same meteorological reasons. Snow-capped mountains to the North and West! Reckoning on this principle I came here, and am delighted. Even on very warm days—and we have had many—that famous Zephyr blows of which I had heard hitherto only from the poets (without believing them—race of liars!). The nights are cool. One can see the snow from the very centre of the town. Besides which there are excellent theatres, Italian and French. Carmen was played, of course, in honour of my presence (*successo piramidale*—excuse the allusion to Egypt!). An earnest, almost high-minded world of quiet streets lined with 18th century palaces—very aristocratic! (I live opposite the *Palazzo Carignano*, an old palace belonging to the Ministry of Justice.) The height of open-air cafés, of ice-cream, of *cioccolato Torinese*![1] There are polyglot bookshops, a university, a good library, and the city is the headquarters of the General Staff. It is intersected by beautiful avenues, and on the banks of the Po there are incomparably beautiful landscapes. It is by far the most pleasant, the cleanest, and the roomiest city in Italy, with the

[1] The famous chocolate of Turin.—Translator.

luxury of the *portici*[1] extending over a length of 10,020 metres. North winds, so it seems, bring me cheerfulness, and just fancy, north winds reach me even from Denmark. Incidentally, this is the latest news—Dr. George Brandes is now delivering an important course of lectures at the University of Copenhagen, on the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche! According to the papers these lectures are having the most brilliant success. The hall is full to overflowing each time; more than three hundred people present.

I wonder how long it will take before my peripheral influences (—for I have adherents in North America and even in Italy) will react upon the beloved Fatherland?—where with crafty seriousness I have been allowed to go my way without so much as a protest being raised against me. . . . That is very philosophical —*and* shrewd!

By-the-bye, let me ask you a question. Has my publisher sent you my last essay, the *Polemic,* in proper style, "for your esteemed perusal"?

Yesterday I thought out a picture, which, to borrow a phrase from Diderot, was of *a moralité larmoyante.* A winter landscape and in the middle an old coachman who, with a cynical expression on his face harder than the surrounding winter, is relieving nature against his horse's legs. The horse, a poor oppressed creature, turns round to look, and is grateful, *very* grateful. . . .

[1]The famous colonnades that line the principal streets in Turin.—Translator.

Good-bye, dear friend! Remember me to your dear wife (—there is good news from my sister who has now moved into the colony of *Nueva Germania*) and if possible also to your mother.

With hearty good wishes,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, Thursday [May 31, 1888].

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Dr. Brandes' lectures have come to a successful conclusion. The lecturer himself was given a great ovation; which, however, he maintains was not intended for him. He assured me that my name is now popular in all intelligent circles in Copenhagen and that it is known everywhere in Scandinavia. It would seem that my problems interested these northerners very much indeed. In one or two details they were better prepared for them than the rest of the world; for instance, they were ready for my theory of "master morality" owing to the thorough general knowledge they possess of the Icelandic sagas which provide very rich material for the theory. I am glad to hear that the Danish philologists approve and accept my derivation of *bonus*: in itself it seems rather a tall order to trace the concept "good" back to the concept "warrior". Without my hypothesis no philologist could ever have lighted upon such a notion.

. . . I owe a good deal of solid instruction to the last few weeks. I found the Law-Book of Manu translated into French—a work carried out in India

under the careful supervision of distinguished local dignitaries of the Hindu religion, and scholars. This absolutely *Aryan* product, a sacerdotal code of morality built upon the foundations of the Vedas, the idea of castes, and almost prehistoric in its antiquity—and not at all pessimistic although very sacerdotal—completes my ideas about religion in the most remarkable manner. I confess that the impression it has given me is that everything else we possess in the nature of great moral codes is simply an imitation or even a caricature of this work: above all Egypticism. Even Plato strikes me as being, in all important points, merely the well-schooled *chela* of a Brahmana. While from the standpoint of Manu's Law-Book, the Jews seem to be a Chandala race, that has learned from its masters, the principles according to which a *priesthood* can prevail and organize a people. . . . Even the Chinese appear to have brought forth their Confucius and their Laotse under the influence of this *classically antique law-book*. The organization of the Middle Ages seems like a monstrous groping after the recovery of all the ideas on which the primeval Indo-Aryan community rested—but in its case we have to reckon with the additional bias of *pessimistic* values that found their forcing dung in the general decadence of races. Here, again, the *Jews* appear to have been only "intermediaries" (middle-men)—they invent nothing.

So much, my dear friend, to show you *how glad* I am to have a talk with you. On Tuesday I leave.

Your affectionate friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Sils-Maria, June 20, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

Your "love duet" came like a flash of lightning to brighten my gloom. I was cured at one stroke; I confess that I even cried for joy. What memories this heavenly music awakens in me! And yet only now that I have read it for the sixth time in succession do I seem to understand it fully—it strikes me as being in the highest degree suitable for singing. It is full of lofty enthusiasm that would have delighted Stendhal: only yesterday I was reading the richest of his books "Rome, Naples and Florence," and it constantly reminded me of you.[1] Among other things, he relates how he asked Rossini: "Which do you prefer, the *Italiana in Algeri* or the *Tancredi?*" Rossini answered: *"Il matrimonio segreto."*[2] . . .

And this, dear friend, reminds me that I must congratulate you on having kept the title *The Lion of Venice.* It is certainly a very attractive title and makes a strong appeal to the imagination. It would be a pity if the suggestion of Venice were *left out* of it. . . . I also like the description, "an Italian comic opera"; it will obviate many a confusion and misunderstanding. Finally, you are right to abide by the name "Peter Gast": I realized this while reading it. It is curt, naïf, and if you don't mind my saying so,—

[1]Something quite unexpected has just been published: Stendhal's Diary, his *privatissime* consisting of about 16 books, which were discovered at Grenoble among a confused mass of his papers. (Note by Nietzsche.)

[2]Mozart was Stendhal's favourite musician.—Translator.

German. . . . You know that ever since last autumn I have thought your opera music very German—*old-German* of the good old sixteenth century.

Once more my very best thanks—the sudden appearance of this magnificent duet really was a cure.

. . . . . .

I was moved by the death of the Emperor Frederick: after all he did represent a tiny flame of free thought, the last hope for Germany. Now the era of *Stöcker* begins[1]—I draw conclusions and know already that my "Will to Power" will be suppressed first in Germany. . . .

With heartiest greetings and much gratitude,

Your friend,

NIETZSCHE.

TO KNORTZ.

Sils-Maria, Oberengadine,
June 21, 1888,
Switzerland.

DEAR SIR:

The arrival of two works from your pen, for which I thank you, leads me to suppose that you are now in possession of my literature. The task of giving you a picture of myself either as a thinker or as a writer and poet strikes me as being extraordinarily difficult. The first important attempt of this sort was made last winter by the distinguished Dane, Dr. George

[1] *Adolf Stöcker* was a Court ecclesiastic with a strong bias against the Jews. By "era of *Stöcker*" Nietzsche probably means era of Antisemitism and narrow-mindedness.

Brandes, whom you will know as a historian of literature. This gentleman delivered a long course of lectures at the University of Copenhagen under the title of "The German Philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche," the success of which, from all accounts, seems to have been brilliant. He managed to provoke the lively interest of an audience of 300 people in the boldness of my problems, and, as he himself says, has made my name popular throughout the north. Otherwise my audience and my admirers are more concealed. Among the French section of them I reckon Monsieur Taine. My firm conviction is that my problems, the whole position I assume as an *Immoralist,* is much too premature for the present age, which is by no means prepared for it. I have not the remotest desire to go in for propaganda and have not yet moved a finger in that direction.

I believe my *Zarathustra* is about the deepest book in the German tongue, and the most perfect from the standpoint of language. But in order to realize this, whole generations will be needed who will first of all have to overtake the inner experience upon which the foundation of such a work could grow. I would almost feel inclined to advise you to begin with my last most far-reaching and most important works ("Beyond Good and Evil" and "The Genealogy of Morals"). For my own part, the books I prefer are those belonging to my middle period—"The Dawn of Day" and "The Joyful Wisdom" (they are the most personal).

The "Thoughts Out of Season," which is the work of youth in a certain sense, is of the greatest value

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from the standpoint of my spiritual development. In *Völker, Zeiten und Menschen,* by Karl Hillebrand, you will find a few excellent essays on the first of the "Thoughts Out of Season." The essay against Strauss provoked a tremendous storm; the essay on Schopenhauer, the perusal of which I particularly recommend, shows how an energetic and instinctively yea-saying spirit knows how to derive the most beneficent impulses even from a Pessimist. For some years, which belong to the most precious of my life, I was bound to Wagner and Frau Cosima Wagner by feelings of the deepest confidence and most cordial friendship. If at the present day I belong to the opponents of the Wagnerian movement, it is obvious that no personal motives have induced me to assume this position. In Wagner's Collected Works, Vol. IX (if I remember rightly), there is a letter addressed to me which bears testimony to our relationship. I would fain believe that, thanks to their wealth of psychological experiences, their fearlessness in the face of the most dangerous things, and their lofty candour, my books are works of the highest rank. Moreover, in the art of exposition and in the matter of æsthetic quality, I would brook comparison with anybody. I am bound to the German language by long years of affection, secret intimacy and profound reverence. This is a sufficient explanation of why I can no longer read any books written in that language.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

Professor Dr. Nietzsche.

To Karl Fuchs.

Sils-Maria, Oberengadine, Switzerland.

June 30, 1888.

My Dear Friend:

How strange! How strange! As soon as I was able to transfer myself to a cooler clime (for in Turin the thermometer stood at 31° day after day) I intended to write you a nice letter of thanks. A pious intention, wasn't it? But who could have guessed that I was not only going back to a cooler clime, but into the *most ghastly* weather, weather that threatened to shatter my health! Winter and summer in senseless alternation; twenty-six avalanches in the thaw; and now we have just had eight days of rain with the sky almost always grey—this is enough to account for my profound nervous exhaustion, together with the return of my old ailments. I don't think I can ever remember having had worse weather, and this in my Sils-Maria, whither I always fly in order to escape bad weather. Is it to be wondered at that even the parson here is acquiring the habit of swearing? From time to time in conversation his speech halts, and then he always swallows a curse. A few days ago, just as he was coming out of the snow-covered church, he thrashed his dog and exclaimed: "The confounded cur spoiled the whole of my sermon!" . . .

Yours in gratitude and devotion,

Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Sils, July 23, 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have yet to discuss the curious money affair with you.[1] Yesterday evening your letter reached me, just after I had heard of this, and yesterday morning I had already sent off a letter to Professor Deussen. For he had announced the matter to me direct, in very much the same way as he had announced it to you, but in his letter to me there was an extra sentence which I repeat for your edification: "I hope you will be kind and understanding enough to allow a few of us to repair *the sins that mankind have committed against you.*" In my answer I protested against the suggestion that mankind had sinned against me; paid a tribute to the liberality and undeserved gratitude of the Bâle people; denied most emphatically that my case was a pressing one and, finally, exactly on the same lines as you yourself had thought of, I accepted the money, simply and only in view of the impossibility of finding publishers, and the necessity of having my works printed at my own expense. (During the last four years, I have spent over 4,000 marks in printing expenses.) The greater part of the money constituting this presentation is probably all Deussen's (—last autumn he made me the most pressing offers of the same kind). I do not altogether credit the story

[1]Note by E.F.N.: "Professor Deussen had just sent my brother 2,000 marks 'in the name of a few admirers who wished to remain anonymous,' to help him with the printing of his books."

of the "anonymous" Berlin admirers: the only man who could have had a share in the matter, and whose character would be in keeping with it, would be Dr. Rée (who is on good terms with Deussen). All this between ourselves. The most important thing of all is that no one should hear about it. It would be very bad for me, particularly in Bâle, if anybody got the slightest wind of the affair. For at Bâle they are really doing more than they undertook to do (my pension ought really to have come to an end in 1886!). This winter I shall not go to Nice, for, last time, the visitors in the hotel became interested in the distressing state of my finances in a way that wounded my pride. Do not write about this business to Paraguay; Lizzie would certainly not regard it as a gift of honour, but as "alms," just as I do. I very much prefer to bestow gifts upon my admirers—and this autumn I shall require about 200 marks for printing expenses. It is also possible that for my travels this winter I may be in need of a little extra cash, as I want to try something new. For many reasons, I am in need of a journey that will change my mind and divert me generally; for I have been extraordinarily depressed and melancholy of late. Otherwise, you know how economical I am. Give the money to Kürbitz, therefore; but impress upon him that I shall require some of it very soon.

Your old thing,

F.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Sils, August 2, 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

. . . The company at this hotel is not bad; and all the distinguished members of it try to be introduced to me. Among these are, a very agreeable lawyer, Dr. Schön, from Lübeck; an old President of Northern Germany; a Professor von Holten of Hamburg, here for the second time; a conductor from the Court Theatre of Dresden; and even the pretty girls pay me court quite openly. People are beginning to think of me as "somebody." This year the cook is cooking for me with special "finesse." Letters come which are in part mad with enthusiasm for my books: among these there was one that was sent off in the middle of Parsifal at Bayreuth, in the name of a whole coterie of "disciples" from Vienna. Nevertheless, I am very cool in the face of such adolescent advances. I do not write for men who are fermenting and immature.

Fräulein von Salis has come, too; she is even a little thinner and paler than she was before. This week Sils has had her three new bells swung, and to-day I congratulated their excellent founder and maker—the leading bell-founder in Switzerland. Their sound is very fine.

. . . With greetings and a hearty embrace,

Your Old Thing.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Sils, August 30, 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

It is my wish that this letter should reach you on September 2 at the latest, not to celebrate the anniversary of Sedan, but because on that day your excellent Alwine[1] will have been with you ten years. In these days, when everything is constantly on the move, this period is almost a miracle; and there are few things for which you could be more envied (unless it were for your son—). It is precisely because you are alone, with your two children at the opposite ends of the world, that you really require such a good and faithful creature with you, in order to feel at home at all. The worst of it is, that you will not so easily find a substitute if ever one should become necessary. Please tell Alwine for me how much I thank her and appreciate her services: I believe that everything good in this world has its reward.

. . . With heartiest greetings,

Your Old Thing.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, September 27, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . . The first letter about the *Case* [of Wagner] came from *Gersdorff*. He also says of the *Lion-duet* (*ex ungue leonem*[2]) "this is the sort of music I like. Where are the ears to hear it and the musicians to

[1] The servant with Nietzsche's mother.—Translator.

[2] "From the claw judge the lion," i. e., from the part judge the whole.—Translator.

play it?" Now listen to a strange thing Gersdorff has told me about which I am highly delighted: Gersdorff saw Wagner in a transport of rage against Bizet, when Minnie Hauck was in Naples and sang *Carmen.* In view of the fact that Wagner has taken sides in the matter, too, my malice in a certain important passage [of the pamphlet] will be felt all the more keenly. Moreover, Gersdorff sends me a serious warning against the female Wagnerites. The title of my new book, "The Twilight of the Idols," will also be felt in this sense—that is to say, as another malevolent thrust at Wagner. . . .

. . . Five paces away lies the largest Piazza, with the old mediæval castle. On the Piazza there stands a charming little theatre, in which in the evening one can sit in the open, eat one's gelato, and now, best of all, listen to the French *Mascotte* by Audran (which I got to know very well at Nice). This music, which is never vulgar and so full of pretty ingenious little melodies, exactly fits the sort of idyllic existence which I now need of an evening. (Its *opposite* is the *Gypsy Baron* by Strauss.[1] I very soon fled from this with loathing—it is characteristic of the two kinds of German vulgarity, the bestial and the sentimental kind, in addition to containing perfectly appalling attempts at posing as an accomplished musician. Heavens! how superior the French are to us in taste.)

With best greetings, dear friend, and heartiest wishes for Berlin and all that depends thereon,

Yours,

N.

[1] Johann Strauss—"Der Zigeuner Baron."

NIETZSCHE TO MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG.

Turin, October 4, 1888.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

I have just given my publisher the order to send you at once at your Versailles address three copies of an essay of mine that has just been printed, the title of which is "The Case of Wagner, A Musician's Problem." This work, a declaration of war, *in aestheticis,* and one which could not be more radical in conception, seems to be making a great stir. My publisher informs me that as soon as it was announced that an essay by me on this problem and written in this spirit was going to be produced, so many orders came in that the edition might be regarded as exhausted. You will see that I have *not* lost my good spirits in this duel. Truth to tell, in the midst of the appallingly severe task of my life, *the annihilation of Wagner* is a veritable recreation. I wrote this little essay here in Turin in the spring: meanwhile I have completed the first book of my "Transvaluation of All Values."

This essay against Wagner ought to be read in *French.* It would even be easier to translate it into French than into German. In many respects it is in intimate harmony with French taste: my praise of Bizet at the beginning would be listened to with great interest. It is true that the translation would require a fine, if not a subtle stylist, in order to render the tone of the essay adequately: after all, I myself am now the only subtle writer in *German.*

I should be most grateful if you could obtain the

invaluable counsel of M. Gabriel Monod[1] on this point. (—The whole of the summer I had the opportunity of getting advice from another quarter, from M. Paul Bourget, who was staying in my immediate neighborhood; but he understands nothing about *rebus musicis et musicantibus;* but for this, he would be the translator I should like to have.)

This essay, well translated into French, would be read by half the world. I am the *only* authority on this matter and moreover enough of a psychologist and a musician not to be imposed upon by anything in all matters of technique.

I read your kind letter, dearest friend, with deep emotion. You are absolutely right—so am I.[2]

With all the heartiest wishes of your old friend,

N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, Thursday, October 30, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . The weather is so perfect that to do a thing *well* is no feat. On my birthday I again started something fresh—something that promises to be a success

[1]Then Professor of History at the Sorbonne.—Translator.

[2]Nietzsche here refers to a letter written to him by Fräulein von Meysenbug on August 12, 1888, in which the following passage occurs: "When you complain that the gifts you lavish on the world evoke no response, no answer, let me assure you that more than one heart beats in affectionate sympathy with you and your lot, and that it is chiefly your own fault if your experience is such an unhappy one, for 'he who surrenders himself to solitude,' you know well enough what happens to him. It is either a mistake or a paradox to say that you 'have the luck to embitter everything weak and virtuous against' you. The *truly* virtuous are not at all weak; on the contrary,

and is already well advanced. It is called *Ecce Homo, or How one becomes what one is.* It is a daring treatise about myself and my writings: in it I wish not only to represent myself as confronted by the weird and solitary task of the *Transvaluation*—I should also like for once to discover what I actually risk under cover of the German idea of the Freedom of the Press. What I suspect is that the *first* book of the Transvaluation will be suppressed on the spot—legally and with the best of all possible rights. With this *Ecce Homo* I should like to drive the *question* to such a pitch of earnestness and curiosity that the customary and, at bottom, rational ideas as to what is *allowable*, should make an exception in this case. Moreover, I speak about myself with all possible psychological subtlety and good cheer—I should hate to come before my fellow men in the guise of a prophet, a monster, and a moral-scarecrow. In this sense, too, this book might do some good: it may perhaps prevent my being confounded with my *opposite*.

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they are the truly strong: as the original concept *virtu* actually proves. And you yourself are the living proof of the contrary; for you are truly virtuous, and I believe that your example, if men only knew it, would convince them more than your books. For what constitutes the quality of being virtuous? It means that for the sake of a great idea, an ideal, one is prepared to endure life steadfastly with all its miseries, and to rescue it from the thraldom of blind will, by means of knowledge and the freedom of self-determination. You have done and in another form accomplished what the saints of an earlier faith used to achieve. The fact that the people in Germany are now on their knees before the idol of *Might*, is of course sad enough; but the time will come when even German intellect will awake anew from its slumber. And if not? Well, then, the further development of mankind will be carried on by other stocks, as we see happening in Denmark and America."—Translator.

I am all agog about your *Kunstwart*-humanity.[1] Do you know, by-the-bye, that in the summer I wrote Herr Avenarius an extremely rude letter because of the way in which his paper dropped *Heinrich Heine*. Rude letters—in my case a sign of good cheer.

With heartiest greetings and best wishes for the past, the present and the future. (*"One* thing is more necessary than another"—*Thus Spake Zarathustra*).

N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Torino (Italia) via Carlo Alberto. 6. III.

End of October, 1888.

MY DEAR LAMA:

. . . As you see I am again in my good city of Turin, the city of which Gobineau[2] also was so fond—may be it is like us both. I, too, very much enjoy the

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[1] *"Kunstwart"* (arbiter of art) is the name of a German art journal. At the end of November, 1888, Gast's review of Nietzsche's "The Case of Wagner" appeared in this journal.—Translator.

[2] Arthur, Count Gobineau, a French writer and scientist, born at Bordeaux in 1816, and died at Turin in 1882. He entered the diplomatic service early in life, became secretary of the French Legation at Berne, and later at Hanover; then he was appointed Secretary of the French Embassy in Persia (1854-1858), then minister plenipotentiary at the same Embassy (1862-1864). He represented France at Athens, and later (1868) at Rio Janeiro, and finally at Stockholm (1872-1877). Published works: "Three Years in Asia" (1859); "Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia" (1865); "Treatise on Cuneiform Writings" (1864); "Essay on the Inequality of Human Races" (1854); "History of the Persians" (1869); "History of Ottar Jarl, Norwegian Pirate" (1879); "The Renaissance." Of these works, the "Essays on the Inequality of Human Races" and "The Renaissance" have been edited with introductions by Dr. Oscar Levy and published by Messrs. Heinemann in 1915 and 1918, respectively.—Translator.

distinguished and somewhat haughty manner of these old Turinians. There is no greater contrast than that between good-natured but thoroughly vulgar Leipzig and this city of Turin. Moreover, we have a curious similarity of taste in all important matters—I mean the Turinians and myself—not only does it extend to the style of the houses, and the arrangement of the streets, but also to the cooking. Everything here tastes good, and everything suits me admirably; so much so that my strength has increased here to an astonishing degree. It is really hard luck that I did not discover this place ten years ago. All too late I desperately bewail the fact that I did not spend that summer of most terrible memory here instead of at that most appalling of all places the Engadine! It is a good thing that I managed to steal away from there in time: now it would be scarcely possible to get to Italy from that direction, for the heavy floods in Italy, Switzerland and France still continue. Compared with the summer elsewhere it has of course been cool here in Turin; but that would be no objection against it, because a cool summer in Turin amounts, as far as I am concerned, to a very agreeable moderate temperature. As a matter of fact everybody here is well satisfied with the year: and I have not heard this said anywhere else in Europe. At the time when we were having dreadful weather in the Engadine here they were celebrating the great festivals in connection with Prince Amadeo's wedding with Laetitia, the daughter of Jerome Napoleon.

This time, as I am no longer a stranger here, things have very much improved for me, so that there is now

a real contrast between my wretched and deplorable existence in Nice and my life in Turin. Everywhere people treat me with the utmost deference. You ought to see how pleased they all look when I come, and how everybody in every rank of life does his best, exercises his tact to the utmost, and displays his most courteous and most amiable manners. But this is not only the case here; year in, year out, it is the same wherever I am. I except Germany—there alone, have I had the most hateful experiences [. . .]. When, hereafter, my history is written, people will read therein: "He was treated badly only by Germans!" Heavens, what extraordinary people these Germans are! and how tedious! Not a single intelligent word ever comes to me from that direction.

In this golden autumn—the first I have ever had my whole life long—I am writing a sort of retrospect of my life,[1] for myself alone. No one shall read it, save a certain good Lama, when she comes across the ocean to visit her brother. It is not the stuff for the German cattle whose culture is making such astonishing strides in the beloved Fatherland. I shall bury and conceal the manuscript; it may mould away, and when we have all turned to ashes it will celebrate its resurrection. Perhaps at that time the Germans will be more worthy of the great gift I think of giving them.

With my heartiest embrace,

YOUR BROTHER ANIMAL,
Who is now quite a great beast.

[1] *Ecce Homo.*—Translator.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin. Via Carlo Alberto. 6. III.

[November 13, 1888.]

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . My "Ecce Homo, How One Becomes What One Is," came into being between October 15, my birthday and my precious King's day, and November 4, and it was produced with so much of the self-glorification of antiquity and such good spirits that it seems to me too worthy an object to be joked about. The last parts, by-the-bye, are conceived in harmonics which appear to be absent from the *Meistersinger*, "the manner of the *world-ruler*" . . . The last chapter bears the disagreeable title: "Why I am a *Fatality*." The fact that this is so is proved so conclusively that in the end people are forced to halt in front of me, as before a "spectre" and a "feeling breast."[1]

The manuscript in question has already performed the crab-march to the printers. As to the form of the production, I have selected the same as that decided upon for the "Transvaluation," to which it is a fire-spitting introduction.

Herr Carl *Spitteler* has vented his delight over "The Case of Wagner" in the *Bund* of Berne. He finds extraordinarily apt expressions. In the letter he also congratulated me on having followed up my thoughts to their extremest consequences. He seems to regard my general indictment of modern music as the music of decadence, as a contribution of the

[1] From Schiller's "Taucher," Verse 21.—Translator.

highest value to the history of civilization. Incidentally he had first applied to the *Kunstwart*.

I hear from Paris that I may expect an article in the *Revue Nouvelle*. I was also approached by a fresh sympathizer from St. Petersburg: Princess Anna Dmitrivna Ténicheff. A day or two ago I also received the address of Bizet's *charming* widow, whom I am especially requested to please by sending a copy of my Wagner pamphlet.

Our wonderful little ladies of the Turin aristocracy have planned a *Concorso di bellezza* for January; they have grown quite wanton since the portraits of the Spa beauty-prize winners reached here. As early as the spring I noticed a similar contest in the matter of portraits at the last exhibition. Wherein they no doubt feel superior to the whole world outside Turin in the perfect naïveté with which they entrust their bosoms to the painter.

Our new *citoyenne,* the beautiful Lätitia Bonaparte, recently married to the Duke of Aosta, and now a resident here, will in any case be one of the company. . . .

Your friend,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, November 18, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

Your letter has led to *consequences*. I feel something in the nature of an electric shock. . . . Without a moment's delay a little note was despatched to Fritzsch of which the last line read: "In sincere

contempt—Nietzsche." In two days' time I shall write to him and say, "Let us come to terms, Herr Fritzsch. In these circumstances it is not possible for me to leave my work in your hands. How much do you want for the whole lot?" If things can be so arranged that all my works are restored to me and transferred to Naumann it would be a masterly stroke at the present juncture—two years later Herr Fritzsch might want to consider the matter very seriously. . . . *Mille grazie!* It may be that you have proved yourself to be the founder of my *fortune.* I reckon that he will ask for £450; if I am not utterly at fault he paid Schmeitzner £300. Think of it! I shall become the owner of "Zarathustra!" "Ecce Homo" alone will open people's eyes. I am almost falling off my chair with joy.

But all this is merely incidental. I am deeply concerned about a very different question—the question of light opera to which your letter refers. We have not seen each other since the time I received so much enlightenment on this question—oh, so much enlightenment! So long as you confound the idea of light opera with anything in which there is condescension or vulgarity of taste, you are—excuse the drastic expression—only a German! . . . Just enquire how Monsieur Audran defines light opera: "the Paradise of all delicate and refined things," sublime sweetstuffs included. Only a little while ago I heard a performance of *Mascotte*—three hours and not a bar of Vienneseness (= swinishness).[1] Just read any one of

[1]The German play on the words "Wienerei" and "Schweinerei" cannot be rendered in English.—Translator.

the French notices about a Parisian *Operette;* in France of the present day they are real geniuses in the art of intellectual wantonness, malicious good-nature, archaisms, exoticisms, and absolutely *ingenuous things.* For a light opera to be able to succeed amid the enormous pressure of competition it must contain ten numbers of the very first quality. There is already quite a science of *finesses* in taste and in effect. I assure you Vienna *is a pigsty.* If I could show you a real Parisian soubrette who creates—in one single part, as for instance Mlle. Judie or Milly Meyer—the scales would fall from your eyes, or rather I should say from light opera. Light opera has no scales; these are merely *German* . . . .

And here I think is a sort of *recipe.* For such bodies and souls as we possess, dear friend, a little poisoning with *Parisin* is simply salvation—we become ourselves, we cease from being case-hardened Germans. Forgive me, but I could not even write German until I had imagined Parisians as my readers. "The Case of Wagner" is Light-opera music.

Only lately I made the same remark about a really genial work by the Swede Herr August *Strindberg,* who was introduced to me by Doctor Brandes, one of his chief admirers. It is French culture based upon an incomparably stronger and healthier foundation; the effect is bewitching. It is called *Les Mariés* (Paris, 1885). Strange to say, we absolutely agree about "woman"—Dr. Brandes had already noticed this.

Moral: *not* Italy, old friend! Here where I can see the leading light opera company in Italy, I say to myself, at the sight of each movement of the pretty,

all-too-pretty little women, that they make a living caricature of every light opera. They have no *esprit* in their little legs—not to speak of their little heads. . . . . Offenbach is just as *sombre* (I mean thoroughly vulgar) in Italy as in Leipzig.

See how *wise* I am becoming now! How I transvalue even the values of my friend Gast! Why not Brussels . . . Best of all of course, Paris itself. It is the air that does it. . . . *Wagner knew that;* he only learnt how to stage himself in Paris. Begging you to take this letter tragically,

EVER YOURS, N.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, Monday, November 26, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

Perhaps you have also received a copy of the "Twilight of the Idols"? The first copies reached me here yesterday. I have fixed the price of the book at one and a half marks; you understand? "Ecce Homo," which will be put in hand now, will be the same price and have the same binding and everything. Deliver me from a difficulty and give Naumann something about the "Twilight of the Idols" for the Bookseller's trade paper. You can express yourself as strongly as you like.

—Fritzsch wants about 10,000 marks from me.

The question of the "Freedom of the Press", as I see it only too clearly now, is one which cannot be altogether raised in respect of my "Ecce Homo." I have taken a stand so very far *beyond*—not that which is to-day generally accepted and supreme, but beyond

mankind—that to apply a law-code to my work would be a farce. Besides, the book is full of jokes and malicious conceits, because I present myself with violent emphasis as the *opposite of that type of man* who has been looked up to hitherto—the book is as "unholy" as it can possibly be.

I admit that "The Twilight of the Idols" strikes me as being perfect. It is impossible to say such decisive things more plainly *or* more delicately. No man could have employed ten days more usefully; for the book certainly took no longer. Jacob Burckhardt had the *first* copy from me.

For some time past we have been having the most delightful spring-like weather, which still continues, At present I am sitting quite happily and quite lightly clad before an open window.

One last consideration. Understand, my dear friend, that to "disturb circles"[1] is really impossible in my present way of living. There is something particular about these circles—something different;[2] at times I find myself utterly upset at the impossibility of saying a single honest or unequivocal word to anyone—there is no one to whom I can say such things except Herr Peter Gast. . . . And you will cer-

[1] A reference to Archimedes' absorption in mathematical problems when Syracuse had fallen into the hands of the Romans. The story was that soldiers discovered him drawing circles, and not knowing who he was, killed him.

[2] It seemed to Gast that to move to Turin close to Nietzsche's side, with all the light opera work that he (Gast) then had on hand, was, in view of Nietzsche, as also on his own account, extremely imprudent. Writing to Nietzsche, Gast said: "You would very soon have cried out to me *noli turbare circulos meos*." Whereupon Nietzsche replied with the passage to which this note refers in order to set Gast's mind at rest.

tainly find in my "actuality", which at bottom is cheerful and full of malice, more inspiration for light opera than anywhere else. I play so many silly tricks with myself, and have such extraordinary clownish notions in private, that occasionally I grin—I know of no other word—upon the open street for half an hour at a time. A day or two ago it occurred to me to introduce Malvida as a laughing Kundry at a decisive point in "Ecce Homo." . . . For four days I have lost the power of composing my features into an expression of seriousness.

I think that in such a state a man is ripe for the task of "World Redeemer"? . . .

Come!

YOUR FRIEND, N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS SISTER.

Turin, December, 1888.

MY SISTER:

I received your letter[1] and, after having read it several times, see myself seriously compelled to wish you good-bye. At the present moment when my fate has decided itself, I feel every one of your words with tenfold sharpness; you do not seem to be even remotely conscious of the fact that you are next-of-kin to the

[1]Unfortunately I had received "The Case of Wagner" before his two letters of September 14th and 17th had reached me, and had written him a letter full of alarm and sorrow about it, which had hurt his feelings. Then he feared the effect of the *Antichrist*, for Christianity and Wagner had become our most vulnerable points. (It should not be forgotten that as a rule from ten to twelve weeks elapsed between the dispatch of a letter from Paraguay and the receipt of an answer to it.)—Frau F.N.

man and his destiny, in which the question of millenniums has been decided—speaking quite literally, I hold the Future of mankind in my hand.

I know human nature and am unspeakably far from condemning in any individual case, what, after all, is nothing more than the fatality of mankind in general; nay more—I understand how you, precisely, finding it utterly impossible to see the things among which I live, were almost forced to take refuge in their opposite. The only thing that consoles me, is the thought that in your way, you have done well, that you have some one you love and who loves you, that you have yet a great mission to fulfil, to which you have consecrated your means as well as your strength—and, finally, I will not conceal the fact that this very mission has led you so far away from me that you do not even feel the coming shocks that are perhaps about to shake me. In any case, I trust this is so, for your sake, but above all I implore you urgently never to allow yourself to be misled by any friendly —and in this case dangerous—inquisitiveness, into reading the books that I am about to publish now. They would only wound you most terribly—and wound me into the bargain by the thought of you. That is why I regret having sent you the essay on Wagner, which, in the midst of the appalling tension in which I live was a genuine relief to me, as an honest duel between a psychologist and a pious seducer whom it was difficult for anyone to recognize as such.

To set your mind at rest, let me say at least that I am feeling wonderfully well, and more resolute and patient than I have ever felt before in my whole life.

The most difficult task comes easily to me, and everything I touch succeeds. The task that lies upon me is after all my own nature—and thus only now have I some idea what the happiness was that was awaiting me all this time. I play with a burden that would crush every other mortal. For that which I have to accomplish is *terrible*, in every sense of the word. I do not only challenge individuals—I challenge the world of mankind with a terrific indictment. However the judgment may fall, for or against me, my name is in any case linked up with a fatality the magnitude of which is unutterable.

While begging you to read, not hardness, but its reverse in this letter—genuine humanity which is trying to avoid superfluous mischief—I beseech you to retain your love for me despite the *necessity* circumstances have forced upon me.

YOUR BROTHER.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, December 2, 1888.

Sunday afternoon, after 4 o'clock, and an extraordinarily fine autumn day. I have just returned from a big concert which really produced upon me the *strongest* impression I have ever experienced at a concert in my whole life. My face was constantly distorted by my efforts to overcome my feelings of extreme pleasure, including ten minutes of the distortion of tears. Oh, what a pity you were not there! At bottom it was the lesson of light opera applied to music. The ninety leading musicians of the town; an excellent conductor; the largest theatre in the

place, with glorious acoustic conditions; 2,500 people in the audience; without exception everything here that has anything to do or to say in regard to music. Truly a *publico sceltissimo*[1]—nowhere else hitherto have I had the feeling that so many *nuances* were being understood. The programme consisted only of extremely fine pieces, and I seek in vain for an example of more intelligent enthusiasm. Nowhere an acknowledgment of mediocre taste. They opened with the *Egmont* Overture—believe me, I thought only of Herr Peter Gast the whole time. Then we had Schubert's Hungarian March, magnificently interpreted and orchestrated by Liszt. Immense success, *da capo*. Then something for all the string instruments alone, at the end of the fourth bar I was in tears. A perfectly heavenly and profound inspiration—by whom? By a musician called Rossaro who died in Turin in 1870. I swear to you it was music of the very first quality, so excellent in its form and *sentiment* that it altered my whole conception of the Italians. Not a moment's sentimentality—I no longer know what "great" names are. May be the best remain unknown. Then followed the Overture to *Sakuntala*, after which the conductor had to acknowledge the uproarious applause eight times. Ye Gods! this fellow *Goldmark!* I should not have believed it of him. This overture is constructed a thousand times better than anything of Wagner's, and psychologically it is so seductive, so subtle, that I once again breathed the air of Paris.

[1] A most select public.—Translator.

Instrumentally planned out and thought out, like filigree work. Then we had another piece for string instruments alone: *A Cyprian Song* by Bilbac—again the last word in subtlety of invention and musical effect; once more tremendous success, and *da capo,* although it was a long piece. In conclusion: *Patrie!* an Overture by Bizet. How cultured we are! He was thirty-five years old when he wrote this long dramatic work, and you ought to hear how the little man grows *heroic.*

Ecco! Can one be better *fed?* And I only paid a franc to get in!

To-night they are playing *Francesca da Rimini* in the Carignano; in my last letter I sent you an account of it. The composer Cagnoni will be present.

It strikes me more and more that in its judgment of music, as in other matters, Turin is the soundest city I know.

YOUR FRIEND, N.

NIETZSCHE TO HIS MOTHER.

Torino, via Carlo Alberto. 6. III.
December 21, 1888.

MY DEAR OLD MOTHER:

. . . The weather is somewhat misty here too, but not so bad as to make me light any fires yet. After a few days of mist the sun and the clear sky always recover the upper hand. There has been a grand funeral here, that of one of our princes, a cousin of the King; a very deserving man in Italy, and also in the Navy, for he was Admiral of the Fleet.

. . . The best news I have comes from my friend Gast, whose whole experience has changed wonderfully. Not only are the leading artists in Berlin—Joachim, de Ahna, those most exacting and spoilt of German artists—most deeply interested in his works, but what will surprise you most is that he moves in the richest and most distinguished circles in Berlin. Perhaps his opera will be produced for the first time in Berlin. Count Hochberg is closely connected with the circles frequented by Gast.

On the whole, your old thing is now a hugely famous animal, not exactly in Germany, for the Germans are too stupid and too vulgar for the loftiness of my spirit, and have always put their foot in it where I am concerned—but I mean everywhere else. My admirers consist of none but the most exceptional natures, nothing but highly placed and influential people in St. Petersburg, Paris, Stockholm, Vienna, and New York. Oh if you only knew on what terms the foremost personages of the world express their loyalty to me—the most charming women, a *Madame la Princesse Tenicheff* not by any means excepted. I have genuine geniuses among my admirers—to-day there is no name that is treated with as much distinction and respect as my own. You see that is the feat—sans name, sans rank, and sans riches, I am nevertheless treated like a little prince here, by everybody, even down to my fruit-stall woman, who is never satisfied till she has picked me out the sweetest bunch from among her grapes.

Fortunately I am equal to all that my task demands of me. My health is really excellent. The

most difficult tasks for which no man has yet been strong enough, come lightly to me.

My dear old mother, at the close of the year, I send you my heartiest wishes, and ask you to wish me a year which will in every respect be in keeping with the great things that must happen in it.

YOUR OLD THING.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

Turin, December 22, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Your news is excellent and the case of Joachim is of the very first order. Without the Jews there is no immortality—they are not the "eternal race" for nothing. Dr. Fuchs, too, knows his business very well indeed. I confess that *so long* as there is a chance of Hochberg (for any minute a mad Wagnerite may step into his place), that chance should be kept in view. . . .

. . . Strange! During the last month I have learnt to understand my own writings—nay more, to value them. Joking apart, I had never known their full import, I should lie were I to say—except in the case of Zarathustra—that they had impressed me. It is the case of the mother with her child—she may perhaps love it but she is stupidly ignorant of what the child *is*. Now I am absolutely convinced that they are all successful productions from beginning to end—and that they one and all aim at the same object. Yesterday I read the "Birth of Tragedy"; it is something indescribable, deep, subtle, and happy. . . .

We had better not print the pamphlet *Nietzsche contra Wagner*. "Ecce" contains everything decisive even on this point. The part which, among other things, also refers to the *maestro Pietro Gasti* has already been inserted in "Ecce." I may also add the song of Zarathustra—it is called "Concerning the Poverty of the Richest," as a sort of interlude between two important parts.

I have received a wonderfully nice letter from Monsieur Taine in Paris (—he also gets Peter Gast to read!); he bemoans the fact that he does not understand enough German for *toutes mes audaces et finesses*—that is to say, not enough to understand them at first glance—and as a competent reader of my works he recommends no less a person than the chief editor of the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Monsieur Bourdeau, one of the leading and most influential figures in France, and a man who has made the most profound study of Germany and her literature. He ought to undertake to make me known in France and see to the question of translation. Monsieur Taine has recommended him for that purpose. Thus the great Panama Canal to France has been opened.

My best wishes to your respected relatives,

Your friend,

NIETZSCHE.

CONCLUDING REMARK BY FRAU F. N.

This New Year (1889) to which our beloved looked forward with such hopes, brought us the most profound sorrow. As the result of overwork and the

use of powerful narcotics, towards the end of the old year he had a stroke, and from then until his death cerebral paralysis incapacitated him from any further work. He lived from the beginning of the year 1890 to the beginning of 1897 under the excellent care of our dear mother in Naumburg, and from that time until the end, with me in Weimar, until, as the result of a fresh stroke on August 25, 1900, this most beloved of brothers was taken from me.

NIETZSCHE TO PETER GAST.

[Postmark, Torino, Ferrovia, 4. 1. 89.
4 a. m.]

TO MY MAESTRO PIETRO:

Sing me a new song; the world is transfigured; all the Heavens are rejoicing.

THE MAN ON THE CROSS.

NIETZSCHE TO HANS VON BÜLOW.[1]

Bâle, July 20, 1872.

DEAR SIR:

How glad I should be to be able to tell you once more with what admiration and gratitude I always think of you. You gave me access to the most noble artistic emotions of my life, and if I was unable to thank you immediately after the two performances, please ascribe this to the fact that I was in that utterly shaken condition when a man neither speaks nor thinks but can only creep into loneliness. All of us, however, took leave of you and of Munich with feelings of the deepest personal obligation, and as I was quite unable to express this to you more clearly and eloquently, it occurred to me that I might prove my desire of showing my gratitude by sending you one of my own compositions, in the somewhat sorry but necessary form of a dedication *intra parietes*. An eminently worthy desire! But what unworthy music! Laugh at me—I deserve it.

I see from the papers that you are going to perform *Tristan* again on August 8.[2] I shall probably come and see it again. My friend Gersdorff will also be back in Munich in time for it.

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[1] In view of the great fame of Burckhardt, Bülow, Brandes and Strindberg, it has been thought advisable to give the answers of these correspondents as well.—Editor.

[2] This performance was postponed to August 18th owing to the King's belated return from the hills.

A day or two ago I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Herr von Senger. Have you read R. W.'s letter (pamphlet) on classical philology? My fellow philologists are jolly exasperated about it. A Berlin pamphlet entitled *Zukunftsphilologie* directed against my book seems to be chiefly concerned with the object of annihilating me. But I am also informed that a counter manifesto, written by Professor Rohde in Kiel, which will soon be published, is calculated to annihilate the pamphleteer in question. I, for my part, am busy with the conception of a new essay; unfortunately it is also about *Zukunftsphilologie,* and I can only wish every pamphleteer a similar occupation. In the midst of this work I should like once more to enjoy the recuperating power of Tristan; then I should return to the Greeks rejuvenated and purified. But inasmuch as it is you who dispense this magic medicine, you are my doctor, and if you should think that your patient writes atrocious music, you know the Pythagorean art-secret of curing him by means of "good" music. But in this way you rescue him for philology, while he, if left to himself without good music, would begin to howl musically from time to time like the cats on the tiles.

Assuring you, dear sir, of my friendship and devotion,

I am yours, sincerely,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

HANS VON BÜLOW TO NIETZSCHE.

Munich, July 24, 1872.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

I was so taken aback by your kind letter and the presentation accompanying it that I have rarely in my life felt so thoroughly uneasy in similar circumstances. The one question I asked myself was—shall I hold my tongue, or send a civil and trivial note in reply—or shall I open my heart quite freely? The latter course required courage almost to the extent of daring and to adopt it I had first to assume that I could rely on your firm belief in the respect I feel for you as a genial and creative champion of science—and secondly to take refuge in two privileges I possess and to which I only refer with the greatest reluctance—one of them indeed melancholy enough—the fact that I am a score of years or so your senior, and the other that I am a professional musician. In the latter capacity I am accustomed like the commercial man who "in matters of business drops friendship" to practise the precept; in *materia musicæ*[1] politeness ceases.

But to turn to the matter in hand. Your Manfred Meditation is the most extreme example of fantastic extravagance and the most unedifying and most anti-musical composition I have met for some time. Again and again I had to ask myself whether the whole thing was not a joke and whether it had not perhaps been your intention to write a parody of the so-called Music of the Future. Was it not

[1] In musical matters.—Translator.

on purpose that without exception you put every rule of harmony to scorn from the higher syntax to the most ordinary conventions of correct composition? But for the psychological interest—for despite all their confusion, your feverish musical productions display an exceptionally distinguished spirit—your Meditation, from the musical standpoint can only be compared to a crime in the moral world. I was utterly unable to find the faintest trace of any Apollonian elements in its composition, and as for those of the Dionysian order, I must confess that your piece reminded me more of the morrow of a Bacchanalian festival than of the festival itself. If you really feel a passionate call to express yourself in the language of music it is essential that you should master the first elements of that language. A reeling imagination revelling in the memory of Wagnerian chords is not a fit basis for creative work.

The most outlandish Wagnerian audacities, apart from the fact that they spring quite naturally from the dramatic texture and are justified by the words (in purely instrumental passages, as every one knows, it avoids such atrocities) are always correct from the standpoint of language—indeed they are so down to the smallest detail of notation. If the insight of a thoroughly educated musical scholar like Dr. Hanslick[1] is inadequate to this purpose, it follows that to form any proper estimate of Wagner as a musician, a man must be a musician and a half. If, my dear Professor, you really meant this aber-

[1]Eduard Hanslick, the anti-Wagnerian critic of the Viennese "*Freie Presse*."—Translator.

ration in the realm of composition seriously—which I cannot still help doubting—do at least try to confine yourself to vocal music, and let the words of the song steer you in the boat you sail on the wild waters of music.

Once again, no offence I hope—for you yourself called your music "execrable",—you are right; it is even more execrable than you imagine. True it is not generally harmful, but it is worse than that, it is harmful to yourself and you could not possibly employ any surplus leisure you may have more badly than by torturing Euterpe in the way you do.

If you declare that I have overstepped the uttermost limits of the most elementary civility I shall not attempt to deny it. Please discern in my uncompromising frankness (rudeness) the proof of my equally sincere respect. Really, after all I have said, I cannot make this lame excuse. I simply could not help giving full vent to my indignation at all such anti-musical experiments in tone. Perhaps I ought to direct a portion of this indignation against myself, for, seeing that I am responsible for *Tristan's* having been performed once more, I am indirectly to blame for having plunged so lofty and enlightened a mind as yours, my dear Professor, into such regrettable pianoforte convulsions.[1]

Perhaps, however, you will be cured by *Lohengrin* on the 30th. I am sorry to say, however, that it will not be performed under my direction but under that

[1]Frau Förster Nietzsche here makes the following note: "This is a mistake. The composition had already been finished in the spring of 1872."

of the regular Court Conductor, Wüllner. I rehearsed and studied it in the year 1867. The dates for the *Flying Dutchman* and *Tristan* are not yet settled. Some say the 3rd and 6th of August, others the 5th and 10th. I am not in a position to give you any official information on the matter, for until Sunday everybody from His Excellency to the humblest of the singers will remain in the country to enjoy the holidays.

Once again I feel the same embarrassment as I felt when I first took up my pen to write to you. Please do not be too vexed with me, dear Sir, and be so good as to think of me only as one who was genuinely edified and instructed by your magnificent book, which it is to be hoped will be followed by many like it—and who is therefore deeply and respectfully grateful to you.

H. von Bülow.

Note by Frau Förster Nietzsche: With his prodigious frankness Nietzsche made no attempt to conceal this letter from his friends. On August 2, 1872, he sent it to Rohde, for instance, with the following lines: "I have at last been given a real lesson in connection with the composition which I played to you all at Bayreuth last Whitsuntide. The honesty of Bülow's letter makes it most invaluable to me. Read it, laugh at me, and believe me when I say that it puts me in such a holy terror of myself that since I received it I have not been able to touch a piano." As, however, even among musicians themselves voices were raised accusing Bülow of a lack of profound

penetration (even Liszt thought Bülow's judgment was "very desperate") Nietzsche answered his friend with his customary gentleness and impartiality as follows:

NIETZSCHE TO HANS VON BÜLOW.

Bâle, October 29, 1872.

DEAR SIR:

I have indeed allowed myself time, have I not, thoroughly to digest the admonition in your last letter, and to thank you most heartily for it. Rest perfectly assured that I should never have dared, even for fun, to solicit your opinion of my "music" if I had had the faintest suspicion of its total unworthiness! Unfortunately up to the present no one has shaken me out of my harmless conceit and out of the fantastic notion that, however amateurish and grotesque it might be, I was able to write what was to myself at least thoroughly "natural" music. Now, when I meditate on your letter, I realize, though perhaps but vaguely, the unnatural dangers to which I have exposed myself through this *laisser aller*. Nevertheless I still cannot help believing that your judgment would have been a trifle more favourable —only just a trifle more—if I had played you that piece of bad music in my own way, badly, but with expression. Owing to lack of technical skill much of it has probably been put on paper in so bandy-legged a fashion as necessarily to offend a true musician's sense of propriety and purity.

Just think that until now, from my earliest childhood onwards, I have lived thus in the maddest of

illusions, and have found so *much* delight in my music! So you can imagine the state of my "enlightened understanding" of which you seem to have such a high opinion. The question as to whence this delight arose continues to be a problem to me. It seemed somewhat irrational, and though I could see neither to the left nor the right of it, the delight remained. And in connection with this Manfred music in particular I had such fierce, such defiantly pathetic sensations; it gave me the same joy as a piece of diabolical irony. My other "music" is—and this I hope you will believe—more human, softer and purer.

The very title itself was ironical—for I could not help considering Byron's *Manfred,* which as a boy was almost my favourite poem, as a madly formless and monotonous monstrosity. Now, however, I shall hold my peace about it and I assure you that since your letter has taught me a lesson I shall do only what is becoming in music. You have *helped me very much indeed*—this is an admission that still causes me no little pain to make.

Do you think the enclosed pamphlet by Professor Rohde would give you any pleasure?[1] The notion "Wagnerian philologist" is surely new. As you see there are *two* of them already.

Do not think ill of me, my dear sir, and do me the favour of forgetting the anguish both as a man and as a musician to which you were subjected by the com-

[1]Rohde's address to Richard Wagner, written in reply to Willamowitz Möllendorf's attack on Nietzsche's "Birth of Tragedy" and entitled "Zukunftsphilologie."

position I so thoughtlessly sent you, while, I for my part, shall certainly never forget your letter and words of good counsel. I say what children say when they have done something foolish: "I will never do it again," and remain, with the same feelings of regard and respect for you, sir, as you knew me before,

Ever your devoted,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Note by Frau Förster Nietzsche: How far it lay from Nietzsche to bear any grudge against Bülow is proved by his attitude as revealed in a letter written about the following matter: The *Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein* (the National German Musical Society) proposed to award a prize for the best essay on Wagner's *Nibelungen* poem, and they entrusted the direction of the competition to Professor Carl Riedel, the founder and leader of the Riedel Society in Leipzig, who had been a student in Nietzsche's class at Bâle. Riedel at once applied to Nietzsche, asking him to be one of the judges and to propose two more. Nietzsche replied to this request as follows: "Let us use the utmost severity and caution in the choice of the third judge! If you would be so kind as to listen to a proposal I have to make, I would suggest Herr Hans von Bülow, of whose thoroughly sound judgment and critical rigour I have the highest opinion based on the most excellent experience. It is of the utmost importance that we should have a name that sounds well and is at the same time stimulating and forbidding —and that name is Bülow. Do you not agree with

me?" The choice of Bülow was not entertained only because the competition for the Prize Essay was not a musical but a purely literary one.

HANS VON BÜLOW TO NIETZSCHE.

Baden-Baden, August 29, 1873.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

Pray accept my heartiest thanks for your continued feelings of friendship for me, the most precious proof of which has just reached me in the shape of your excellent philippic against the Philistine David,[1] which I read and re-read to the end with real *gaudium*. (At the present moment the book is in the hands of Dr. Ludwig Nohl[2], who asked me to lend it to him.)

Your characterization of the Philistine of Culture, of the Maecenas of Culture without style, is a genuinely manly deed of words, worthy of the author of the "Birth of Tragedy." Ecr . . . l'int[3] . . . would have to be the work of a modern Voltaire. The aesthetic International is far more odious to people like ourselves than that of the black or red bandits.[4]

I am anxiously waiting for the second of the "Thoughts Out of Season." I hope to greet you in person in Switzerland during the course of October and with renewed thanks and deepest respect.

I remain, Your devoted,

HANS VON BÜLOW.

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[1]David Strauss.—Translator.

[2]Privatdocent of musical history in Heidelberg.—Translator.

[3]Ecrasez l'Internationale.—Translator.

[4]Clericals or socialists.—Translator.

HANS VON BÜLOW TO NIETZSCHE.

London, November 1, 1874.
27 Duke Street, Manchester Square.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

On my return from my first concert here—from the enclosed programme you will see that the preparation for the surprise afforded me by your present was quite "in keeping"—I had the pleasure of receiving your new book[1] which Professor Hillebrand very kindly forwarded to me *viâ* Florence. Pray accept my heartiest thanks for your kind recollection of my old admiration for the author of the "Birth of Tragedy" and my assurance that I will read your essay on Schopenhauer, which seems to me "so subjective" a conception, through to the end with all the attention you deserve. I even read as far as Sec. 5 last night. If only I might see in the freshness of this new production of yours a refutation of the rumours that have lately reached me about the alarming state of health of its author. So the *"matrigna"*[2] nature—a coinage of Leopardi's—is not blind every day, but imparts endurance and firmness of purpose to those who have to fulfil the duties of higher educators. If only things could have gone with you as they did with me last summer, when after having been forced to go in for a spell of complete "relaxation" in order to recover from three months of the most wretched *marasmus,* to my great astonishment I found that with the help of a moderate course of hydrotherapy I was once more

[1] The third of the "Thoughts Out of Season."—Translator.
[2] Stepmother.—Translator.

in the active possession of all the accessories necessary for the struggle for existence.

"Public opinion = private indolence"[1]—brilliant! This is another of those household words which, like the "Philistine of Culture", is sure to enjoy a wide popularity even in the environment of that gentleman himself. Bismarck ought to quote it in Parliament!

Would you allow me to tell you of an idea I have long cherished which found its way above my own clearly unsuitable head to you, the elect, so that you should act as its intermediary?

Schopenhauer's great Latin brother Leopardi still seems to wait in vain for an introduction to the German people. His prose is more important to us than his poetry which, as you know, was translated into German in '69 by Gustav Brandes, and I believe more recently by others (Lobedanz?).[2] But a translation in the ordinary sense of the word is no good. What is needed is a rendering dictated by affinity of thought and spirit.

If only you would be the "Schlegel" in this case! Also—with profound apologies!—may I suggest that even from the purely material point of view the time spent on such a work would in no wise be lost. A

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[1]Note by Frau Foerster-Nietzsche: "This concise rendering of one of the ideas incidentally expressed in 'Schopenhauer as Educator' pleased Nietzsche so much, that in 'Human All Too Human' he adopted it in honor of Bülow."

[2]Note by Frau Foerster-Nietzsche: "Lobedanz made no translations from the Italian. Bülow must mean Hamerling, although the latter's translation did not appear after, but three years before that of Brandes. As to Paul Heyse's translations of Leopardi, only a few of them had at that time appeared in periodicals."

German translation of the *Dialoghi* and the *Pensieri* would sell like hot cakes. N. B.—Do you possess Leopardi's works? I could send you my copy from Munich (it is the best Livorno edition) at once.

I think you will agree with me when I say that I should be better employed this Sunday in continuing the reading of your book than in soiling any more clean sheets of note-paper. Moreover I want to lend it to your admirer Dannreuther[1] whom I am meeting to-morrow. Later on, too, I should like to show it to Franz Heuffer,[2] who is now busily engaged in preparing an English translation of "The World as Will and Idea."

With best thanks and heartiest greetings I am ever, with deep respect, yours,

HANS VON BÜLOW.

NIETZSCHE TO HANS VON BÜLOW.

Naumburg, 2. 1. 1875.

MY DEAR SIR:

I felt much too delighted and honoured by your letter not to give your suggestion about Leopardi very mature consideration. I know his prose work—only a little of it certainly. A friend of mine in Bâle has often translated passages of it and read them to

[1]Edward Dannreuther was a well-known Wagnerian, who lived in London. In 1872 he founded the Wagner Society, the concerts of which he conducted.—Translator.

[2]Dr. Franz Heuffer was a fellow student of Nietzsche's at Leipzig. At this time he was contributing articles to German newspapers and writing notices about the musical world of London.—Translator.

me, and each time I was filled with surprise and admiration. We have got the latest Livorno edition! (Just lately, too, a French work on Leopardi has appeared, published by Didier; the name of the author has escaped me—is it Boulé?[1]) The poems I know through a translation of Hamerling's. But for my part I do not understand enough Italian, and although a philologist by trade, I am alas! by no means a linguist (the German language is a hard enough nut for me to crack).

But the worst of it is, I have no time. I have resolved to employ the next five years in working out the remaining ten "Thoughts Out of Season," and thus purge my soul as much as possible of all its wilderness of polemical passion. As a matter of fact, however, I hardly see how I am going to find time for it all, for not only am I a University lecturer, but I also have a Greek class in the Teachers' Training School at Bâle. Hitherto my literary productions (I should not like to call them either "books" or "pamphlets") have all been tricked out of either short vacations or times of illness, and I even had to dictate the Straussiad because at that time I could neither read nor write. As my bodily condition is now very good and no illness appears imminent and as, moreover, my daily cold bath seems to guarantee my never being ill again, my literary future seems to be well-nigh hopeless—unless my yearning and striving after a country house ever comes to anything.

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[1]Boché-Leclerq. "Giocomo Leopardi, His Life and Works." (Pris, 1874.)—Translator.

Of course, my dear sir, you will never allow yourself to be concerned with such a modest possibility, and that is why I must beg you not to think of me in regard to your plan. The fact, however, that you should have thought of me in that connection denotes a degree of sympathy over which I cannot sufficiently rejoice, although I realize perfectly well that for such a position of mediator between Italy and Germany there are many more worthy and suitable men than myself.

Ever in deep respect,
Your devoted,
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO HANS VON BÜLOW.

[Santa Margherita near Genoa, December, 1882]

MY DEAR SIR:

Thanks to a fortunate accident I have just discovered that—despite the loneliness that alienates me from everyone and to which I have been forced ever since 1876—you have not grown strange to me; this thought gives me a pleasure hard to describe. It comes to me like a gift and also like something on which I have waited and in which I have believed. Whenever your name has occurred to me it has always made me feel stouter-hearted and more confident, and whenever by chance I heard from you, I felt at once that it must be something good that I should understand. There are few men that I have so uniformly praised in my life as you. Pardon! What right have I to "praise" you!

Meanwhile I have for years lived a little too near

to death, and what is worse—to pain. It seems my fate to be tormented and burnt as if by a slow fire; however, I know nothing of the sagacity "that makes one lose one's wits through it all." I will make no mention of the dangerous nature of my emotions, but this I must say, the altered manner in which I think and feel and which has been expressed even in my writings during the last six years, has *sustained* me in life and almost *made* me quite healthy. What do I care when my friends assert that my present attitude of a "free spirit" is an eccentric pose, a *resolve* made, as it were, with clenched teeth and wrung by force and imposed upon my genuine inclinations? So be it, let it be a "second nature": but I will prove yet that with this second nature alone was I able to become *possessed* of my first nature.

That is what I think of myself: as a matter of fact the whole world thinks very badly of me. My visit to Germany this year—a break in the midst of my profound solitude—taught me a good deal and frightened me not a little. I found the dear German beast ready to spring at me—I am not "moral enough" for them any longer.

In short, I am once more an anchorite, and more so than ever before, and consequently I am thinking out something new. It seems to me that the state of *pregnancy* is the only one that binds us ever anew to life.

Well, then, I am what I have always been, one who respects you from his heart.

Your devoted, DR. FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

[Santa Margherita Ligure (Italia) poste restante.]

NIETZSCHE TO HANS VON BÜLOW.

[Venice, October 22, 1887]

MY DEAR SIR:

Once upon a time I sent you a piece of my music and you passed sentence of death upon it in the most justifiable manner possible *in rebus musicis et musicantibus*. And now, in spite of all that, I dare to send you something else—a Hymn to Life, to which I attach all the more the hope that it will be *allowed to live*. One day either in the near or the remote future, it will be sung to my memory, to the memory of a philosopher who had no contemporaries, and who did not even wish to have them. Does he *deserve* it? . . .

Be this as it may, it is quite possible that I may have learnt something during the last ten years, even as a musician.

Always as of old, your devoted friend,

DR. F. NIETZSCHE.

MARIE VON BÜLOW (NÉE SCHANZER) TO NIETZSCHE.

Hamburg, October 26, 1887.
Alsterglacis. 10.

DEAR SIR:

During the course of this week my husband has been so overwhelmed with work that he has not been able to answer your kind letter himself, much less read the music you were good enough to send him. As I number myself among your admirers, dear sir—"at least, in so far as my limited intelligence permits"—I take the liberty of writing you these few lines

on Bülow's behalf and conveying to you his regret at being unable to give any more satisfactory reply.

With the expression of our deepest respect,

I am, your devoted friend,

MARIE VON BÜLOW.

BURCKHARDT TO NIETZSCHE.

Bâle, February 25, 1874.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

While thanking you most sincerely for the "Thoughts Out of Season," you so kindly sent me, I can for the present say only a few words about the work as the result of a rapid survey. As a matter of fact I have no right even to this, for the work is one which exacts very mature and careful consideration, but the subject lies so near one's heart that one is tempted to say something at once.

In the first place my poor brain has never been able to reflect nearly deeply enough upon the ultimate principles, aims, and desiderata of the science of history, as you have been able to do. As a teacher and a university lecturer I am entitled to say that I have never taught history for the sake of what is pathetically called Universal History, but essentially merely as a preliminary subject. I had to make my pupils familiar with that framework with which they could not dispense in the pursuit of all their other studies, if everything was not to hang meaninglessly in mid-air. I have done the best I could to guide them to an independent assimilation of the past—in whatever form—and to prevent this form of study

being distasteful to them. My desire was to enable them to pluck the fruit with their own hands. Nor did I ever dream of rearing a breed of scholars or disciples in the narrow sense; I merely aimed at inspiring each of my students with one desire and conviction—namely, that it was feasible and justifiable for him to make his own that portion of the past which was particularly suited to his own individuality, and that there was a chance of his deriving some enjoyment from the process.

I am well aware that such aspirations may be condemned as leading to amateurishness, and I console myself with the thought. At my advanced age one has to be grateful to Heaven if one has found, even for the particular institution one belongs to *in concreto,* an approximative guiding principle in regard to teaching.

I do not mean this as a vindication, nor do you, my dear colleague, expect anything of the sort from me. I mean it simply as a sort of rapid reflection upon that for which one has hitherto striven and concentrated all one's will. Your kind quotation of me on p. 29 has somewhat disturbed me.[1] It occurred to me when I read it that the metaphor was after all not quite my own, and that Schnase may once have expressed himself in that way. Well, I only hope that no one will take me to task about it.

This time you will stir a large number of readers inasmuch as you have brought sharply into focus a truly tragic incongruity—the antagonism between

[1]See page 25 of the English Edition of "The Use and Abuse of History." (Vol. V of the Complete Authorized Edition.)

historical knowledge and ability, personality, and also that between the enormous accumulation of the collecting science in general and the material impulses of the age. With reiterated thanks,

I remain,
Your devoted,
J. BURCKHARDT.

BURCKHARDT TO NIETZSCHE.

Bâle, April 5, 1879.

Your letter reached me at a moment when I was just on the point of making a two-days' excursion in search of pleasant recreation, while you, dear friend, are obliged to suffer so! If only the climate of Geneva would bring you some relief! If a *bise noire*[1] should come, don't forget to take refuge in the eastern corner of the lake.

I duly received the supplement to "Human-all-too-Human" from Messrs. Schmeitzner, and have read it and relished it with ever increasing astonishment at the abundance of your intellectual powers. As everybody knows I have never penetrated into the temple of real thought, but all my life I have enjoyed myself in the court and halls of the peribolos where the figurative in the extremest sense of the word, reigns supreme. Now your book contains the most varied and richest supply of food for just such a careless pilgrim as myself. And even where I cannot quite follow you I watch with mingled fear and felicity the certainty of step with which you wander about the

[1]The ill-famed north wind of Geneva.—Translator.

most vertiginous precipices, and endeavour to form some sort of image of all you must be able to see in the depths and away across the plains.

I wonder what Larochefoucauld, Labruyère, and Vauvenargues[1] would think if they happened to read your book in Hades? And what would old Montaigne say? In any case I know of a number of aphorisms that would make Larochefoucauld, for instance, envy you most profoundly.

With hearty thanks and best wishes for your health,

Yours,

J. Burckhardt.

Burckhardt to Nietzsche.

Bâle, July 20, 1881.

Dear Friend:[2]

I am still turning over the leaves of your extraordinarily rich book with great relish. As you suspected, it is quite true there is a good deal of it that goes against my grain, but then my grain is not necessarily the only true grain. What I am principally and especially grateful to you for (as I have already been in the case of your earlier works, particularly "Human-all-too-Human," etc.), is the daring point of view from which you envisage the life of antiquity. I myself had the germs of a few of your ideas, but you see everything so clearly, and your glance carries so

[1] B. was like N., an admirer of these French Moralists.

[2] A letter of thanks on the receipt of Nietzsche's "Dawn of Day."

much further and takes in so much more. You will meet with many sympathisers in connection with that capital aphorism entitled: "The So-called Classical Education."[1]

As to the other parts of the book, it is with some giddiness that I, as an old man, watch the way in which you, without any signs of vertigo, wander about the highest precipices. In all probability a community will gradually form and increase in the valley, whose members will at least be attracted by the sight of so daring a climber of precipitous heights.

With my best and kindest wishes for your health,

I am your devoted friend,

J. BURCKHARDT.

NIETZSCHE TO BURCKHARDT.

Naumburg on the Saale, August, 1882.

Well, my very dear friend[2]—or what shall I call you—pray accept with good-will what I am sending you with good-will prepense. For, if you should not do this, my book, "The Joyful Wisdom" will provide you only with food for mockery (it is a little too personal, and everything personal is, as a matter of fact, comical).

After all I have at last reached a point at which I am able to live as I think, and I may perhaps also have learned to express what I really think. On that

[1] Aphorism 195 in the above book.

[2] Letter accompanying "The Joyful Wisdom." (Vol. X of the Complete Authorized English Translation of Nietzsche's Works.)

point I shall listen to your verdict as that of a final judge. I should be particularly glad if you could read *Sanctus Januarius* (Book IV) consecutively so as to be able to tell me whether it conveys the impression of being a whole.

And what about my verses?

With cordial devotion,

Yours,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BURCKHARDT TO NIETZSCHE.

Bâle, September 13, 1882.

DEAREST FRIEND:

Your "Joyful Wisdom" reached me three days ago and you can imagine the renewed astonishment it produced in me. To begin with I marvelled at the unwonted cheerful lute-like Goethean ring of your verses, a thing which I never expected from you—and then the whole book and *Sanctus Januarius* at the end! Am I mistaken, or is this last section not a special monument you raised to one of the last winters you spent in the south? It certainly appears a complete whole. The question that always puzzles me is what would happen if you ever taught history. At bottom, of course, you are always teaching history, and in this book you have suggested many a surprising historical standpoint, but I should like to suggest that quite *ex professo* you should shed your kind of light upon universal history and in the focus

which is within your illuminating power. How prettily and how contrary to the present *consensus populorum*[1] would a whole host of questions be turned topsy-turvy! How glad I am that I have long since been in the habit of leaving the generally accepted desiderata ever more and more in the rear, and have contented myself with recording events without too many flattering comments or too many lamentations. However, a good deal of what you write (and the most excellent part, I fear) is far above my head; but wherever I am able to follow you I have a refreshing feeling of admiration for your enormous and so to speak concentrated wealth of thought, and realize how well off we should be in our science if we could see things with your eyes. Unfortunately, at my age one ought to be content if one is able to collect new material without forgetting the old, and if as an aged coachman one can go on driving along the accustomed highway without mishap until the day comes when the order is given to unharness one's team.

It will take some time before I can proceed from my hurried perusal of your book to a more careful reading of it; but this has been so with all your books. I shall not be put out by the potentiality to tyranny which you reveal on p. 234, paragraph 325.[2]

With hearty good wishes,

I am ever your devoted,

J. BURCKHARDT.

[1] "Unanimity of Nations."—Translator.

[2] Page 250 in the English Edition.

NIETZSCHE TO BURCKHARDT.

Rome, Via Polveriera 4. (Maire 2.)
June, 1883.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR[1]:

I now want for nothing save a good chat with you! After having cleared up the question of the "meaning of my life" how glad should I not be to listen to what you have to say on the "meaning of all life" (for the present I am more of an "ear" than anything else); but this time the summer has not directed me to Bâle but to Rome! As to the little book I send herewith I can only say this: at one time or another every one of us unbosoms himself, and the kindness he thereby shows himself is so great that he can scarcely understand how deeply he has hurt everyone else in the process.

I have an inkling that this time I shall hurt you more than I have ever done hitherto, but I also know that you, who have always been so good to me, will be even more so henceforward!

You know, don't you, how much I love and honour you!

Yours
NIETZSCHE.

BURCKHARDT TO NIETZSCHE.

Bâle, September 10, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

On my return last Friday I found your kind letter and your "Thus spake Zarathustra." This time your

[1]This letter accompanied the first part of "Thus Spake Zarathustra."—Translator.

work does not consist of a series of settled individual reflections as has been the case hitherto, but of a resounding and mighty discourse upon the whole of life from one pair of lips. It seems to me that in German countries it must enter those homes where, higgledy-piggledy, it will provoke both anger and enthusiasm. In any case it will be sure to provoke anger; for, this time, dear friend, you have made things particularly difficult for poor mortal men. But even those who feel angry with the book canot help being attracted by it. As for myself, I find a peculiar pleasure in listening to someone calling to me from a watch-tower high up above my head and telling me of the horizons and depths he can descry. It is then that I realize how superficial I have been all my life, and, to judge by my sort of relative activity, that I am likely to remain so. For at my age a man is no longer capable of changing—the most he can do is to grow older and weaker.

Hoping that the sky at Rome may prove beneficial to your health,

I remain,
Ever your devoted friend,
J. BURCKHARDT.

NIETZSCHE TO BURCKHARDT.

Sils-Maria, Oberengadin, September 22, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR PROFESSOR:[1]

I am truly pained at not having seen you or spoken to you for so long! With whom would I fain speak,

[1]This letter accompanied "Beyond Good and Evil."—Translator.

forsooth, if I may no longer speak to you! The *"silentium"* about me increases daily.

Meanwhile I trust C. G. Naumann has done his duty and sent you my last book. Please read it (although it says the same things as my "Zarathustra," but differently, very differently). I can think of no one who has a greater number of first principles in common with me than you have. It seems to me that you have faced the same problems as I have—that you are working upon the same problems in a similar way, perhaps even in a more powerful and more profound way than I, because you are more silent. But then it should be remembered that I am the younger man. . . . The terrible conditions that determine every advance in culture, the extremely ticklish relation between what is called the "improvement" of mankind (or rather "humanization") and the *"enhancement"* of the type man; above all the conflict of every moral concept with every scientific notion of *life*—but enough, enough! Here is a problem which fortunately, it seems to me, we may have in common with very few of our contemporaries or predecessors. To give expression to it is perhaps the greatest feat of daring on earth, and that not so much on the part of him who dares it, as of those whom he addresses. My consolation is that, in the first place, the ears for apprehending my prodigious novelties are lacking—your ears excepted, my dear and honoured friend. But to you, on the other hand, they will not be "novelties"!

Your devoted friend,

DR. FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Address *Genova, ferma in posta.*

BURCKHARDT TO NIETZSCHE.

Bâle, September 26, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR SIR:

First of all, let me thank you most heartily for sending me your latest work, which reached me safely; and let me congratulate you on the unimpaired vigour with which it is permeated.

Unfortunately, as your letter which has since reached me clearly shows, you overrate my capacities far too much. I have never been able to follow up problems such as those you tackle, nor have I ever succeeded even in understanding their very premises. I have never in my life had a philosophical brain, and even the past history of philosophy is as good as a closed book to me. I could not even claim as much understanding as the scholars who have brought upon themselves your strictures on page 135.[1]

Whenever in the contemplation of history I have encountered more general intellectual facts, I have never done more than was absolutely necessary in the circumstances, but have referred to more accredited authorities. The elements in your work that I understand best are your historical judgments, and above all your glances into the age; your remarks on the will of nations, and its temporary paralysis; on the antithesis between the insurance of well-being on a grand scale and the desirability of education by means of danger; on industry and "hard work" as destructive of the religious instinct; on the herd-individual of to-day and his pretensions; on democracy as the

[1] Aphorism 204 in the English Edition.—Translator.

lineal heir of Christianity; and especially on the future strong men of the world! Here you describe and lay bare the probable conditions of their rise and their existence in a manner that cannot fail to arouse the deepest interest. Compared with this how confused and embarrassed appear the thoughts by which at times men such as myself are troubled with regard to the general destiny of present-day Europeans. The book is far above my old head, and I feel quite foolish when I become conscious of the astonishing range of your vision over the whole domain of modern thought and your power and art of subtle differentiation in defining individual phenomena.

How gladly would I have gathered some news of your health from your kind letter. As for me, owing to my advanced years, I have resigned my Professorship of History, and for the time being shall only continue my lectures on the history of art.

With kindest regards,

Your devoted friend,

J. BURCKHARDT.

NIETZSCHE TO BURCKHARDT.

Nice (France) *Pension de Genève*

November 14, 1887.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

This autumn I once again crave permission to present you with an example of my work, a moralo-historical study entitled "The Genealogy of Morals." And once more, as on every occasion hitherto, I send you my latest work not without misgivings. For, I know

only too well, that *all* the dishes served up by me contain so many hard and indigestible elements that to invite guests to share them, especially when the guests are as distinguished as yourself, is more an *abuse* of friendliness and hospitality than anything else. With such feats of nut-cracking one ought to remain discreetly alone, and imperil only one's own teeth. For in this latest of my works I deal with psychological problems of the very *hardest* description, so much so, indeed, that almost more courage is required to put them than to venture on any sort of answer to them. Will you grant me your attention once more? . . . In any case I owe you these treatises, because they are most intimately connected with the last work I sent you ("Beyond Good and Evil"). Perhaps one or two of the leading principles of that difficult book are stated more *plainly* in this one—at least that was my *intention.* For the whole world has been unanimous in declaring that they could not discover the slightest meaning in "Beyond Good and Evil" and that it must be a book of "superior rubbish"; two readers only excepted: yourself, my dear Professor, and Monsieur Taine, one of your most grateful admirers in France. Forgive me if I console myself with the thought that hitherto I have had only *two* readers, but *such readers!* The exceedingly spiritual and painfully complex life I have led hitherto (and thanks to which my constitution, *which is at bottom a strong one,* has been shattered) has gradually led me into a state of lonely isolation for which there is now no cure. My favourite consolation is always to bear in mind those few men

who have endured similar conditions without falling to pieces, and have known how to preserve a kind and lofty soul in their breasts in spite of all. No one can be more *grateful* to you than I am, my dear distinguished friend.

Ever your devoted and unchanging friend,

NIETZSCHE.

P. S.—Last, but not least, my best wishes for your health! This winter promises to be severe. Oh, if only you were here!

NIETZSCHE TO BURCKHARDT.

Sils-Maria, Autumn, 1888.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR[1]:

Herewith I take the liberty of sending you a small aesthetic treatise which, however much it may have been intended as a respite amid the serious preoccupations of my life task, is nevertheless in its way a serious work. You must not let yourself be led astray for one instant by its tone of levity and irony. Perhaps I have a right to speak *clearly* for once about this "Case of Wagner"—maybe it is even my duty to do so. The movement is now at the zenith of its glory. Three-quarters of the musicians of Europe are now wholly or partly convinced, from St. Petersburg to Paris, Bologna and Montevideo, the theatres are living on this art, and only yesterday, even the young German Kaiser characterized the whole of the Wagner movement as a national affair of the *first magnitude,*

[1] This letter accompanied "The Case of Wagner."

and placed himself at the head of it. These are sufficient reasons for *allowing me* to enter the lists. I admit that in view of the international European character of the problem, the essay should not have been written in German but in French. Up to a certain point it is written in French, and at all events it might prove an easier task to translate it into French than into German. . . .

It is no secret to me that not long ago, on a certain day, a whole city, with reverential gratitude, piously showed its recognition of its first teacher and benefactor. With all due modesty I ventured to add my own personal feelings to those of that city. With deep love and respect,

Yours,
DR. FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

(My address till the middle of November will be Torino, *poste restante.* One word from you would make me happy).

Frau Förster Nietzsche adds the following interesting note to the Nietzsche-Burckhardt letters:

"Jacob Burckhardt did not reply to this last letter, in spite of the touching request it contained—and on the occasion of a flying visit to me in 1895 he told me that his reason for not doing so was that he had not understood the book which accompanied it. He had already found some difficulty in understanding 'The Genealogy of Morals,' and that is why on the receipt of this book he only thanked my brother very briefly and held out hopes of a letter to follow. From

the way in which he spoke of these things, I could not help thinking that the last few books my brother sent him only distressed him, with the exception, of course, of 'Beyond Good and Evil', of which he wrote with appreciation. Although at the time of his visit to me he was already a great sufferer, and it was obviously difficult for him to recall the details of the past, he nevertheless seemed to remember the contents of 'Beyond Good and Evil.' He also seemed to be very glad when I told him how much his letter on the subject had pleased my brother, but he assured me that my brother had 'done him much too much honour'—a contention with which the readers of these letters will scarcely agree."

HIPPOLYTE TAINE TO NIETZSCHE.

Meuthin St. Bernard. Hte Savoie.
October 17, 1886.

(Translated from the French)

SIR:

I found the book you were good enough to send me awaiting me on my return home from a journey. It is, as you say, full of "hidden meanings". Its lively and literary form, its impassioned style and frequent paradoxical turns will prove an eye-opener to any reader who wishes to understand your meaning. I should recommend more particularly to philosophers the first part on philosophers and philosophy[1] (Aph. 11, 13, 16, 20); though historians and critics will also certainly reap a rich harvest of new ideas (for in-

[1] In "Beyond Good and Evil."

stance Aph. 28, 58, 209). What you say on the subject of national character in your 8th essay is extremely suggestive. I shall read that part again, though you are far too flattering about me. Your letter does me high honour in placing me beside Professor Burckhardt of Bâle, a man for whom I have the greatest admiration. I believe I was the first person in France to call attention in the press to his great work on "The Culture of the Renaissance in Italy."

I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks and with kindest regards,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. TAINE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIPPOLYTE TAINE.

Sils-Maria, Oberengadin, July 4, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR:

There are so many things I have to thank you for—first and foremost for the indulgent kindness of your letter, in which your remarks about Jakob Burckhardt pleased me particularly, and also for your exceptionally powerful and simple characterization of Napoleon in the *Revue* which I came across by the merest chance last May, I was fairly well prepared for it (by a book recently published by M. Barbey d'Aurévilly, the last chapter of which—dealing with Napoleonic literature—sounded like a long drawn out cry of *desire*—for what?—undoubtedly for just such an explanation and solution as you have given us of

that tremendous problem of the Monster and the Superman). Neither must I forget to tell you how delighted I was to come across your name in the dedication of Monsieur Paul Bourget's last novel. But I do not like the book. Monsieur B. will never succeed in giving a convincing account of a physiological cavity in the breast of a fellow creature (a phenomenon of this sort is for him merely *quelque chose d'arbitraire* from which it is to be hoped his delicate taste will henceforward keep him aloof. But it would seem that Dostoiewsky's spirit allows this Parisian novelist no peace?) And now, dear sir, please be patient with me and permit me to hand you two of my books that have just appeared in a new edition. As you must know I am an anchorite and do not concern myself over much about readers or about being read. And yet ever since I was in my twenties (I am now forty-three) I have never lacked distinguished and extremely loyal individual readers (these have always been old men), among them, for instance, I reckon Richard Wagner, the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer, my honoured colleague Jakob Burckhardt, and that Swiss poet, Gottfried Keller,[1] whom I regard as the only living *German* poet. I should be most deeply gratified if I could also count the Frenchman whom I most admire among my readers.

I am very fond of these two books of mine. The first, "The Dawn of Day," I wrote in Genoa at a time when I was most seriously ill and in very great pain. I had been given up by the doctors, death was

[1] The well-known Swiss novelist.

facing me, and I was the victim of incredible privations and isolation. But at that time I did not wish things to be different, and in spite of all I was at peace with myself and completely resolute. The other work "The Joyful Wisdom," I owe to the first rays of sunlight and returning health. It was born one year later (1882) also in Genoa, during a sublimely bright and sunny fortnight in January. The problems with which these two books deal bring about isolation. May I beg you to accept these from me with good will?

With deep respect,
I am,
Dear sir,
Your devoted servant,
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

HIPPOLYTE TAINE TO NIETZSCHE.

Hôtel Beauséjour.
Geneva, July 12, 1887.

(Translated from the French.)

SIR:

I am extremely sorry to have been away from home when your two books arrived. I am still at Geneva undergoing a water-cure, so I must postpone the pleasure of reading your work till my return. You are more up to date in your knowledge of contemporary French literature than I am, for I had never even heard of the article you mention by M. Barbey d'Aurévilly. I am so glad that my articles on Napoleon[1]

[1] *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Spring, 1887.—Translator.

seemed to you to ring true. Nothing could sum up my feelings about him better than the two German words you use—Monster and Superman.[1]

Pray, sir, accept my sincerest thanks and the assurance of my deep regard,

Your devoted servant
HIPPOLYTE TAINE.

NIETZSCHE TO HIPPOLYTE TAINE.

Turin, November, 1888.
(From a Draft)

Dear Sir:[2]

The book I now venture to place in your hands is perhaps the most peculiar book that has ever been written—and in respect of that for which it *prepares* the ground it is almost a piece of fate. It would be of incalculable value to me if it could only be read in *French*. I have readers now in all corners of the globe, incidentally there are some in Russia. It is unlucky for me that I should write in German, although perhaps I write it better than any German has ever done before me. At last the French will be able to feel through this book the deep sympathy they deserve. All my instincts have declared war upon Germany (see a special section, p. 50, "Things the Germans Lack").

Could you just send me a hint or two as to whom I ought to send copies of this book? . . . A per-

[1]This expression is to be found in "The Genealogy of Morals", p. 56.—Translator.

[2]Accompanying, "The Twilight of the Idols".

fect and even masterly knowledge of German is certainly the first prerequisite for the task of translating it.

Ever yours in deep respect,

F. N.

HIPPOLYTE TAINE TO NIETZSCHE.

23 Rue Cassette. Paris.
December 14, 1888.

(Translated from the French)

SIR:

You have done me a great honour in sending me your "Twilight of the Idols." I have read your whimsical remarks (*boutades*), your humorous Carlylean résumés, and your witty and profound dissertations on the subject of modern writers. You are quite right in thinking that your extremely literary and picturesque German style requires readers who are well versed in German idiom. I am not a sufficiently good German scholar to be able to understand the full boldness and subtlety of your writing at the first reading. My knowledge of German is confined to a few philosophers and historians. As you are anxious to find a really competent reader for your work I do not think I should be far wrong in recommending Monsieur J. Bourdeau, the editor of *Le Journal des Débats* and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is an extremely cultured broad-minded man acquainted with the whole of modern literature. He has travelled in Germany and has made a careful study of her history and literature from 1815 onwards, and is a

man of taste as well as a scholar. But I cannot say whether he has the time to spare at the present moment. His address is 18 Rue Marignan, Paris.

Pray accept my heartiest thanks and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

H. TAINE.

NIETZSCHE TO STRINDBERG.

November, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

The precious lines from Monsieur Taine that I enclose embolden me to ask for your advice on a very serious matter. I should like to be read in France; nay more, it is necessary for me to be read there. Being as I am the most independent and possibly the most powerful intellect of the age, condemned to fulfill a stupendous mission, I cannot submit to the absurd limits the accursed dynastic national politics of Europe have imposed upon her peoples, and I refuse to let such limits prevent me from greeting the few whose ears are in the least attuned to the sound of my voice. And I readily confess, it is in France above all that I look for them. Nothing that happens in the intellectual life of France is strange to me. People tell me that in reality I write French although my medium is German, and especially in my "Zarathustra" I have attained something that even Germans have not attained. I venture to tell you that my paternal ancestors were Polish noblemen, that my maternal grandmother belonged to the Weimar of Goethe's time, reason enough for my being to an almost incredible degree the most lonely of Germans

to-day. No word has ever reached me—and to speak quite frankly, I have never expected it. . . . Now I have readers everywhere, in Vienna, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, New York—all of them people of exceptional intellect who do me honour—I lack them in Germany. The fact that even in Germany people are feeling how little I am in keeping with them is proved by a very serious article that appeared in the *Kunstwart,* which I take the liberty to enclose. The author is a musician of the first rank, the only one, if I am entitled to an opinion in these matters, and *consequently* unknown.

As it was my good fortune to be appointed a University Professor at Bâle at the age of twenty-four I have not found it necessary constantly to wage war or to squander my powers in merely reactionary movements. In Bâle I found that distinguished man, Jakob Burckhardt, who from the first was deeply in sympathy with me. With Richard Wagner and his wife, who in those days were living at Triebschen, near Lucerne, I enjoyed a friendly intimacy, which was of the greatest possible value to me. At bottom I am perhaps an old musician.

Later on illness severed me from these connections and brought me into a state of such profound self-consciousness as perhaps no man has ever attained before. And as there is nothing morbid or forced in my nature, I scarcely felt at all oppressed by this solitude, but regarded it rather as an invaluable distinction, as cleanliness so to speak. Nor has anyone yet complained to me of sullen looks, not even myself. It is possible that I have explored more terri-

ble and more questionable worlds of thought than anyone else, but simply because it is in my nature to love the silent backwater. I reckon cheerfulness among the proofs of my philosophy. . . Perhaps this is best proved by the two books that I am presenting to you to-day.

Yours,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

STRINDBERG TO NIETZSCHE.

DEAR SIR:

You have certainly given mankind the deepest book they possess, and not the least of your achievements is that you have had the courage and perhaps also the irrepressible impulse to spit all these magnificent words into the face of the rabble. I thank you for it. Nevertheless it strikes me that with all your intellectual candour you have somewhat flattered the criminal type. Just look at the hundreds of photographs that illustrate Lombroso's "Criminal Man," and you will agree that the criminal is an inferior animal, a degenerate, a weakling, not possessing the necessary gifts to circumvent those laws that present too powerful an obstacle to his will and his strength. Just observe the stupidly moral appearance of these honest beasts! What a disappointment for morality!

And so you wish to be translated into our Greenlandish language. Why not into French or English? You can form an estimate of our intelligence from the fact that they wanted to put me into a nursing home on account of my tragedy, and that a spirit as

subtle and rich as that of Brandes is silenced by this "majority of duffers."

I end all my letters to my friends with, "Read Nietzsche"! That is my *Carthago est delenda!*

At all events our greatness will diminish from the moment you are recognized and understood and the dear mob begins to hob-nob with you as if you were one of themselves. It were better if you maintained your noble seclusion and allowed us others, 10,000 higher mortals, to make a secret pilgrimage to your sanctuary in order to partake of your riches to our hearts' content. Let us guard the esoteric doctrine so as to keep it pure and unimpaired and not spread it broadcast without the instrumentality of devoted disciples among whom is

AUGUST STRINDBERG.

NIETZSCHE TO STRINDBERG.

DEAR SIR:

I think our parcels must have crossed.[1] I read your tragedy twice with the deepest emotion; it surprised me beyond all measure to discover a work in which my own concept of love—in its means, war; in its foundation, the mortal hatred of the sexes—is expressed in a grandiose manner.

This work is predestined to be produced in Paris at Monsieur Antoine's *Théâtre Libre.* Simply insist on Zola's seeing this through for you! At the present mo-

[1] Nietzsche's "Twilight of the Idols" and Strindberg's "Le Père."

ment he attaches great importance to being treated with consideration.

On the whole, I regret the Preface,[1] although I should be loath to do without it; it is so full of priceless naïvetés. The fact that Zola is not "enamoured of abstraction" reminds me of a German translator of one of Dostoiewski's novels, who was also not "enamoured of abstraction." He simply omitted *"des raccourcis d'analyse,"* they annoyed him. And fancy Zola's not being able to distinguish types from *"êtres de raison"!* To think that he insists upon the complete *"état civil"* for tragedy! But I almost shook with laughter when in the end he even made it a racial question! As long as there was any taste left in France at all, it was always the race instinct that rejected precisely what Zola wants: it is precisely *la*

[1]This refers to Zola's preface to Strindberg's "Père," which is as follows: Monsieur et cher confrère! J'ai de bien grandes excuses à vous faire pour mon long silence. Mais si vous saviez quelle existence est la mienne, que de travail et que de tracas! Te ne voulais pas vous renvoyer votre manuscrit sans l'avoir lu, et je viens enfin de trouver le temps nécessaire. Votre drame m'a fortement intéressé. L'idée philosophique est très hardie, les personnages en sont très audacieusement campés. Vous avez tiré de toute la paternité des effets puissants, troublants. Enfin votre Laure est vraiment la femme dans son orgueil, dans l'insouciance et dans le mystère de ses qualités et de ses défauts. Elle restera enfoncé dans ma mémoire. En somme vous avez écrit une œuvre curieuse et intéressante, où il y a, vers la fin surtout, de très belles choses. Pour être franc, des raccourcis d'analyse m'y gênent un peu. Vous savez peut-être que je ne suis pas peur l'abstraction. J'aime que les personnages aient un état civil complet, qu'on les coudoie, gu'ils trempent dans notre air. Et votre capitaine qui n'a pas même de nom, vos autres personnages qui sont presque des êtres de raison, ne me donnent pas de la vie la sensation complète que je demande. Mais il y a certainement là entre vous et moi, une question de race. Telle qu'elle est, je le repète, votre pièce est une des rares œuvres dramatiques qui m'aient profondément remué. Croyez moi votre dévoué et bien sympathique confrère.—Emile Zola.

race latine that protests against Zola. After all, he is only a modern Italian—he swears by *verisme.*

Yours sincerely,

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO STRINDBERG.

Torino, Via Carlo Alberto, 6, III.

MY DEAR SIR:

Meanwhile someone in Germany has sent me "The Father" as a proof that I too am interesting my friends in the father of "The Father." Monsieur Antoine's *Théâtre Libre* was surely founded with the idea of taking risks. Compared with what they have risked there during the last few months your work is completely innocent. Things went so far that Albert Wolf, in a leading article in the "Figaro," publicly blushed in the name of France. But Monsieur Antoine is an eminent actor who would immediately select the part of the captain for himself. On second thought I now think you had better not involve Zola in the affair, but advise you simply to send a copy of the tragedy with a letter enclosed direct to Monsieur Antoine, *Directeur du Théâtre Libre.* They like to produce foreign plays.

Outside a grand funeral procession is marching past with solemn pomp: *il principe de Gavignani,* a cousin of the King and High Admiral of the Italian Fleet . . .[1]

Oh, how splendidly you have posted me up about your Sweden! And how envious you have made me!

[1] The rest of this paragraph is illegible.—Translator.

You undervalue your good fortune. *O fortunates nimium sua si bona nesciunt*—that is to say, that you are not a German. There is no other culture than that of France; there is nothing to object to in it; it is reason itself, it is necessarily the right culture Do you want a proof of this? But you yourself are the proof.

I return the books with heartiest thanks, as I presume you have not many copies of them.

Just as your letter arrived I also received one from Paris, from Monsieur Taine, full of the highest praise for the "Twilight of the Idols," its *audaces et finesses* and with a very serious recommendation to lay the whole question of my[1] . . . in France, including the means thereto, in the hands of his friend the Editor in Chief of the *Journal des Débats* and of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* of whose profound and emancipated intellect, style, knowledge of Germany and of German culture, he could not speak too highly. As it happens, I have read nothing but the *Journal des Débats* for years. In view of this opening of my *Panama Canal* into France, I have indefinitely postponed the further publication of new *books* (three are quite ready for press). First of all, the two principal books, "Beyond Good and Evil" and "The Twilight of the Idols," ought to be translated; with these I shall be introduced into France.

With all good wishes,

Your devoted

NIETZSCHE.

[1]Apparently illegible.—Translator.

NIETZSCHE TO STRINDBERG.

Torino, via Carlo Alberto, 6, III.
December 7, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR:

Has a letter of mine got lost? Immediately after reading "The Father" for the second time, I wrote to you, so deeply stirred was I by this masterpiece of severe psychology. I also assured you of my conviction that the work is predestined to be produced in Paris now at Monsieur Antoine's *Théâtre Libre.* Simply insist on Zola's seeing this through for you.

The *hereditary* criminal is a decadent, even an idiot, that is certain! But the history of criminal families, for which the Englishman Galton (*Hereditary Genius*) has collected the greatest amount of material, always leads back to an individual who was too strong for a particular social milieu. The last great criminal case in Paris, Prado, was a man of the classical type. Prado was superior to his judges and his counsel, even in self-control, wit and high spirits; notwithstanding the fact that the weight of the accusation had so reduced him physically that some of the witnesses recognized him only from early portraits.

But, now, let me tell you a word or two between ourselves—very much between ourselves. When your letter reached me yesterday—the first letter in my life which ever did reach me—I had just completed the last revision of the MS. of *Ecce Homo.* And as there no longer remains any such thing as an accident in my life, you cannot be an accident either. Why do you write letters that arrive at such a moment!

"Ecce Homo" ought really to appear in German, French and English simultaneously. Only yesterday I sent the MS. to my printers; as soon as the first sheet is ready, it will be sent to the translators. *Who are these translators?* Frankly I was not aware that you had been responsible for the excellent French of your "The Father." I thought it was a masterly translation. In the event of your being willing to undertake the translation I could not congratulate myself sufficiently on such a miracle of ingenious chance. For, between ourselves, for the translation of "Ecce Homo" a poet of the first rank would be required. It is an expression of subtle feeling, a thousand miles removed from all ordinary "translators." After all, it is not a thick book. I should think the French edition (published perhaps by Lemerre, Paul Bourget's publisher) would just make a standard 3 fr. 50 volume. Since it is full of the most unheard of things and its language is at times in all innocence that of a world-ruler, we shall excel even "Nana"[1] in the number of editions.

On the other hand, it is anti-German to the point of annihilation. I have kept firmly on the side of French culture throughout (—I treat German philosophers, *en masse,* as unconscious counterfeiters). Nor is the book tedious—here and there I have even written in the style of "Prado". In order to guard against German brutalities (confiscation) I shall send the first copies, previous to publication, to Prince Bismarck and the young Kaiser, accompanied by a written declaration of war. Soldiers cannot answer

[1]The well-known novel by Zola.—Translator.

that sort of thing by police measures. I am a psychologist. Just think it over a bit, my dear sir. It is a matter of the utmost importance. For I am strong enough to cleave the history of mankind in two. There still remains the question of the English translation. Can you make any suggestions about that? An anti-German book in England!

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

STRINDBERG TO NIETZSCHE.

MY DEAR SIR:

I was overjoyed at receiving a word of appreciation from your master-hand regarding my misunderstood tragedy. I ought to tell you, my dear Sir, that I was compelled to give the publisher two editions gratis before I could hope to see my piece printed. Out of gratitude for this, when the piece was performed at the theatre, one old lady in the audience fell dead, another was successfully delivered of a child, and at the sight of the straight-jacket, three-quarters of the people present rose as one man and left the theatre amid maniacal yells.

And, then, you ask me to get Zola to have the piece played before Henri Becque's Parisians! Why, it would lead to universal parturition in that city of cuckolds. And now to your affairs.

Sometimes I write straight away in the French language (just glance at the enclosed article with its

Boulevard, though picturesque, style), but at times I translate my own works.

It is quite impossible to find a French translator who will not improve your style according to the rhetorical "Ecole Normale," and rob your mode of expression of all its pristine freshness. The shocking translation of "Married People" was done by a Swiss-Frenchman (from French-Switzerland) for the sum of 1,000 francs. He was paid to the last farthing and then they demanded, in Paris, 500 francs for revising his work. From this you will understand that the translation of your work will be a matter of a good deal of money, and as I am a poor devil with a wife, three kids, two servants and debts, etc., I could not grant you any diminution in the matter of fees, particularly as I should be forced to work not as a literary hack but as a poet. If you are not appalled at the thought of what it will cost you, you can rely upon me and my talent. Otherwise, I should be happy to try and find a French translator for you who would be absolutely as reliable as possible.

As regards England, I really do not feel in a position to say anything whatever; for, as far as she is concerned, we have to deal with a nation of bigots that has delivered itself up into the hands of its women, and this is tantamount to hopeless decadence. You know, my dear Sir, what morality means in England: Girls' High School libraries, Currer Bell, Miss Braddon and the rest; Don't soil your hands with that offal! In the French language you can pierce your way even into the uttermost depths of the negro-world, so you can safely let England's trousered

women go to the deuce. Please think the matter over and consider my suggestions and let me hear from you about it as soon as possible.

Awaiting your reply, I am, yours sincerely,

AUGUST STRINDBERG.

STRINDBERG TO NIETZSCHE.

December 27, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for your kind letter and the copy of that splendid book "The Genealogy of Morals." Allow me to disturb your peace once again by sending for your perusal a short poetical sketch. It contains my views on the problem of conscience pangs, and had already been written before I came across your works.

Please take no notice of such of my puerilities as the forecast of the future of women and the remarks about European peace, a subject which was an epidemic in Switzerland, where I was staying at the time I wrote "Pangs of Conscience."

I wish you a Happy New Year and beg to assure you once again of my deepest admiration.

Yours,

AUGUST STRINDBERG.

NIETZSCHE TO STRINDBERG.

Turin, December 31, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

You will hear from me shortly about your short story—it goes off like a *gunshot*. I have appointed a meeting day of monarchs in Rome. I shall order . . . to be shot.

Au revoir! For we shall surely see each other again.

On one condition only: let us divorce.

NIETZSCHE CAESAR.

STRINDBERG TO NIETZSCHE.

December 31, 1888.

(Written in Latin.)

DEAREST DOCTOR:

I will, I will be raving mad.

I could not read your letter without a severe shock, and I thank you very much indeed.

"You would lead a better life, Licinius, if you neither shaped your life constantly towards the open sea, nor, shivering tremulously in the face of the storm, held too closely to the treacherous coast." (Horace.)

Meanwhile let us rejoice in our madness.

Fare you well and remain true to your

STRINDBERG.

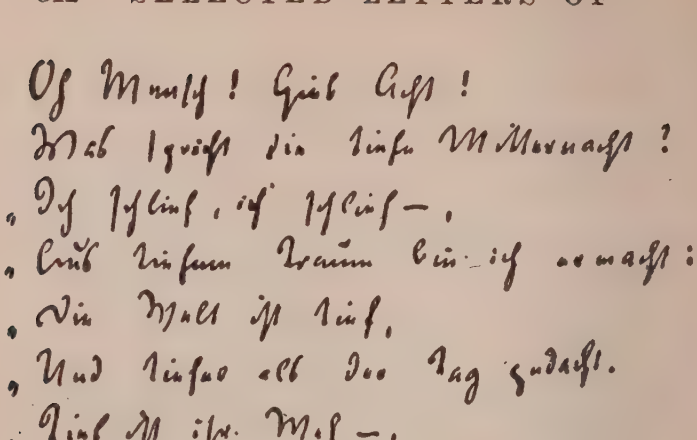
(The best, the highest God.)

NIETZSCHE TO STRINDBERG.

MR. STRINDBERG:

Alas! . . . no more! Let us divorce!

"THE CRUCIFIED."



O man! Take heed!
What saith deep midnight's voice indeed?
"I slept my sleep—,
"From deepest dream I've woke, and plead:—
"The world is deep,

"And deeper than the day could read.
"Deep is its woe—,
"Joy—deeper still than grief can be:
"Woe saith: Hence! Go!
"—Want deep, profound eternity!"

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE WITH GEORG BRANDES

Translated by BEATRICE MARSHALL

The following letters which passed between Nietzsche and Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish litterateur and famous Continental critic of Shakespeare, belong to Nietzsche's last and most anti-German phase; the time when his magnificent intellect though on the eve of eclipse was at the height of its productivity and in the zenith of its splendour.

One after the other those later writings, with their picturesque, suggestive titles, were struck off hot from the forge of his fiery brain as if he had some premonition of the coming catastrophe, and wished to work while "it is called to-day" before the darkness of eternal night overtook him. . . . In loneliness and isolation, deprived of the society of his beloved sister, estranged from those with whom he had once been knit in bonds of close and romantic friendship, Nietzsche eagerly caught at the hand of goodwill held out to him from Denmark.

The friendly relations between these two distinguished men began in the autumn of 1887. But al-

ready in 1883 Nietzsche had heard of Brandes' interest in his work, and in the summer of 1886 a mutual acquaintance had told Nietzsche at Sils-Maria that Brandes had been making eager inquiries about him, and denouncing the German friends who ignored his books. This led to Nietzsche sending Brandes a copy of "Beyond Good and Evil," afterwards followed by the "Genealogy of Morals," which Brandes acknowledged with the first of the delightful letters given here.

"I can truly say," Frau Förster-Nietzsche writes in her notes to this correspondence, "that these letters were the one bright spot in my brother's life during the winter of 1887 and 1888. I never hear the name of Georg Brandes without tears of gratitude springing to my eyes. It was just when my brother was in absolute despair of finding anyone who would take him seriously or understand what he meant for the world that Brandes, through his letters and even more through his lectures at the University of Copenhagen, showed that there was one man at least who was aware of the value and importance of this new philosophy and felt the strong necessity of bringing it to the notice of others."

Many years were yet to elapse before the University professors of Germany were to prove wise in their generation and courageous enough to lecture on Friedrich Nietzsche. But now the time has come when nothing draws such large crowds to the class-rooms as lectures on the Transvaluation of Values. All honour is due, then, to Brandes, who recognised, be-

fore it was too late to give the philosopher pleasure by his recognition, the vast and far-reaching significance of Nietzscheanism.

TRANSLATOR.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, November 26, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

A year ago your publisher sent me your interesting work, "Beyond Good and Evil," and in the same way I have recently received your newest book. Besides these I have in my possession another book of yours, "Human, All Too Human." I had just sent the two former volumes to the bookbinder when "The Genealogy of Morals" came to hand, so I have not been able to compare it with the others as I intend to do.

I hope by degrees to read everything of yours very carefully. This time I feel that I must express my sincere thanks to you for your gift. I consider it an honour to be known by you, and to be so known that you wish to win me for a reader. Your books bring me in touch with a new and original mind. I do not yet altogether understand what I have read, nor do I exactly grasp your drift. But there is a great deal at first sight with which my own views are in sympathy, such as the underrating of ascetic ideals, the deeply-rooted aversion to democratic mediocrity, and your aristocratic radicalism. Your scorn of a morality of pity is not yet quite clear to me; nor was my line of thought completely at one with yours in your gen-

eralisations on Woman as a whole in the other book. You and I are so differently constituted that I experience some difficulty in getting at the back of your thought. In spite of your universality, you are very German in your method of thinking and writing. You are one of the few people with whom I should enjoy a talk.

I know nothing of you personally. I am astonished to see that you are a Professor and Doctor, and I congratulate you on being intellectually so little of the professor. I am equally ignorant of how much you know about myself. My writings merely attempt the solution of certain modest problems. The majority of them only exist in Danish. I have not written in German for several years. My best public, I believe, is among the Slav nationalities. I lectured two years running in the French language at Warsaw, and this year in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Thus I endeavour to avoid the grooves of my native country. Though no longer young, I am still one of those men who are devoured by a passion for learning and an insatiable hunger to know everything there is to know. You will never find me, for this reason, unopen to argument, however little I may be able to think and feel with you. I am often stupid, but I am never in the least biassed.

Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you if you think it worth while to write.

Yours gratefully,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Nice, December 2, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR:

To number a few readers whose opinion I esteem and to have no other readers is exactly in accordance with my wishes. But as far as the last part is concerned, I see that it is never likely to be fulfilled. All the more fortunate am I in that *"Satis sunt pauci,"*[1] the *pauci* are not lacking, and never have been lacking.

Among those of them living (to name the ones you will know) are my distinguished friend Jakob Burckhardt; Hans von Bülow, H. Taine, and the Swiss author, Gottfried Keller; among the dead are the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer and Richard Wagner. It is a genuine pleasure to me to know that a good European and apostle of culture like yourself wishes to be of the company. I thank you from my heart for this expression of your goodwill.

Naturally it will involve you in perplexities. I do not doubt myself that my writings still in some degree are "very German." You will feel this all the more strongly, spoilt as you are by your own free and Gallically graceful art of expressing yourself (a genial art compared with mine). In my vocabulary many words have become encrusted with alien salts, and in consequence taste differently to my own palate from what they taste to my readers'. In the musical scale of my own experience and circumstances the balance

[1] The few are enough.—Translator.

has been on the side of a rare, thin, distant pitch as opposed to the normal average. And to speak as an old musician, which I actually am, I have a fine ear for crotchets. Finally, what makes my books obscure is my distrust of dialectics, even of arguments. It seems to me that what a man already believes or does not yet believe to be true, depends rather upon his courage and the degree of his courage. (I have seldom the courage to face what I really know.)

The phrase which you make use of, "aristocratic radicalism," is very good. It is the most illuminating, if I may be allowed to say so, that I have ever read with regard to myself.

I hardly dare contemplate how far this method of thinking has carried me or will yet carry me in the realm of thought. But there are roads which once started along permit of no turning back. So I continue to go forward because I must go forward.

My Leipzig publisher shall send you all my earlier books *en bloc,* that nothing be left undone on my side to simplify your entry into my subterranean vault, in other words, my philosophy. Especially would I recommend you to read all the fresh prefaces. (The books are nearly all new editions.) These prefaces read consecutively may, perhaps, throw light on me, provided that I am not darkness itself and dark to myself, *obscurissimus obscurorum virorum,*[1] which is quite possible.

I wonder if you are musical. A choral work of mine, with orchestra, is just being published, called

[1]The darkest of dark men.—Translator.

"A Hymn to Life."[1] It is designed to go down to posterity as my "musical remains," and to be sung in my memory, if enough of me is left to be remembered. You see on what posthumous prospects I am existing. A philosophy like mine resembles a tomb. One lives in it no longer. *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*[2] is written on the grave of Descartes. That is an epitaph with a vengeance.

I, too, wish that we could meet.

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

N. B.—I am staying this winter in Nice. My summer address is Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, Switzerland. I have given up my Professorial Chair. I am three parts blind.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, December 15, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

The last words of your postscript are those which left the deepest impression on me in your letter. You suffer from eye trouble. Have you consulted the best oculists? It changes the whole psychic aspect of life if a man does not see well. You owe it to all who respect and value you to do the utmost for the preservation and improvement of your sight.

[1] This interesting musical composition of Nietzsche's is to be found in the appendix to the authorized translation of his "Ecce Homo."—Translator.

[2] He has lived well, who hid himself well.—Translator.

I have postponed answering your letter because you mentioned the sending of a present of books, and I should have liked to thank you for these at the same time. But as the parcel has not yet arrived I will write a few lines to-day. I have got your books back from the bookbinder, and though I am busy preparing lectures and have all kind of literary and political work on hand, I have snatched as much time as I possibly could to plunge deeply into their contents.

December 17.

You may call me a good European if you like, but I am less willing to be dubbed an "apostle of culture." All apostolic mission-work has become to me an abomination; I am acquainted with only moralising missionaries, and I am afraid that I am not altogether orthodox in my belief as to what is understood by culture. Is there anything at all inspiring in our culture taken as a whole, and who can conceive of an apostle without inspiration? You see that I am more isolated than you think. As for being German, I simply meant that you write for yourself, and in writing think more of pleasing yourself than of pleasing the great public, while the majority of non-German writers have to force themselves into a sort of stereotyped style which may be clearer and more plastic, but tends to become shallow instead of deep. It necessitates the author's keeping his best and most intimate self for himself alone. I am often appalled at how little of my inner self is more than merely indicated in my writings.

I have no real understanding of music. Sculp-

ture and painting are the arts of which I have some idea, and to which I owe my deepest artistic impressions. My ear is undeveloped. That it is so was a great grief to me in my youth. I once played a good deal, and for several years studied theory, but without any success. I am capable of enjoying good music very thoroughly, but am one of the uninitiated.

I fancy I trace in your works certain points of agreement in our tastes, a preference to Beyle,[1] for example, and for Taine; I have not seen the latter for seventeen years. I don't know whether I am quite so charmed with his work on the Revolution as you appear to be. To him it is a lamentable upheaval, an earthquake that gives him copy for harangues and jeremiads.

I made use of the phrase "aristocratic radicalism," because it expresses so precisely my own political convictions. But it rather hurts me to find in your writings that you dismiss such phenomena as Socialism and Anarchism with summary violence. There is nothing stupid, for instance, in the anarchy of a Prince Kropotkin. The name, of course, counts for nothing.

Your intellect, so dazzling as a rule in its brilliance, seems to me to fall short when truth is to be sought in the nuances of a subject.

Your reflections on the origin of the moral idea are of the deepest interest to me. To my delighted amazement you share a certain resentment that I har-

[1] Henri Beyle, the novelist who wrote under the pseudonym of Stendhal.—Translator.

bour for Herbert Spencer. He stands, with us, for the God of Philosophy. One distinct advantage these Englishmen generally possess is that their unsoaring mind shirks hypotheses, while on the other hand hypothesis has lost German philosophy the command of the world. Is there not much that is hypothetical in your notion of caste distinctions as the source of various moral ideas?

I know Rée whom you attack; I met him in Berlin. He was a quiet man, and in his way a distinguished personality, but he had a somewhat dry and limited brain. He lived (according to his own account, purely on platonic terms) with a quite young and very intelligent Russian woman, who a year or two ago published a book, *Der Kampf um Gott,* which, however, could give no idea of her really fine gifts. I am looking forward to the arrival of the works you promise me. I shall be glad if you do not lose sight of me in the future.

Yours,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Nice, January 8, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

You should not repudiate the expression "apostle of culture." How can anyone be such a thing in these days more than by making a mission of his unbelief in culture? Does it not imply a degree of self-knowledge and self-conquest which to-day is culture itself

to have realised that our modern culture is a monstrous problem, and not by any means a solution?

I am at a loss to understand why my books haven't yet reached you. I will not fail to give them a reminder at Leipzig. These publishing gentlemen at Christmas time are apt to lose their heads. In the meantime may I be permitted to convey to you an audacious and unique document over which no publisher has yet the control, an *ineditum* that belongs to the most personal stuff which I am capable of producing. It is the fourth part of my Zarathustra. Properly speaking, its title in relation to what has preceded it and is to follow should be Zarathustra's Temptation; an Interlude. Perhaps this will be the best answer to your question concerning my problem of pity; besides, it will serve the purpose of a secret door which opens up a gangway to me, always providing that he who passes through the door has *your* eyes and ears.

Your treatise on Zola, like everything I know of yours (the last by you that I have read is an essay in the Goethe Year-Book) reminds me most pleasantly that you have a natural bent for every description of psychological optics. When you calculate the difficult sum of the *âme moderne* you are just as much in your element as a German *savant* when he attempts it is out of his. Or it may be, your opinion of present-day Germans is more favourable than mine. To me it seems that year after year, with regard to *res psychologicis,* they become ever clumsier and more angular (the exact opposite of the Parisians, who are all nuances and mosaic work), and so all profound

events escape them. Take, for example, my "Beyond Good and Evil." What bewilderment it has caused them. I have not heard of a single intelligent utterance about it, much less of an intelligent sentiment. I believe that it has not dawned on the most well-intentioned of my readers that here is the outcome of a sane philosophic sensibility, and not a medley of a hundred outworn paradoxes and heterodoxes. Not a soul has experienced the same sort of thing as I have. I never meet anyone who has been through a thousandth part of the same passionate struggle. An Immoralist, forsooth! It conveys nothing to anybody.

By the way, in one of their prefaces the phrase *Document humain* is claimed by the Goncourts. Yet for all that, Taine may still be the original coiner thereof. You are right about "harangues and jeremiads," but that kind of Don Quixotism belongs to all that is most honourable on the face of the earth.

With expressions of my highest regards,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, January 11, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

Your publisher has apparently forgotten to send me your promised books. But I have received your letter to-day, and thank you for it. I venture to send you in proof (because, unfortunately, I have no other copy at hand) one of my books, a collection of essays in-

tended for exportation abroad, so for that reason not my best wares. They date from different periods, and are all too full of chivalry, praise, and idealism. Never in any of them do I give voice wholly to my true opinions. The essay on Ibsen is the best, but the translation of the verses which was done for me is unfortunately wretched.

There is a Northern writer whose works would interest you, if they were but translated, Sören Kierkegaard. He lived from 1813 to 1855, and is in my opinion one of the profoundest psychologists to be met with anywhere. A little book which I have written about him (the translation published at Leipzig in 1879) gives no exhaustive idea of his genius, for the book is a kind of polemical tract written with the purpose of checking his influence. It is, nevertheless, from a psychological point of view the finest work I have published. The essay in the Goethe Year-Book was, worse luck, made a third shorter because the space had been reserved for me. It is better in Danish for that reason. If by any chance you read Polish, I will send you a little book which I have published only in that language. I see that the new *Rivista Contemporanea* of Florence has an article of mine on Danish literature. Pray don't read it. It is full of the most exasperating blunders, being translated from the Russian. I consented to its being translated into Russian from my French text, but I was unable to supervise the translation. So now it appears from the Russian in Italian with fresh absurdities, among other errors, always G for H in names because of the Russian pronunciation. It rejoices me to think that you can find

anything useful in me. For the last four years I have been the best hated man in the North. The newspapers rage furiously at me every day, especially since my last long feud with Björnson, in which the moral German press has without exception taken sides against me. You may know his ridiculous drama, *The Gauntlet;* his propaganda for the chastity of men, and his compact with the female advocates of equality of the sexes. Anything of the kind was, of course, unheard of here before. In Sweden these shrieking viragoes have formed leagues, and take vows that they will only marry "virginal men." It strikes me that they will get their husbands guaranteed like watches, but with the future guarantee left out. The three of your books which I know, I have read over and over again. There are a few bridges that connect my inner world with yours, such as Cæsarism, hatred of pedantry, the appreciation of Beyle, &c., but for the most part it is all foreign to me. Our experiences seem to have been as wide as the poles asunder.

You are of all modern German authors, without a doubt, the most suggestive and worth reading. As for German literature, I cannot think what is the matter with it! It seems as if all the finest brains must be absorbed by the Army Staff or have gone into politics. The whole manner of life and all your institutions promote among you the most ghastly uniformity and even authorship seems to be asphyxiated by publishing.

With sentiments of honour and regard,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Nice, February 19, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

You have put me in your debt in the most agreeable way possible with your treatise on the idea of "modernity." For during this very winter I am circling round the question which stands in the first rank as one worthy of consideration. I am trying, to the best of my ability, in as unmodern a way as can be, to take a very cursory bird's-eye, retrospective survey of things modern. I admire—let me confess it—your toleration in criticism and your reticence in judgment. How you "suffer the little ones to come unto you," even Heyse.[1]

I intend on my next journey into Germany to tackle Kierkegaard's psychological problems, and to renew my acquaintance with your older literature. That will be of use to me in the best sense of the word, and will serve to cajole my own critical harshness and arrogance into a good temper. Yesterday my publisher telegraphed to me that he had sent off the books. I will spare you and myself the explanation of why this has come to pass so late in the day. Make the best of a bad business, my dear Sir. I mean of this Nietzschean literature.

For my part I rather fancy that I have given these "New Germans" the richest, most vital, and independent books that they possess, and at the same time I claim that my personality stands for a supreme event

[1] Paul Heyse, a veteran German dramatist, writer of "Novellen," popular in the last century.—The Translator.

at the present crisis in our estimating of values. But this may be an error, and, what is more, a piece of crass stupidity. I don't want to be forced to believe in myself.

A few remarks now relating to my first-born work ("Juvenilia and Juvenalia"). The pamphlet against Strauss, a malicious "making merry" on the part of an extreme free-thinker at the expense of one who imagined himself to be a free-thinker, stirred up a tremendous scandal. At that time I was already *Professor ordinarius,* despite my tender age of twenty-seven years, and in consequence a kind of authority, something recognized, as it were.

The most ingenuous account of this controversy in which every notability took part for or against me, and over which an enormous quantity of ink was spilled, is in the second volume of Karl Hillebrand's *"Zeiten, Völker und Menschen."* The head and front of my offending was not so much that I held up to ridicule the exploded machinery of an amazing method of criticism, but that I should catch our German taste in a flagrant and compromising lack of taste. Teutonic taste had, in spite of all religious and party differences, been unanimous in admiration of Strauss's "Old and New Faith," pronouncing it a masterpiece of acuteness and freedom of thought, and even of style. My pamphlet was the first attack on German culture, that culture which it was boasted had conquered France. A phrase of mine, "Culture-philistine," survived the thrusts of violent polemical controversy, and has taken root in the language. The two essays on Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner

represent, it appears to me to-day, more self-confessions, above all, more avowals of self, than any real psychology of those masters who were both related to me as intimately as they were antagonistically. I was the first to distil, as it were, out of them both, a kind of unity. At present this superstition is very much in the foreground of German culture. All Wagnerites are disciples of Schopenhauer. It was quite the other way when I was young. In those days it was the last of the Hegelians who rallied round Wagner. And "Wagner and Hegel" was the battle-cry of the 'fifties.

Between "Thoughts Out of Season" and "Human, All Too Human," there lies a crisis and a skin-casting. Moreover, I lay physically for years at the gates of death. This was, positively, a great piece of good fortune. I forgot myself, lived myself down. And I have accomplished the same feat a second time. Thus it comes about that you and I have exchanged courtesies. I think we are a pair of wanderers in the wilderness who are glad to have met each other.

With true regards, I remain,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, March 7, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

You are revelling, I expect, in beautiful spring weather, while up here we have had abominable snowstorms, and have been cut off from Europe for sev-

eral days. What is more, I lectured to-night to some hundred more or less imbecile human beings.

Things look grey and sad around me. A little to refresh my mind, I sit down to thank you for your letter of February 19th and the precious present of books.

I sent you, as I was too busy to write, a volume on German Romanticism which I found in my cupboard. But I do not wish you to think that my sending it is meant for anything else than a silent expression of thanks. The book was written in 1873 and revised in 1886, but my German publisher took upon himself to make no end of linguistic and other alterations, so that, for instance, the opening pages are hardly mine at all. In every place where he failed to understand or agree with my opinion he substituted something else on the plea that what I had written was not German. Besides this, the man promised to buy the rights of the old translation of my book, yet from quite incomprehensible reasons he has not done it; the consequence is that in two instances my book has been suppressed by the German authorities on the ground of its being piracy (!) and of my having used bits of the old translation, whereas the actual pirate of my work is allowed to sell it scot-free!

The result will be, in all probability, that I shall eventually withdraw altogether from contributing to German literature.

I sent you the volume because I had not another to send. But the first on the Emigrants, the fourth on the English, and the fifth on the French Romanticists are far better, having been written *con amore*. The

title of the book, "Modern Minds," is an accident. I have written some twenty volumes. I wanted to arrange a selection for abroad on well-known personalities, and thus it came into being. A good deal in it cost me much study; for instance, the essay on Tegnér, which is the first true account of him. Ibsen as a personality will be sure to interest you. He is unfortunately not as a man equal to what he is as a poet. In thought he was much influenced by Kierkegaard, and has remained saturated with theology. Björnson in his last phase has become a mere vulgar lay-preacher. I have not published any book for more than three years. I have been too unhappy. These three years have been the hardest of my life, and I see no sign of things becoming more cheerful in the future. Yet I now intend to start the sixth volume of my "Main Currents," and also to publish another book. It will take much time. I have taken hearty delight in all the fresh books from you, and have dipped into them and read here and there. Your youthful productions are of great value to me; they make everything much easier to understand. I can now climb comfortably the stairs that lead up to the tower of your intellect. I began too precipitately with "Zarathustra." I would rather ascend steadily and slowly than plunge headlong as into a sea. The essay by Hillebrand I knew, and I had also read some years ago bitter attacks on your book on Strauss. I am grateful to you for the phrase, "Culture-philistine." I had no notion that it originated with you. I do not take umbrage at your scarifying criticism of Strauss, though I cherish a pious regard for the old gentle-

man. He was and always remained the pupil of the Tübingen clerical college. Of the other works I have till now only properly and carefully studied "Dawn of Day." I feel that I understand the book perfectly. Many of the thoughts have been my own; others are new to me, or cast in a new form, which, however, does not estrange me from them. That this letter may not be too long, I will only touch on one more point. I delight in the aphorism concerning the hazard of marriage. But why do you not dig much deeper? In another place you even speak with a certain respect of marriage which, through presupposing an ideal of emotional nature, has idealised sentiment. Here you are certainly bolder and stronger. But why not once for all speak the whole truth about it? I am of opinion that the institution of marriage, which might have been very useful as a muzzle for the passion of monsters, has caused more distress and misery among ordinary mankind than the Church itself. Church, monarchy, property, marriage, are the four old, time-honoured institutions which humanity must reform root and branch in order to be able to breathe freely. And alone of these marriage kills individuality, paralyses freedom, and is a paradox incarnate. The awful part of it is that humanity is as yet too barbarous to be able to do without it. Authors of the so-called emancipated and advanced type still continue to speak of marriage with a mien of hearty devotion that enrages me. And, after all, they are in the right, for it is impossible to say what can be set up in its place for the rabble. Nothing is to be done but slowly to reverse public opinion. What do you think?

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

I should very much like to know how your eyes are. I was glad to see your handwriting so strong and clear. Is your life, externally at any rate, passing pretty peacefully down there in the south? Mine is a combat that consumes. I am still more detested in these climes than I was seventeen years ago. In itself, it is not a pleasant state of things, but there is this consolation to be derived from it, that it bears testimony to my being still militant, and in no point near to making my peace with mediocrity.

I am, your attentive and grateful reader,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Nice, March 27, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

I have wanted to thank you much sooner than this for so pregnant and thoughtful a letter as your last, but I have had trouble with my health, and have been grievously hindered in all good works. I may mention in passing that my eyes are the barometer of my general condition; after fluctuations, they have entered on a period of general progress and improvement, and have become more sound and lasting than I could ever have believed possible. Indeed, they have falsified the prophecies of the very best German oculists. If Gräfe, the celebrated specialist, *et hoc genus omne,* had been right, I should have been blind long ago. It is bad enough to have come to No. 3 spectacles, but I can still see. I refer to this misery because you were kind and sympathetic enough to ask

after it, and because my eyes have been specially weak and irritable during the last few weeks. I pity you in your now more than usually dreary and wintry North; how can a man contain his soul in such a climate! I admire nearly everyone who does not lose faith in himself under overcast, gloomy skies, not to speak of faith in "humanity," "marriage," "property," and the "State." In St. Petersburg I should be a Nihilist; here, I believe as a plant does, in the sun. The sun of Nice—there is really no prejudice about that. We have been enjoying him at the rest of Europe's cost. God allows the sun, with his customary cynicism, to shine on us idlers, "philosophers," and Greeks more beautifully than on the much worthier military heroes of the Fatherland!

You are driven with the true instincts of the Northerner to choose the strongest stimulant, by aid of which life in the North is made bearable. I mean war, an aggressive, Viking warfare. I discern in your writings the practised warrior, and not only is it mediocrity that perpetually challenges you to come out and fight in the open, but perhaps, too, the peculiarities of the more independent and important representatives of the Northern mind. How much "parson," how much theology, is still concealed in all this idealism? I should mind much more than gloomy skies being obliged to get exasperated over matters that did not a jot concern me.

So much for to-day, and it is little enough. Your German *Romantik* made me reflect how the whole of this movement has only reached its goal in music (Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Wagner, Brahms);

as literature, it has remained nothing but a splendid promise. The French have been happier. I am afraid that I am too much of a musician not to be a romanticist. Life for me without music would be a blunder.

With hearty and grateful greetings, dear Sir,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, April 3, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR:

You have called the post a medium for impertinent intrusion. As a rule, that is true enough; it ought also to be a *sat sapienti* that it should not be allowed to plague *you*. I am not by nature a pushing person. So much the reverse, indeed, that I live a nearly isolated life, seldom write letters, and write, as a rule, with reluctance, as do all authors.

But yesterday, when I had got your letter, and taken up one of your books, I was seized with a sudden spasm of anger to think that no one here in Scandinavia knew anything of you, and I resolved, at one stroke, to make you known. The enclosed little cutting from the newspaper will tell you that (having just finished a course of lectures on Russia) I am going to start a new series on your writings. For many years I have had to repeat my lectures because the University cannot hold the audiences; that will hardly happen this time, your name being so absolutely new, but those who will come to get an impression of your works will not, I promise you, be of the dullards.

As I am extremely anxious to know what you are like in appearance, I beg you to send me a portrait of yourself. I enclose my own latest photograph. Might I ask you, too, to write me a brief and succinct account of when and where you were born, in what years your books were published (or, better still, were written), for they are not dated? If you happen to have any papers by you in which these facts are stated you need not trouble to write them. I am a very unmethodical person, and keep no encyclopædia of writers on my shelves, or any other book of reference in which I might find your name.

Your early writings, the "out of season" ones, have been of great use to me. How young you were, how full of enthusiasm, how candid and naïve! The works of your riper years are still in parts not clearly intelligible to me. They seem too often to generalise from quite intimate and personal data, giving the reader an exquisite casket without the key. But I understand the majority. I read with special enjoyment your youthful work on Schopenhauer, and although I owe personally little to Schopenhauer it struck me as being spoken from my soul.

I offer a few pedantic corrections. On p. 116 of "Joyful Wisdom" the words quoted are not the last of Chamfort's; they are given by himself in *Caractères et Anecdotes*. See conversation between M. D. and M. L. as an explanation of the saying, *"Peu de personnes et peu de choses m'intéressent, mais rien ne m'intéresse moins que moi."* The end is ". . . *en vivant et en voyant les hommes il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronze."* On p. 118 you speak of the

sublime pinnacle on which Shakespeare places Cæsar. To me Shakespeare's Cæsar is pitiable, a piece of high treason. And what of the glorification of the wretched fellow who could find nothing better to do than thrust a knife into a great man?

In "Human, All Too Human," II., p. 59, you say: "It is the one sacred lie that has become famous." No, the last words of Desdemona are perhaps more beautiful and just as famous, constantly quoted in Germany at the time Jacobi was writing about Lessing. Is this not so?

These trivialities are cited merely to show you how attentively I read you. There are other matters, of course, which I should like to discuss with you, but this cannot be done by letter.

If you read Danish, I should be pleased to send you a charmingly-got-up little book on Holberg. Tell me if you understand our language. Should you by any chance read Swedish, I must bring to your notice Sweden's one genius, August Strindberg. When you write about women you are very like him.

Give me good news of your eyes.

Yours respectfully,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Turin, Italy, *ferma in posta.*

April 10, 1888.

This is indeed a surprise, my dear Sir! Where have you acquired the courage to be desirous of speaking in public on a *vir obscurissimus?* . . . Do you

imagine for a moment that I am known at all in the dear Fatherland? It is there above all places that I am regarded as something absurd and eccentric, something that is not wanted and need not be taken seriously. Presumably they scent that I do not take them seriously, and how could I in these days when German *Geist* has become a contradiction in terms?

I am much obliged to you for sending me your photograph. Unfortunately I am unable to return the compliment, my sister, who has married and gone to South America, having taken with her the last photographs of myself that I possessed.

I enclose, however, a litle *Vita,* the first I have ever written. As to the dates of the separate books, they are given on the title-page flyleaf of "Beyond Good and Evil." But you may have mislaid the leaf.

"The Birth of Tragedy" was composed between the summer of 1870 and the winter of 1871 (finished in Lugano when I was living with the family of the field-marshal Moltke).

The "Thoughts out of Season," between 1872 and the summer of 1875 (there were to have been thirteen of them, but health happily said "No").

What you say about "Schopenhauer as a teacher" gives me infinite pleasure. That little performance serves the purpose of a distinguishing mark; he for whom it does not contain much that is personal has in all probability nothing in common with me. The whole scheme according to which I have ever since lived is drawn up in it. It is a rigorous foreshadowing.

"Human, All Too Human," with its two appendices, came into being in the summers of 1876-1879; "Dawn of Day," in 1880; "The Joyful Science," January, 1882; "Zarathustra," 1883 to 1885, each part written in about ten days in circumstances completely "inspired." Every sentence came to me while taking long walks in the open air, with such absolute sureness that it might have been shouted into my ear. Intense physical exuberance and elasticity accompanied the writing. "Beyond Good and Evil" occupied the summer of 1885 in the Upper Engadine and the following winter in Nice. Between the 10th and 30th of July, 1887, the idea of "The Genealogy of Morals" was caught, the work carried out, MS. completed, and sent to the printers in Leipzig. (There is, of course, besides, *Philologica* of mine, only that is of no interest to either you or me.)

I am now trying Turin, and shall be here till June 5th, when I go on to the Engadine. So far, I find it severely wintry and raw. But the town itself in its superb serenity appeals to my instincts. It has the most beautiful pavement in the world.

Hearty greetings from

Yours most gratefully,

NIETZSCHE.

Alas! I know neither Danish nor Swedish.

VITA (*enclosed*)

I was born on the 15th of October, 1844, on the battlefield of Lützen. The first name I remember was that of Gustavus Adolphus. My ancestors were Poles belonging to the aristocracy (Niëzky). The type

seems to be well preserved, in spite of three German mothers. Abroad I am generally taken for a Pole. In the visitors' list at Nice only this winter I was entered as a Pole. They tell me that my head is familiar in Matejko's[1] pictures. My grandmother mixed in the Schiller-Goethe circles of Weimar; her brother succeeded Herder in the post of Weimar's General-Superintendent. It was my good fortune to be a pupil at the celebrated and historic Pforta School, where so many (Klopstock, Fichte, Schlegel, Ranke, &c.) who have added lustre to German literature preceded me. We had teachers who would have been (or have been) creditable to every University. I next studied in Bonn, later on at Leipzig, where the venerable Ritschl, at that time the premier philologist of Germany, singled me out for distinction from the first. At twenty-two years of age I was a contributor to the *Litterarisches Centralblatt* (edited by Zarncke). The founding of the Philological Society of Leipzig, which still exists, originated with me. In the winter of 1868-69 the University of Bâle offered me a professorial chair, before I had even been made doctor. Whereupon the Leipzig University did me the extraordinary honour of conferring on me the degree of Doctor without any examination or dissertation being required.

I stayed at Bâle from 1869 till 1879. It became necessary for me to give up my rights as a German subject, owing to the fact that as an officer in the Horse Artillery I was too often called out and disturbed in my academic duties.

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[1] Famous Polish painter (1838-93).—Translator.

Nevertheless, I understand the use at least of two weapons, sabre and cannon, and perhaps I know something about a third. All went smoothly at Bâle. It often happened at promotion examinations for the Doctorate that the examiner was younger than the examinee! A great advantage I enjoyed there was the genial relations existing between Jakob Burckhardt and myself; something quite unusual on the part of that hermit-like thinker, who lived a very retired life.

Another still more incalculable advantage was that from the beginning of my residence in Bâle a quite unusual intimacy sprang up between me and Richard and Cosima Wagner, who at that time were living on their country estate, Triebschen, on the lake of Lucerne, as much cut off from all their earlier connections as if they were on a desert island. For several years we shared every joy and sorrow; a friendship of unbounded confidence. You will find that in Wagner's collected works, Vol. VII., there is printed an epistle to me *àpropos* of the "Birth of Tragedy." My relations with them brought me in contact with a large circle of interesting men and women, in fact, the best society that moves between St. Petersburg and Paris. Towards 1876 my health began to decline. I spent a winter in Sorrento with my old friend Baroness Meysenbug (author of *Memoiren einer Idealistin*) and Dr. Reé, with whom I was then in sympathy. It did me no good. An exceedingly painful and stubborn form of headache set in that exhausted all my strength. As years went on it increased, and reached such a climax of habitual suffering that the year con-

tained for me at that time two hundred days of torture. The cause of the malady must have been entirely local, as any kind of neuro-pathological grounds for it were absent. I never had the least sign of mental disturbance, no fever, no fainting. My pulse was the whole time as slow as the first Napoleon's (60). My speciality was to endure excruciating pain and *cru et vert* with an absolutely clear brain for two or three days on end, vomiting bile the whole time. A report got wind that I was in an asylum (indeed, that I had died there). Nothing could have been further from the truth. My mind did not really mature until this frightful time. Evidence of it is "Dawn of Day", which I wrote in 1881 during a winter of unspeakable wretchedness in Genoa, beyond reach of doctors, friends, and relations. I composed the book with a minimum of health and strength, so it stands for a kind of *Dynamometer* of my powers. From 1882 onwards I progressed, even if slowly, towards recovery. The crisis was overcome (my father died young, at exactly the same age at which I myself was at death's door). Even to-day I have to be extremely careful; certain conditions, climatic and meteorological, are indispensable. It is not choice, but compulsion, which takes me every summer to the Upper Engadine and every winter to the Riviera.

Finally, this illness has been of the very greatest help to me; it has set me free; it has restored me the courage to be myself. My instincts are those of a brave, even of a military, beast. The prolonged struggle has slightly exasperated my pride of spirit. After all, am I a philosopher? But what does it matter?

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, April 29th, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

The first time I lectured on your works the hall was not quite full, so few knowing at all who and what you are. But a leading newspaper reported my lecture, and I myself wrote an article on you, so that the next time there was hardly standing room in the hall. Nearly three hundred listeners follow with the utmost attention my exposition of your philosophy. Still, I have not dared to repeat the lecture in this instance, as has been my custom for several years, because the theme is so far from popular. It is my hope in this manner to procure you some good readers in the North.

Your books, very beautifully bound, are now ranged in one of my book-cases. I should like to possess everything that you have published. When you offered me, in your first letter, a musical work which you had composed called "A Hymn to Life" I declined the gift out of modesty, feeling that I was not a very competent musician. Now I think that through my interest in it I may be deserving of the work, and shall be extremely indebted to you if you will kindly send it to me. I fancy that I may find a summary of the impression of my hearers in these words of a young painter: "All this is so interesting because it does not deal with books but with *life*." If there is anything that does not please in your ideas it is only that they sometimes put matters too much to extremes. It wasn't kind of you to send me no photograph; my only reason for sending you mine was to

put you in my debt. It really is not much trouble to sit for a few minutes before a camera, and one knows a man better when one has some notion of his appearance.

Yours with devoted regards,
GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Turin, May 4th, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

What you tell me causes me the greatest pleasure, and I must confess even more surprise. Be assured that I shall not forget it of you. You know that all hermits have retentive memories! Meanwhile, I hope my photograph has reached you. As a matter of course, I immediately took steps (not to get photographed exactly, for I entertain a profound mistrust of ordinary photographers), but to get someone who possesses a photograph of me to part with it! I may have succeeded, but I do not know for certain. In any case, I will seize the opportunity the next time I am in Munich—probably this autumn—to get myself done in effigy. The "Hymn to Life" shall start on its journey to Copenhagen one day soon. We philosophers appreciate nothing so much as to be mistaken for artists. Moreover, I am told by leading and competent judges that the hymn is in every way good for representation, and its performance would be certain of success. The praise which pleases me most is that it is pronounced "pure in phrasing." Mottl, the distinguished Carlsruhe conductor (you know he con-

ducted the Bayreuth festivals) has suggested giving a performance of it.

From Italy comes the news that my point of view in the second volume of "Thoughts Out of Season" was honoured by being very favourably alluded to in a *résumé* on the history of German literature by a Viennese *savant*, Dr. von Zackauer, who winds up his article with it in the Archivio Storico of Florence.

The last few weeks in Turin, where I shall be till June 5th, have been better than any I have had for years past. Above all, they have been more philosophic. Nearly every day I have for two hours reached such a point of energy that I have been able to review from an eminence my conception as a whole, all the enormous host of problems lying spread out at my feet in relief and clear in outline. Such a feat requires a maximum of strength which I scarcely dared hope ever would be mine again. Everything fits into its place, and for years has been tending in the right direction; a man builds his philosophy like a beaver; he is necessary, yet does not know it. . . . Yet one must see it all as I have seen it to be able to believe his eyes. I am in such good form, so braced, so lightened of a burden—I can make a merry little quip out of the gravest matters. How has it all come about? Do I not owe it to the dear North winds, the North winds which do not always blow from the Alps, but bring messages too from Copenhagen?

Grateful greetings from your

NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Turin, May 23rd, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

I don't want to leave Turin without expressing to you once more what a large share you have had in my first, for a long time, satisfactory spring. The history of my springs for the last fifteen years at least is a terrible tale of decadence and weakness. Places seem to make no difference; it was as if there was no panacea, no diet, no climate that could alter the essentially depressing character of that season. But now, behold Turin! And the first good tidings, your tidings, dear Sir, which have given proof that I live. . . . For I am in the habit now and then of forgetting that I am alive. An accident, a question reminded me this very day that a leading concept of life is extinguished in me. I mean the conception of "future." No wish, not a breath of a wish in front of me! Simply a calm sea! Why should not a day in my seventieth year resemble exactly my days at present? Is it that I have lived too long in proximity to death to open my eyes any more on beautiful possibilities? Anyhow it is a fact that I limit myself to taking no thought further than to-day and to-morrow. I arrange to-day for what is to happen to-morrow, but for no day beyond. That may be irrational, unpractical, and perhaps unchristian. Did not the Sermoniser on the Mount forbid this taking thought for the morrow—but it seems to me in the highest degree philosophic. . . . It gives me a greater respect for myself than I formerly had. I have grasped

the fact that I have unlearnt the art of wishing without having intended it.

These halcyon weeks have been employed in "transvaluing values." You understand this process? In reality the alchemist is the most serviceable sort of creature there is; I mean that he converts something base and despised into something of value, and even into gold. He alone creates wealth, others only refashion. My task this time has been quite unique; I have asked myself what has hitherto been most hated, feared, and scorned by men . . . and just out of that I have manufactured my gold. . . . .

It's only to be hoped that I shall not be reproached for counterfeit coinage. But I shall be, of course! Has my photograph reached you? In such an exceptional case my mother has kindly consented to save me from appearing ungracious. I trust, too, that my Leipzig publisher, G. W. Fritzsch, has discharged his duty and despatched the *Hymn*. To wind up with, I own to a piece of inquisitiveness. As it was not granted me to listen at a crack of the door in order to gain some information about myself, I should be glad to hear something in another way. Three words to characterise the subject of your lectures. How much would I not glean from three words!

Most hearty good wishes, dear Sir,

Your

NIETZSCHE.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, May 23rd, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for letter, photo, and music. Letter and music gave me unmitigated delight, but the photograph might have been better. It is a profile picture done at Naumburg, characteristic in outline, but with far too little expression. Surely you must look different from that? The man who wrote "Zarathustra" must at the same time have inscribed many more secrets on his features.

I finished my lectures on Friedrich Nietzsche before Whitsun. They ended, as the newspapers say, with an ovation. The "ovation" is almost entirely to your credit, not mine. I give myself the pleasure of transmitting it to you in writing. All I did was to interpret clearly and concisely and in a manner comprehensible to a Northern audience ideas that have their origin with you.

I attempted also to define your attitude with regard to your various contemporaries, to penetrate into the workshop of your thoughts, to dwell on points where my own pet theories were at one with yours, to illustrate where I differed from you, and in short to present a complete psychological picture of Nietzsche, the man of letters. This much I may say without exaggeration: your name is now very popular in all intelligent circles in Copenhagen, and at least known throughout Scandinavia. You have nothing to thank me for; it has been a real pleasure to immerse myself in your world of ideas. My lectures are not de-

serving of publication for the simple reason that anything purely philosophical is outside my province, and I would rather not print what treats of a subject in which I feel that I am not thoroughly competent. It rejoices me to know that you are feeling physically so "fit," and mentally refreshed. Here after the long winter we have a mild spring. We are delighting in the first young green of the trees, and also in a very perfectly arranged exhibition of Northern art, which is now opened in Copenhagen. Nearly all the leading French artists, both painters and sculptors, are exhibiting in it as well. Nevertheless, I long to be on the wing, but am obliged to stay.

I am afraid all this cannot interest you. I have forgotten to mention that if you don't know the Icelandic Sagas, you ought to study them. You would find much in them to support your hypothesis and theories concerning the morals of a master race. There is one very small detail in which you are not accurate. *Gothic* has certainly nothing to do with God, nor with good. It is connected with *Giessen,* to pour; he who emits the sperm, and signifies stallion or male. On the other hand, philologists here hold that your suggestion *bonus—duonus* is strikingly apt.

I trust that you and I are never to become quite strangers again in future.

I am,

Your faithful reader and admirer,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

(*Post-card.*)

Turin, May 27th, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

What eyes yours are! It is quite true that the Nietzsche of the photograph is not the author of "Zarathustra." He is two or three years too young. I am much indebted to you for the etymology of "Gote" (Goth); it is simply godly.

I presume that to-day you will be reading a letter from me.

Yours always gratefully,

N——.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Sils-Maria, September 13, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

Herewith may I have the pleasure of recalling myself to you by sending you a present of a mischievous little piece of writing which all the same was very seriously meant? It dates from the bright days at Turin, but in the meanwhile evil days came in abundance, and such a decline in health, courage, and "Will to live"—to use Schopenhauerean language—that soon the little spring idyll seemed almost as if it had never been. Luckily, I got out of it while it lasted yet another document, the "Case of Wagner: a Problem for Musicians." Malicious tongues are

sure to interpret this as "The Fall of Wagner."[1]

I insist on your just glancing at this bit of musician's psychology, no matter how much you may defend yourself against music, the most importunate of all the Muses. For, my dear Sir Cosmopolitan, you are far too European in your tastes not to discern a hundred times more in it than my so-called compatriots, the "musical Germans." I am, to sum up, in such a case connoisseur *in rebus et personis*,[2] and happily a musician by instinct to such an extent that the problem of value which is the root of this matter can be (in my opinion) approached and solved *viâ* music.

Really, the treatise might almost be said to be written in French; it would possibly be easier to translate into French than into German. Can you give me a few Russian and French addresses of people to whom it would be of some sense to post the treatise?

In a few months you may expect something philosophical from me under the title of "Musings of a Psychologist."[3] I manage to tell the world, including the talented nation of Germans, many home truths pleasant and unpleasant. But all this is chiefly nothing but recreation from the subject-in-chief, which last is called "Transvaluation of all Values." Europe will be compelled to discover a Siberia bad enough for the originator of this tentative attempt at valuing.

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[1] The German title is *Der Fall Wagner;* Vol. VII of English edition.—Translator.

[2] In things and persons.—Translator.

[3] He changed this title later to "Twilight of the Idols." Vol. XVI of authorized translation.—Translator.

I hope you will respond to my flippant letter with one of your characteristically "resolute" epistles.

Yours always,

With friendly regards and remembrances,

DR. NIETZSCHE.

(Address till middle of November, TURIN, ITALY (*ferma in posta.*)

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, October 6th, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter and your valuable present found me in a raging fever of overwork, hence the delay of my answer.

The sight of your handwriting was enough to awaken within me enjoyable anticipations. It is sad and deplorable indeed that you should have had such a wretched summer. I was foolish enough to believe that you had once for all come out of the furnace of physical suffering.

I have read the brochure with the most careful attention and the most intense enjoyment. I am not so unmusical that I could not appreciate the humour of it. I am simply not a competent judge. A few days before I got the little book I had been present at a performance of "Carmen." What splendid music it is! All the same, at the risk of making you angry, I must confess that Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" made a profound and indelible impression on me. I heard the opera once in Berlin, when my soul was bat-

tered and in a state of despair. I felt every note. I don't know whether the impression made on me was so deep, because I was so soul-sick.

Do you know Bizet's widow? You ought to send her the brochure. It would delight her. She is the loveliest, most charming of women, with a chronic tic that, curious to say, is most becoming, but she is quite genuine, full of sincerity and fire. The one thing against her is that she has married again—a Parisian barrister, quite a sterling man, Straus by name. I believe she understands German. I could get her address for you, if it doesn't disgust you that she has no more remained faithful to her God, than the Virgin Mary, Mozart's widow and Marie Louise did to theirs. Bizet's child is of indescribable beauty and charm. But I am gossiping.

I have given a copy of the book to our great Swedish author, Strindberg, whom I have completely converted into an admirer of yours. He is a true genius, but a little mad, as are most geniuses (and non-geniuses!). I'll see that the other copy is suitably placed.

I know little of Paris now, but you might send a copy to the following address: "Madame la Princesse Anna Dmitrievna Ténicheff, Quai Anglais, 20 Petersburg." This lady is a friend of mine. She is familiar with the musical world of St. Petersburg, and will make you known there. I asked her once before to buy your books, but all of them, with the exception of "Human, all too Human," were confiscated in Russia.

It would perhaps be polite, too, to send a copy to Prince Urussow (known to readers of Turgénieff's letters). He is keenly interested in everything German, is highly gifted, and a literary *gourmet*. Just at this moment I cannot recollect his address, but I can easily procure it. I am glad that notwithstanding your physical disabilities you can do such daring and vigorous work. It would give me the greatest joy to be read by you, but, unfortunately, you do not understand my language. This summer I have accomplished an enormous quantity. I have written two new big books (consisting of twenty-four and twenty-eight sheets), "Impressions of Poland" and "Impressions of Russia"; besides, I have entirely revised for a new edition one of my earliest works, "Æsthetic Studies," and corrected the proofs myself of all three books. In a week or so I shall have this work off my hands, and begin a course of French lectures, and in the depths of winter I shall be off to Russia in order to recuperate there. This is the plan I have arranged for my winter campaign. May it prove no retreat from Moscow!

Trusting that you will always retain your friendly interest in me,

Yours truly and respectfully,
GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Turin, October 20th, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

Again a pleasant breeze was wafted to me from the North with your letter, the only letter till now which

has put a good face, or any face, on my Wagner philippic. For nobody writes. Even among circles nearest and dearest I have created an irreparable breach. There is, for example, my old friend Baron von Seydlitz, in Munich, who happens, as luck will have it, to be president at this moment of the Munich Wagner Society. My still older friend the attorney, Krug, in Cologne, president of the Wagner Union of that town; my brother-in-law, Dr. Bernhard Förster, in South America, the well-known anti-Semite, and one of the most zealous members of the Bayreuther Blätter staff; and lastly, my revered friend, Malvida von Meysenbug, the author of "Memoiren einer Idealistin," who puts Wagner on the same plane as Michael Angelo. . . .

Moreover, I understand that I must be on my guard against the female Wagnerite *par excellence,* who in extreme cases would show no mercy. Probably Bayreuth will protect itself, after the manner of the German Government, by interdicting my book on the ground that it is dangerous to public morals. My dictum "We all know the unæsthetic temperament of the Christian *Junker,*" might in itself be interpreted as *lèse-majesté.*

Your digression on the subject of Bizet's widow enchanted me. Please send me her address with Prince Urussow's. A copy has already been sent to your friend, the Princess Dmitrievna Ténicheff. When my next production is ready, which will be before very long (the title is "Twilight of the Idols," or "How to Philosophise with the Hammer"), I should much

like to send a copy to the Swede[1] whom you have introduced to me with such honourable mention. Only I do not know where he lives. This tract is my philosophy in a nutshell . . . radical to the verge of being criminal.

I, too, was once miraculously affected by *Tristan*. A dose of soul torture seems to me to be a first-rate tonic to take before a Wagner repast. The barrister, Dr. Wiener, of Leipzig, gave me to understand that a cure at Karlsbad was also advisable.

How industrious you are! And I, alas! such an idiot that I cannot understand Danish. I can perfectly believe that it is possible to recuperate in Russia. I count any sort of Russian book, especially one of Dostoiewski's, translated, not into German (Heaven forbid!), but into French, among those that have brought greatest relief to my mind.[2] . . . From my heart I am grateful to you, as I have every reason to be.

Your
NIETZSCHE.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, November 16th, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

In vain have I been waiting for an answer from Paris giving the address of Madame Bizet. On the other hand, I have obtained the address of Prince

[1] August Strindberg.

[2] Nietzsche apparently refers here to "The House of the Dead; or, Prison Life in Siberia." It confirmed his own theory that great criminals may be great characters.—Translator.

Urussow. He lives at 79 Sargiewskaia, St. Petersburg. My three books are now out, and I have begun my lectures here. It is remarkable how what you write on Dostoiewski in your letter and in your book concur with my impressions of him. He is a true and great poet, but a vile creature, absolutely Christian in his way of thinking and living, and at the same time quite *sadique*. His morals are wholly what you have christened "Slave Morality."

The mad Swede's name is August Strindberg; he lives here. His address is Holte, near Copenhagen. He has a special fondness for you, because he thinks that he finds in you all his own hatred of women. For that reason you are to him modern (irony of fate). When he read the report of my spring lectures in the papers he said, "It is astonishing how much there seems to be in this Nietzsche that I might have written." His drama, "Père," has just appeared in French, with a preface by Zola. I am melancholy when I think of Germany. What a development is going on there at present! How sad to reflect that from all appearances one will not see anything good in the history of one's lifetime. It is a pity that you, a learned philologist, cannot read Danish. I am doing all I can to prevent my two books on Poland and Russia being translated, so that I shall not be banished or, at any rate, forbidden to speak when next I travel there. Hoping that these lines will find you in Turin or be sent after you,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEORG BRANDES.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

Torino, via Carlo Alberta 6,
November 20th, 1888.

Forgive me, dear Sir, for answering you on the spot. Curious things are passing at this crisis in my life, things which have never had their like. The day before yesterday, again to-day. Ah! if you could only know what I had been writing when your letter reached me! With a cynicism which will become part of the world's history I have now related "myself." The book is called "Ecce Homo", and is an onslaught on the Crucified without the ghost of a scruple; it ends with thunderclaps and lightning flashes, that deafen and blind, against everything that is Christian or tainted with Christianity. I am, in short, the first psychologist of Christianity, and, old artillery-man that I am, can fire heavier cannon than any opponent of Christianity has ever before dreamed the existence of. The whole is the prelude of "The Transvaluation of all Values", the work which lies ready before me. I vow to you that in two years we shall have the whole inhabited globe in convulsions. I am a Destiny.

Guess who comes off the worst in "Ecce Homo." Messieurs the Germans! I have told them awful things. For instance, the Germans have it on their conscience that they ruined the conception of the last great epoch of history, the Renaissance, at a moment when Christian values, the decadence values, were humiliated, when these instincts in even princes of the Church were yielding to the instincts diametrically opposed thereto, the instincts of life.

It meant simply the restoration of Christianity to attack the Church. Cæsar Borgia as Pope, that was the conception of the Renaissance, its genuine symbol.

You must not be angry, either, that in a decisive passage of the book you crop up. I wrote it as an indictment of the conduct of my friends, their leaving me completely in the lurch, both with regard to reputation and philosophy. At this juncture you come on the scene with a halo of glory round your head.[1]

What you say of Dostoiewski is just what I think. On the other hand, I estimate him as the most valuable psychological material I know. I am grateful to him in a quite remarkable fashion, however much he may stand in contradiction to my deepest-lying instincts. As for my attitude to Pascal, I almost love him, because he has taught me an infinite amount. He is the one logical Christian.

The day before yesterday I read and was charmed with *Les Mariés,* by August Strindberg, and I found myself at home in his pages. The only detriment to my sincere admiration was the feeling that I was at the same time admiring myself!

Turin is still my residence.

Your NIETZSCHE.
(Now a "Monster".)

Where shall I address the *Twilight of the Idols?* Should you be in Copenhagen for the next fortnight, no answer is necessary.

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[1]See "Ecce Homo," page 130. Translated by A. M. Ludovici. Vol. XVII of authorized edition.—Translator.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

Copenhagen, November 23rd, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter found me in the thick of work; I am giving lectures here on Goethe, have to repeat each lecture twice, and yet people stand for three-quarters of an hour in the square in front of the University waiting to get standing room inside. It amuses me to make a study before such a crowd of the greatest among the great. I shall have to stay here till the end of the year. But as an antidote to this arises the distressing situation that one of my earlier books —so I am informed—translated recently into Russian has been condemned in Russia as irreligious, and ordered to be publicly burnt.

I was afraid that owing to my two last books on Poland and Russia I should be ostracised; now I must endeavour to enlist every possible interest in order to be protected and granted permission to speak in Russia. The worst is that nearly all letters from me and to me are being confiscated. After the disaster at Borki everyone is very anxious.[1] It came so soon after the great assassinations. Every letter is snapped up. I take a lively pleasure in knowing that you have been so productive. Believe me when I say that I am spreading your propaganda in every way I can. A few weeks ago I earnestly recommended Henrik Ibsen to study your books. With him too, you have some-

[1]October 29th, 1885, an attempt on the life of the Emperor Alexander III, near the village of Borki. The train went off the rails, but the Emperor escaped unhurt.—Translator.

thing in common, though very remotely in common.[1] Big and strong and unamiable is that eccentric, yet lovable withal. Strindberg will be delighted that you appreciate him. I do not know the French translation you mention, but they say here that all the best parts in *Giftas* (*Mariés*) are omitted, especially the witty polemic against Ibsen. You should read his play *Père*. There is a fine scene in it. He would, of course, be glad to send it to you. Can you imagine that he abhors his wife psychically, but cannot physically abandon her? He is a monogamous misogynist.

It is certainly extraordinary that the polemical trait should still be so strong in you. In my early youth I was passionately inclined to polemics; now I can only depict men and combat powers in being silent on them. It would be as impossible to me to attack Christianity as it would be impossible for me to attack werewolves; I mean, as to write a brochure against belief in werewolves. Yet I see that we are in sympathy. . . . I, too, love Pascal. But I was early all for the Jesuits against Pascal (in the *Provinciales*). Clever men of the world, they were right; he did not understand them, but they have understood him, and—what a master-stroke of impudence and astuteness—they edited his *Provinciales* with notes. The best edition is that of the Jesuits. Another collision of the same kind was Luther pitted against the Pope. Victor Hugo in the preface to the *Feuilles d'Automne* has this fine saying: *"On convoque la*

[1] In "Ecce Homo," p. 66, Nietzsche refers to Ibsen as "the typical old maid whose object is to poison the clean conscience of the natural spirit of sexual love."—Translator.

diète de Worms mais on peint la chapelle Sixtine. Il y a Luther mais il y a Michel-Ange . . . et remarquons en passant que Luther est dans les vieilleries qui croulent autour de nous et que Michel-Ange n'y est pas."

Look well at the face of Dostoiewski, half a Russian peasant's face, half a criminal physiognomy, flat nose, small, penetrating eyes beneath lids that quiver with a nervous affection; look at the forehead, lofty, thoroughly well formed; the expressive mouth, eloquent of numberless torments of abysmal melancholy, of unnatural pleasures, of infinite compassion and passionate envy! An epileptic genius, whose exterior speaks of the mild milk of human kindness, with which his temperament was flooded, of the depth of an almost maniacal acuteness which mounted to his brain; finally of ambition, of monstrous exertion, and of bitter grudges which create pettiness of soul.

His characters are not only poor and pitiable, but refined simpletons, noble prostitutes, frequently sufferers from hallucinations, gifted epileptics, inspired recruits for martyrdom, exactly the types we can imagine grouped round the apostles and disciples in the first era of Christianity. Undoubtedly no other creatures could be more remote from the Renaissance! I am quite excited to know how I come into your book.

Yours most sincerely,

GEORG BRANDES.

To the Friend Georg.

Having been discovered by you no trick was necessary for the others to find me. The difficulty is now to get rid of me.

The Crucified.

. . . . . .

Nietzsche's sister has added to the correspondence of her brother with Brandes, which ends here, the following note:—

"In answer to this his last letter Brandes only received the few lines above on a slip of the ruled paper which my beloved brother used for writing his manuscripts. It reached Copenhagen after the stroke which paralysed his brain had fallen on him. . . . When one considers the enormous mental effort of the last six or seven months, the strain on his eyesight, in addition to violent attacks of illness, it is not difficult to understand how his strength must have been overtaxed and his marvellous intellect devoured. . . . With the gallantry of a hero he did not shirk the tension of fighting against adverse circumstances, but it was only by the aid of narcotics that he could combat nights of sleeplessness and depression; not morphia and opium, but chloral and a drug unknown to me were these aids which always had a most strange effect on my brother. . . . This may account for certain inaccuracies in the letter to Brandes dated November 20th.

"The attack on Christianity, for example, is in "Anti-Christ", and not in "Ecce Homo", though it is

possible that he was then still doubtful as to whether or not he should transfer a few pages out of "Anti-Christ" to "Ecce Homo". Most decidedly, however, the whole of the "Transvaluation of all Values" only lay before him complete in conception, and was not actually finished. On the other hand, "Ecce Homo" was completed as early as the beginning of November before the painful attacks of illness had set in. It may have been altered afterwards under the influence of changed circumstances, so that much that is puzzling has crept in, but nowhere is there any personal animus. The touching allusion to Brandes referred to in the last letter to him remained unchanged."

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